

THE
VISITOR'S NEW GUIDE
 TO
THE SPA
 OF
LEAMINGTON PRIORS,
 AND ITS VICINITY;

CONTAINING

An Ancient and Modern History of Leamington; Historical Accounts and Descriptions of Warwick and Warwick Castle, Gay's Cliff, Stoneleigh Abbey, Kenilworth and Kenilworth Castle, Stratford upon Avon, Coventry, Bilton, Rugby, the Leasowes, Hagley, Birmingham, and every object worthy of notice for some miles around.

POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS;

AND AN

ANALYSIS AND MEDICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE
 VARIOUS PROPERTIES AND CURES PROMOTED BY

THE WATERS.

Embellished with Thirteen Superb Engravings, Illustrative of the Antiquities and Scenery of the various Places described, a Ground Plan of Leamington, and a Map of the County, for twelve miles round.

BY W. T. MONCRIE.

*Utinamque se charta aquarum collectum vena, et sic diversoria
 luxuria exultant.* — SENECA.

THIRD EDITION, WITH CURIOUS ADDITIONS.

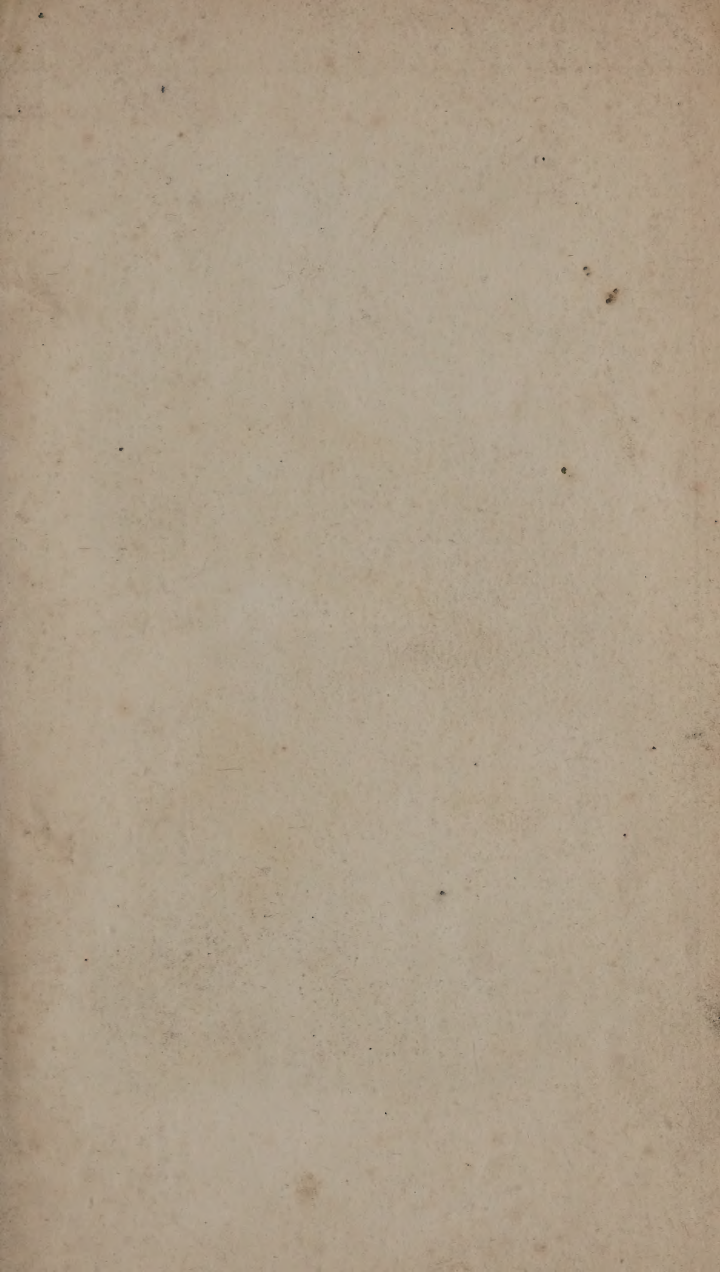
Historical Notices of Warwick and its Castle, Gay's Cliff, Stoneleigh Abbey, Kenilworth Castle, Stratford-upon-Avon, with a Life of Shakespeare, may be purchased separately.

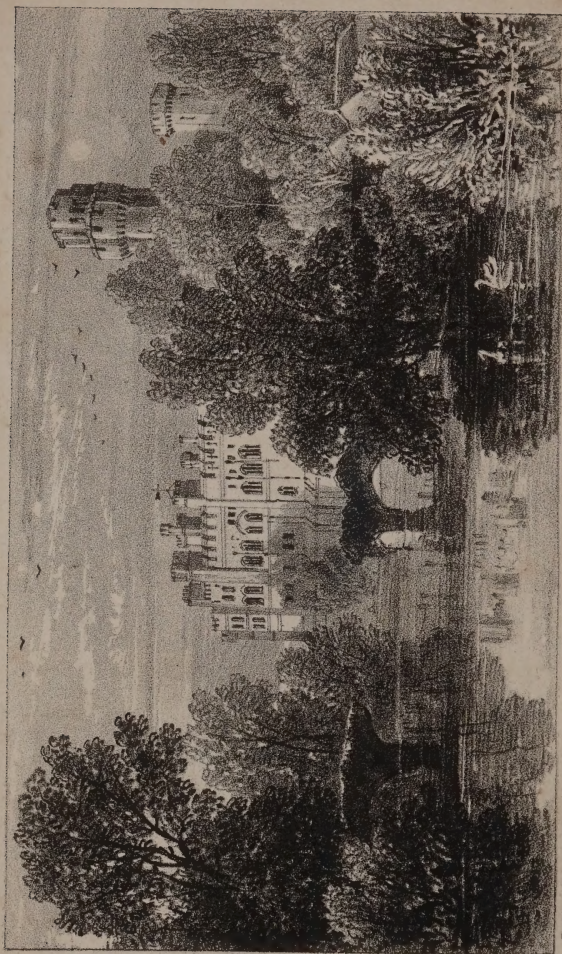
LEAMINGTON PRIORS.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT ELLISTON'S BRITISH AND
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 PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1824.

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WARWICK CASTLE
Published by Mess^{rs} Elliston. 1824.

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COUNTRY FOR TWELVE MILES ROUND.

By W. T. MONCRIEFF.

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1824.



TO THE
PATRONS, VISITORS, AND INHABITANTS

OF
LEAMINGTON SPA,

THIS
IMPROVED EDITION
OF THE
LEAMINGTON GUIDE,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THEIR

VERY OBEDIENT SERVANTS,

THE PUBLISHERS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE flattering Sale of Three Thousand Copies of this little Work, since the period of its first Publication, has induced the Publishers to take every means in their reach, to render it deserving a continuance of such gratifying favor. The present Edition will, in consequence, be found to contain nearly one half more Information and Amusement, than any previous one.

A Series of Superb Embellishments have been executed expressly for its Illustration; and the Publishers now confidently present it to the Public, as being by far more complete and useful than any Work of the kind that has hitherto appeared.

Leamington Spa, 1824.

APPENDIX.

WARWICKSHIRE derives its name from the Saxons, who called it *Weringscire*, which signifies a station of soldiers. This county, which lies partly in the diocese of Litchfield and Coventry, and partly in that of Worcester, is included in the midland circuit. It is 47 miles in length and 30 in breadth, and contains—1 city; 15 market towns; and 274,392 inhabitants; extending in length 50 miles, 30 in breadth, and containing 629,760 acres. It sends six members to parliament; viz.

For the County of Warwick :

DUGDALE STRATFORD DUGDALE, Esq.

FRANCIS LAWLEY, Esq.

For the Borough of Warwick :

CHARLES MILLS, Esq.

The Hon. Sir CHARLES GREVILLE, K. C. B.

For the City of Coventry :

EDWARD ELLICE, Esq.

PETER MOORE, Esq.

LEAMINGTON BANK.

Messrs. TOMES, RUSSELL, TOMES, and RUSSELL, Bath-street.—Bank open from eleven A.M. till half-past two.

Bankers at Warwick.

Messrs. TOMES, RUSSELL, TOMES, and RUSSELL;—draw on *Messrs. Ladbrooke, Gillman, and Co.* London.—Office hours, nine till four.

Messrs. WHITEHEAD, WESTON, and GREENWAY;—draw on *Messrs. Glynn and Co.* London.—Office hours from nine till half-past one; and from three till six in the evening.

Weekly Newspaper.

The Warwick and Warwickshire General Advertiser; published *Saturday Afternoon*, by H. Sharpe, Bookseller, Warwick.

LEAMINGTON POST-OFFICE.

Postmaster, Mr. R. HOPTON.

The Mail which a short time since did not arrive till twelve o'clock, is now, by a very judicious alteration, brought

here by eight in the morning, and returns at half-past six in the afternoon.

MAILS.

The *Time* of arrival and departure for the different Mails, is as follows:—

LONDON ROYAL MAIL, in at eight in the morning, departs for London at half-past six in the evening.

NORTH and WEST MAILS, brought on horseback from Stratford, arrive at half-past eleven in the morning, and departs at half-past two in the afternoon. By this Mail Letters for Cheltenham, Bath, Oxford, &c. are to be sent.

NORTH, IRISH, and SCOTCH MAILS are brought from Birmingham by the London Mail, and are delivered at seven in the evening.

Letters addressed to London, must be put in the Office before six o'clock in the evening, or by paying a penny, till half-past six. Letters for Cheltenham, &c. must be in the Office by two o'clock, and the Scotch and Irish letters any time overnight, or before *seven* in the morning.

BATHS AND WELLS.

Royal Baths and Pump Room.

TERMS:

Warm Baths	£0	3	0
for Children	0	2	0
Cold Baths	0	1	6
Shower Bath, Warm	0	2	0
Cold Baths	0	1	6

Exclusive of the Gratuity to the Attendant.

The Baths open at all Hours.

Drinking the Water and Promenade in the Pump Room.

One Person for the Season	£1	1	0
Two Persons of the same Family	1	11	6
For a Family	2	2	0
One Person for a Month	0	10	6
Two of the same Family	0	15	0
For a Family	1	1	0
One Person for a Week	0	3	6

Exclusive of the Gratuity to the Pumper.

* * A Band attends at the Pump Room, from half-past seven to half-past nine o'clock every morning, Sundays.

excepted; and it is open every day from seven till three, except during the time of divine service on Sundays.

Terms at Mr. Wise's Baths.

Douche d'Eau, Shower, or Warm Bath ...	£0	3	0
For a Child	0	2	0
Cold Bath	0	1	6
Bathing by Candle Light, an extra	0	0	6
Drinking the Water, per Week.....	0	2	6

Exclusive of the Gratuity to the Attendant.

Mrs. Smith's Original Bath.

Warm Bath	£0	2	6
Child's ditto	0	1	6
Shower ditto.....	0	2	6
Cold Shower Bath	0	2	6
Drinking the Water, per Week	0	2	6

* * Ladies and Gentlemen who make use of these Baths or Board in Mrs. Smith's house, are not charged for drinking the Water.

Mr. Robins' Baths.

Marble Bath	£0	3	0	Child's Bath	£0	1	6
Wood Bath	0	2	6	Cold Bath.....	0	1	0
Drinking the Water, per Week	0	2	6				

Exclusive of the Gratuity to the Attendant.

*Imperial Sulphuric Medicinal Fount;
and Ladies' Marble Baths.*

(CLEMENS-STREET.)

DRINKING THE WATERS :

A Family for the Season	£2	0	0
Two of the same Family	1	10	0
One Person	1	0	0
A Family for a Month	1	0	0
Two of the same Family	0	15	0
One Person	0	8	0
— for a Week	0	2	6

Baths open at all hours.

Warm Bath	0	3	0
Cold Bath.....	0	1	6

No Gratuity required for the Attendants.

Lord Aylesford's Well.

(NEAR THE CHURCH.)

Drinking the Waters, per Week, each Person . . . £0 2 6

ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

F. STENTON, Esq. *Master of the Ceremonies.*

TERMS:

Ladies' Subscription, entitling the Subscriber to } a personal admission	£0 10 6
Gentleman's ditto	1 1 0
Non-Subscribers' single admission	0 5 0

At a General Meeting of the Subscribers, the following Rules and Regulations were unanimously resolved upon:—

1. THAT the power of direction over the Public Assemblies held at these Rooms on the Ball and Card Assembly Nights, is in the Ladies and Gentlemen, Subscribers to the Balls, and them only.

2. THAT this power is deputed to the Master of the Ceremonies, duly elected by us, whose conduct under this authority, is at all times subject to the cognizance and controul of the Subscribers.

3. THAT the Master of the Ceremonies be elected and removed at our pleasure; but only by a majority of votes, at a general meeting specially called for the purpose of investigating his conduct.

4. THAT every person whose names appear on the book as a Ball Subscriber, is intitled to attend and vote at all general meetings, Ladies as well as Gentlemen.

5. THAT the Ball Subscribers of the preceeding year, continue in full power and authority, till the day following the first ball of the succeeding year; after which, their authority ceases, and the names appearing on the ball-book of the current year, becomes the body of Subscribers, on whom the power of direction devolves.

6. THAT the Balls shall commence at eight o'clock, and terminate precisely at twelve, even in the middle of a dance.

7. THAT seats at the top of the Ball Room be reserved for Ladies of precedence, of the rank of Peeresses.

8. THAT Ladies take precedence in the dance, according to their rank, the right of places resting entirely with the Ladies; all precedence to be regulated before the commencement of the dance, those who stand up after the dance is begun, must take their places for that dance at the bottom of the set.

9. No Lady that has not precedence, can come above another after she has taken her place in the dance.

10. No Gentlemen in boots, of any description, to be admitted on ball nights, except Officers dressed in uniform.

11. THAT a general meeting of the Subscribers may be called by any five of the Ball Subscribers, they affixing their signatures to their summons, and inserting the purpose for which it is called, and which must be published one week, at least, before such Meeting takes place.

The Balls take place every Thursday during the season.

An excellent Billiard Room is attached to these Rooms, where there is also a News Room.

NEW ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

BATH STREET, ERECTED BY

MR. ELLISTON,

First opened in the Summer of 1821.

No regular Dress Balls are held here,—but during the Summer and Winter Seasons, occasional Select Assemblies are conducted under the auspices of Lady Patronesses and Stewards, the terms of which are regulated by the nature and extent of the entertainment.

ELLISTON'S

*British and Foreign Subscription Library,
and Universal Repository.*

THE REPOSITORY,

for the sale of Stationery, Drawing and Writing Materials of every description; Ivory Articles; Cutlery; Tunbridge Ware in Ladies Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Toys, and an infinite variety of *Bigoutry Bagatelles*, with English and Foreign Perfumery, &c. Piano Fortes are likewise let to hire.

THE LIBRARY,

containing upwards of 12,000 volumes, ancient and modern, and comprising many rare, black letter works, scarce classics, and costly productions, to which are continually adding every new Work of merit: Librarian, Mr. W. Lubbock.

THE READING ROOM,

furnished with a great variety of Maps; English, Irish, Scotch, French, and other Newspapers; Peerages, Periodical Works, Reviews, Records, &c. forming of itself a very considerable Library of reference.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FIRST CLASS.—Subscribers paying £3. 13s. 6d. the year, £2. 12s. 6d. the half-year, £2. the quarter, 30 shillings for two months, 21 shillings the month, or 14 shillings the fortnight, entitles the family to *nine* volumes in town, or *fourteen* in the country, and to town subscribers a newspaper the day after its arrival.

SECOND CLASS.—Subscribers paying £2. 10s. the year, £1. 16s. the half-year, 28 shillings the quarter, one guinea for two months, 15 shillings for one month, 10 shillings the fortnight, or 7s. 6d. the week, are entitled to *six* volumes in town, or *nine* in the country, and a newspaper on the day after its arrival.

THIRD CLASS.—*Individuals* paying £1. 5s. the year, 18 shillings the half-year, 14 shillings the quarter, 10s. 6d. for two months, 7s. 6d. one month, 5s. the fortnight, or 3 shillings the week, are entitled to *three* volumes in town, or a set (*not exceeding four*) in the country, and likewise the perusal of the papers in the Reading Room.

The General Regulations and Rules may be seen at the Library.

S. AND W. BETTISON'S

Library and Reading Room, High Street.

This Establishment, (formerly Mr. Perry's,) recently fitted up by the Messrs. BETTISON'S, in a very tasteful and elegant manner, comprizes a very excellent Circulating Library of Books of all descriptions: the Reading Room, in which the various Newspapers, Magazines and Reviews are taken, is light and ornamental.

MISS OWEN'S

Library and News Room, Clemens Street,

contains a variety of Literature, a Drawing Portfolio, &c. Instruments are let to hire.

MR. BISSETT'S
*News Rooms and Picture Gallery, Royal Parade,
 Warwick Road.*

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

The Church, Bath Street.
 Dissenters' Chapel, (prayers of the Church of England read)
 Clemens Street.
 Roman Catholic Chapel, Clemens Street.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN.

Physicians.

Amos Middleton, M. D. Belsley House, Leamington.
 Peter F. Luard, M. D. Mrs. Surcombe's, Bath Street.
 Charles Wake, M. D. Church Street, Warwick; and next
 door to Elliston's Library, Leamington.
 Dr. Kerr, of Northampton, and Dr. Johnstone, of Birmingham, occasionally visit Leamington.

Surgeons.

Mr. Chambers, Union Parade.
 Mr. Franklin, Bath Street.

Occulist and Aurist.

Mr. Smith, of Southam, attends Leamington every Saturday,
 at Miss Tarns, Bath-street.

Dentist.

Mr. Brown, of Henley, attends every Friday, at Copps's
 Royal Hotel, during the season.
 Mr. Robertson, of Birmingham, attends Leamington every
 Tuesday, at Belmont Cottage.

Chemists and Druggists.

Mr. Franklin, Bath-street.
 Mr. Gosseage, Bath-street.
 Mr. Williams, Bath-street.

Attornies.

Mr. Patterson, Church-street
 Mr. Poole, High-street.
 Mr. Steele, Booth's Terrace, Clemens-street.

Academies.

Miss Walker's, for Young Ladies, 6, Upper Union Parade.
 Miss Smith's, for Young Ladies, 11, Upper Union Parade.
 Mrs. Barnett's, for Young Ladies.
 Rev. Mr. Field's, for a limited number of Young Gentlemen.
 Mr. Phipp's, for Young Gentlemen, Montpellier House.

Miss Elliston (from London) gives lessons in Dancing,
 during the season.

Mademoiselle Drien, teacher of the French Language.
 Messrs. Marshall, Music Masters, Church-street, Warwick.
 Mr. John Roe, Drawing Master, High-street, Warwick.
 Mr. Rider, Drawing Master, Leamington.

Mr. Bissett's Select Cabinet of the Fine Arts, is situated
 near Belle Vue-place, at the top of Clemens-street.

THE THEATRE

is situated in Bath-street, and the performances take place
 on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.—Admissions,
 Boxes, 1st tier 4s. ; 2d tier 3s. ; Pit 2s. ; Gallery 1s.

Ranelagh Gardens and Exotic Nursery.

Mr. J. CULLIS, Proprietor.

Open from Six in the Morning till Ten in the Evening.

Admittance, a Family for the Season	£1	1	0
———— one Person ditto	0	10	6
———— ditto a Month	0	5	6
———— ditto, Weekly	0	2	0

INNS AND HOTELS.

Regent Hotel	Mr. J. Williams.
Royal Hotel and Boarding House, } High-street	Mr. M. Copps.
Bedford Hotel and Boarding House, } Union Parade	
Bath Hotel and Boarding House, } Bath-street	Mr. J. Russell.
Blenheim Hotel and Boarding House, } Clemens-street	
Crown Inn, High-street	Mr. Stanley.

Bowling Green Inn, Church-street ...Mr. Parsons.
 Mrs. Lawrence's Boarding House, 17 and 18, Union Parade.
 Mr. Hopton's Boarding House, Satchwell Place.
 Castle Hotel, Brunswick-streetMr. J. Herbert.

Posting.

Chaises with excellent horses and careful drivers can be procured at the Regent Hotel Mews.

Bedford Hotel ditto.

Royal Hotel ditto.

and at Merry's Livery Stables.

Livery Stables.

Bedford (late King's) Mews, opposite the Bedford Hotel.

Merry's Hunting and Livery Stables, Clemens-street.

Stanley's Livery Stables, High-street.

Copps' Royal Hotel, Lock-up Coach Houses and Stabling.
 Stabling to the Bath Hotel.

Public Houses.

Warwick Arms, Cross-street.

Angel, Cross-street, New Town.

Golden Lion, ditto.

Red Lion.

Most of the inhabitants let some part of their houses as lodgings; the prices vary from ten shillings to five guineas, according to the number of rooms and the manner in which they are furnished.

Whole houses may be obtained from five to ten guineas per week.

A market has been established which is held every Wednesday, under the Arcade, Wine-street, it is plentifully supplied with meat, poultry, butter, eggs, fruit, and all kinds of vegetables. Good fish is daily supplied by the coaches from London. By means of the Warwick and Napton Canal, which passes near the town, coals are obtained at a reasonable rate.

Leamington Mail and Post Coaches from the Royal and Bath Hotel Coach Offices, and the Crown Inn, daily to Bath, Banbury, Birmingham, Bristol, Buckingham, Cambridge, Cheltenham, Chester, Coventry, Daventry, Derby, Gloucester, Holyhead, Leicester, Litchfield, Liverpool, London, Malvern, Manchester, Nottingham, Oxford, Shrewsbury, Stratford-upon-Avon, Stoney Stratford, Wolverhampton, Worcester, &c. from which Coaches others proceed to all parts of the kingdom. Goods can be forwarded daily by Waggon and Canal to all parts.

Cars to Warwick every hour, and ready on the shortest notice to take persons on excursions. Pony and Donkey

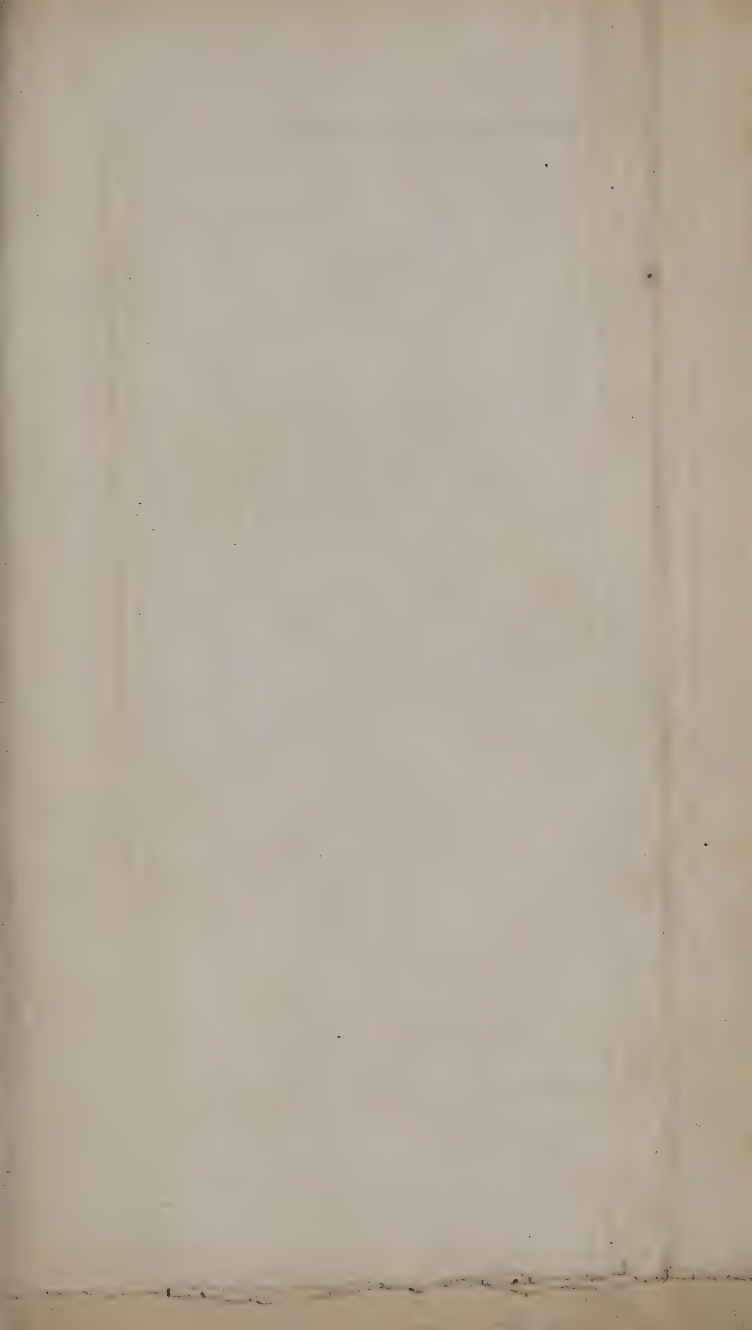
Carts are constantly plying for hire, and Saddle Horses, Ponies, Donkies, Gigs, and Barouches, are always ready at command.

Sedan Chairs are kept at the Upper Assembly Rooms, and by Parsons and Grant, at Smart's Baths, Clemens-street.

DISTANCES

OF THE FOLLOWING PLACES FROM LEAMINGTON.

	<i>Post Miles.</i>		<i>Post Miles.</i>
Alcester.....	18	Leeds	110
Alveston	10	London	90
Banbury	22	Leicester	37
Barford	4	Lillington	1½
Bath and Bristol	88	Liverpool	120
Birmingham	22	Malvern	38
Blenheim	39	Manchester	100
Charlecote	7	Northampton	30
Cheltenham	44	Oxford	48
Chesterton	9	Offchurch.....	3
Coleshill	20	Radford Semele	1½
Coombe Abbey	12	Ragley	20
Coventry	10	Snitterfield	7
Cubbington	3	Solihull	15
Daventry	18	Southam	8
Dublin	240	Stonleigh	5
Dunchurch	16	Stratford	10
Edgehill	17	Shipston	19
Edinburgh	320	Tachbrooke	2
Guy's Cliff	3	Upton	5
Halford Bridge	15	Warwick	2
Hatton	6	Wellesbourne	8
Hockley House	12	Worcester.....	30
Kenilworth	5	Whitnash.....	1
Kineton	13	Wroxhall	8
Knowle	12	York	120



Ground Plan
of
LEAMINGTON.

REFERENCES

- 1 *Assembly Rooms*
- 2 *Belvoir Hotel*
- 3 *Royal Pump Room*
- 4 *Robins's Baths*
- 5 *L. Aylesford's Well*
- 6 *Theatre*
- 7 *Church*
- 8 *Bath Hotel*
- 9 *Original Baths*
- 10 *Wise's Baths*
- 11 *Albion House*
- 12 *Crown Inn*
- 13 *Read's Baths*
- 14 *Smart's Baths*
- 15 *Meeting House*
- 16 *Blenheim Hotel*
- 17 *Royal Hotel*
- 18 *Ellistons's Library*
- 19 *Poor House*
- 20 *Post Office*
- 21 *Mill*
- 22 *Regent Hotel*



INVITATION
TO THE
SPA OF LEAMINGTON PRIORS.

Nymph of the Fount! from whose auspicious urn
Flows health, flows strength, and beauty's roseate bloom,
Which warms the virgin's cheek, thy gifts I sing?

WM. WHITEHEAD.

STRANGER! does sickness waste thee
With slow or swift decay?
Haste to our waters haste thee,
And quaff thy ills away.
Sweet waters of oblivion!
To every gnawing pain;
Health's fountains! kindly giving
Our faded bloom again.

Have foreign climes unnerv'd thee?
Or pleasure's charms unstrung?
Has early study worn thee?
Drink! thou again art young.
Drink freely, thirsty pilgrim,
Like sainted springs of yore,
Which holy men have hallowed,
Thy health they will restore.

Yes, all thy form's afflictions
Our waters will destroy;
With them, for ever flowing,
Gush rest, relief, and joy.

The grape will but inflame thee,
 And steal thy strength and wealth;
 But in our gifted fountains
 Are vigor, life, and health.

Or, is thy form untroubled?
 Does pain ne'er ban thy ease?
 Still come, we here have pleasures
 To charm thy *mind's* disease.
 Has friendship e'er deceiv'd thee?
 Or love prov'd insincere?
 Has death's cold hand bereav'd thee?
 We'll soothe thy sorrows here.

Thy spirit may be broken
 With anguish of the soul;
 But, ah! our scenes have beauties,
 Again shall make thee whole.
 Here all the charms of nature,
 And gifts of health appear,
 To soothe each mortal ailing;
 Then, stranger, haste thee here.

Nor you, ye gay and lovely,
 Refuse to seek our shrine;
 For here the blithe and beauteous
 Will add their charms to thine.
 A pearl lies in our waters,
 Of richer, prouder wealth,
 Then Cleopatra swallowed—
 The precious pearl of HEALTH!

EARLY HISTORY
OF
LEAMINGTON PRIORS.

“A poor thatch'd village once, or scarcely none at all,
That could not once have dream'd of her now stately wall.”

DRAYTON.

TO trace the early history of a village so obscure in its origin, and humble in its first existence, as Leamington, supplying neither parochial records, nor local traditions, must be an uncertain and difficult task ; with no writings to guide the judgment, and no reliques to awaken the imagination, nearly every thing must be left to dry conjecture. The antiquary ‘pores in vain for dubious doorways;’ in vain he tries to ‘spell the names of saints in storied windows,’ discover the dates of bells, or fix ‘the genuine site of abbot’s pantries,’ in a village, which, for centuries, only consisted of a few miserable mud-cottages, in the midst of almost impassable roads. We cannot, therefore, gentle visitors of Leamington, though “friends of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,”

“With much compassion undertake the task,
To tell you more than you have wish to ask;

Point to inscriptions wheresoe'er you tread,
 Such as, when legible, were never read,
 But being cankered now and half worn out,
 Craze antiquarian brains with endless doubt."

Truly we are sorry we cannot, but truly so it is: however, whatever little is known, or has been discovered, it is proper should be *made generally known*. It is true, we can only travel over the same dull ground others have trodden before us, but if we can cheer it with any additional notices, that our industry and research may have collected, and more clearly mark its giant spring at the magic call of fashion, into one of the most promising resorts in the kingdom, our views and wishes will be accomplished.

LEAMINGTON PRIORS may almost be said to form the very centre of England, (independently of its now being the rallying spot of all her beauty, rank, and wealth,) it lying exactly in the heart of Warwickshire; 'Britain's midmost region,' styled by Drayton, the native poet of Warwickshire, "that shire which we the heart of England well may call;" it is, therefore, the 'heart of hearts,' the 'heart's core:' it is seated on the banks of the river Leam,*

* This river, according to the good old knightly historian of the county, Sir William Dugdale, has "its head in Northamptonshire, (about Braunston and Daventry). entereth Warwickshire, between Wolfhamcote and Willoughby; the etymologie

(that river running directly through it) in the Kenilworth Division of Knightlow, one of the five hundreds of the County of Warwickshire; (including the City and County of Coventry;) it lies ninety miles north-west from London, two miles east from Warwick, eight miles west from Southam, ten from Coventry, ten from Stratford-upon-Avon, twenty-two from Birmingham, forty-two from Cheltenham, and eighty-three from Bath, and is in the Parish of Leek Wotton, in the province of Canterbury, and dioceses of Litchfield and Coventry. It derives its first name from its situation on the Leam, and its agnomen 'Priors,' from its having belonged to the holy Priors of Kenilworth Priory. This additional name was given it, as well to mark its possession by the reverend fraternity, as to distinguish it from Leamington Hastang, *vulgo* Hastings, a small village about ten miles distant, to the north of Leamington Priors.

appears to be derived from a Greek word, (*limne*) which signifieth a pool or lake." Mr. Pratt thinks this derivation not at all unlikely, "as the Leam has some standing lakes or ponds, like several artificial rivers in Cambridgeshire, anciently cut to drain the fens, all bearing the name of Leame; as New Leame, Watersey Leame, and Morton's Leame; each of which has a muddy channel, the water working through a dull and slow passage." The Leam certainly has, in general, a very muddy appearance, which, most likely, occasioned the accurate Drayton, the poet of rivers, to style it "the high complectioned Leame."

The earliest glimmering of authenticated light that breaks in upon the dark history of its infant days, to the visual perception, streams from that uminous record, with regard to county history—the Domesday Book; containing the general surveys of all the estates in England, made by order of William the Conqueror, in the year 1086. The continual wars of the Saxons preceding this, as Sir William Dugdale justly remarks, leaving “little likelihood that memorials of any kind should be preserved;” this record, grateful as it is, only allows us to relate that at that period Leamington formed one of the forty-eight manors of the wealthy and warlike Turchil, stiled by some, Turchillus de Warwick; the last, though by no means the least, in power and ability of all the Saxon Earls of Warwick, to whom it descended from his father Alwynus: before this, all is obscurity and doubt; though it is not at all unlikely, but that Leamington, with its neighbouring villages, forming part of the Warwick estates at that period, may, by passing through the hands of Wigod, Wolgeat, and Weythemund, (the Saxon Earls preceding Turchil and Alwyre), have belonged to the romantic Reynburn, the son of the ever-memorable Guy and his “fair Felicia;” and to him they must have descended from the mighty Guy himself, that unparalleled champion, with whose incredible achieve-

ments, Warwickshire still resounds: from Guy, fancy may trace the possession of Leamington through the hands of the daring Rohand, the friend of the wise Alfred, and father-in-law of Guy, and the first too of the Saxon Earls of Warwick, to Merthudus and Morvidus, the second and third British Earls of Warwick; and from them, direct to the chivalric Arthgal, (the *bear*) the first Earl of Warwick of any line, one of the illustrious knights of the round table, the companion of King Arthur, and the mirror of knightly prowess, described by the immortal Spenser, in the words of the red-cross knight to Britomart, most appropriately thus,

“ ————— of all that ever play’d
 A tilt, or tourney, or like warlike game,
 The noble Arthgal hath ever borne the name.*”

To Arthgal, as his favourite knight and the first of Warwick’s Earls, it surely is not too much to suppose that Leamington might have been a gift from the glorious Arthur in person, and beyond this, fancy cannot go, nor is there need. Arthur the great and good, flourished about 516. A.D. The historians of rival watering places have traced the existence of them as many hundred years before the introduction of Christianity into the world, as we do ours after; but, surely, we have given a title-

* Fairy Queen.

roll sufficiently antique, and recorded names hard enough to satisfy any Christian conscience; and, having traced our village into the possession of the pole star of English chivalry and civilization, we shall again retrograde and give its history as satisfactorily as we can from the warlike Turchil, downwards, to the present time; merely remarking *en passant*, or in *via*, which you will, that during the period England was under the Saxon Heptarchy, or seven kingdoms, A.D. 583, Warwickshire formed a part of the kingdom of Mercia; and Offa, the most powerful of all the Saxon monarchs, held his Mercian Court and raised his regal Palace at Offchurch Bury, scarcely three miles from Leamington, in which place also, and in the village adjacent, many other of the Mercian monarchs were accustomed to hold their banquetting revels. Leamington, therefore, from its contiguity and rural beauty, is very likely frequently to have witnessed their sports and to have been graced with their presence; while at other times, from the continual contests that took place between the different states, and the irruptions of the Danes and other northern barbarians, in which several towns in Warwickshire were burnt and destroyed, it must necessarily have occasionally been the scene of warfare and the field of battle. While ruminating on the present situation of Leamington, it cannot be uninteresting to reflect

that the Romans, during their settlement in this island, resided in it's immediate vicinity, as their numerous roads, which, though constructed sixteen or seventeen centuries ago, are still perfectly visible in many parts of Warwickshire, and likely to continue so for centuries to come: *Watling Street*, the *Foss Way*, and *Ryknild Street* in particular; besides the remains of many of their camps, &c. sufficiently testify: and at no greater a distance from Leamington than Monks Kirby, formerly stood a powerful Roman city, called Cleychester, though all traces of it have been long since destroyed; consequently the British hero of the present day, who visits the Spa, either for health or pleasure, may only be walking over the same ground his prototype, the Roman warrior, has trodden before him.

But to return to Leamington:—in the time of Turchil; A. D. 1070, according to the evidence of Domesday Book, as before mentioned, it was about two hides* in extent, equal, (if we may trust the '*fragmenta antiquitatis*,' which states that "a hide of land was usually taken for six score acres,") to two hundred and forty acres; it was then valued at £4. a considerable sum at that time.†

* Liber vocat Doomsday, vol. 2.

† Multiplying this sum by twenty three, the increased proportion, which, according to the best antiquaries on that subject, comes nearest to the relative value of money at that and

Two mills are mentioned in that venerable record, as standing within its precincts, rated at 94s.; and it is not unlikely but that one of them occupied the identical site of the mill now standing, and known by the name of *Campion's mill*. The produce of *Leamington*, at this period, was applied solely to the use of its lord *Turchil*; being, agreeably to the feudal practice of the time, tilled and occupied by his vassals alone. On the conquest of England by *William Duke of Normandy*, at the fatal battle of *Hastings*, in 1066, wherein the ill-fated *Harold* lost at once his crown and life, the enterprising victor having settled himself and his followers in this country, it became his natural policy to get every title and place of power vested in the persons of his own immediate kinsmen and countrymen; therefore, although he could not, with any grace, dispossess *Turchil* of his vast domains, *Turchil*, notwithstanding his especial note and peculiar opportunities, not having given any decided assistance to his liege lord

the present period, it will amount to £92; which, calculating the value of the Norman pound at £3. 2s. of our present money, will amount to £285. 4s. a sum which, however considerable at that time, falls incalculably short of the present value of *Leamington*, as the reader may conceive when we tell him, that the yearly money now raised by parish rates, (including the poor and highways), at 4s. 4d. in the pound, falls very little short of £500.

Harold, but on the contrary ; he nevertheless kept him in such a constant state of surveillance, by obliging him to repair and rebuild his castle of Warwick, holding it fortified for him in fee, and at last openly dispossessing him of it, that Turchil in disgust retired to Eardene, * the woodland part of Warwickshire, on the other side of the Avon, (now termed Arden), from which it appears he was one of the first men in England, who, in imitation of the Normans, assumed a surname, he styling himself, in the reign of king William Rufus, Turchilus de Eardene. By his first wife, Turchil had issue, Siward de Arden, ancestor to the family of Arden ; and by his second wife Leverunia, Osbert de Arden; from whom are lineally descended the Earls of Northampton. Though the rest of the kingdom had been divided by the Conqueror among his Norman followers, Turchil was, it appears, so well respected by the politic William, either for his power or his services, that he suffered him to remain, during his retirement, in unmolested possession of the major part of his immense property, which on his death descended to his son Siward. But Siward not being equally esteemed by the Conqueror, was, towards the latter end of his reign, despoiled by him of most of his paternal estates, including Lea-

* A term of Celtic origin, signifying a forest.

mington. The Earldom of Warwick was, upon this, bestowed on Henry de Novo Burgo, or Newburgh, one of the Norman barons, accompanying William, who thereby became the first Norman Earl of Warwick. William Rufus subsequently added to this title many of the late Earl Turchil's estates. Leamington now fell into the hands of Roger de Montgomery, son to Hugh de Montgomery, a noble knight of French extraction, nearly allied to the victorious William, and another of the noble Normans who had accompanied him in his adventurous invasion. Roger had materially contributed to the success of William in this momentous contest, having commanded the main body of his army at Hastings; for this signal service, William bestowed on him very large gifts, among which was Leamington. He also gave him both the territory and honor of the Earldom of Arundel, and the Earldom of Salisbury. Roger, being a person of singular devotion, founded, and most amply endowed, the Abbey of St. Peter's at Salisbury, where he at length took upon him the habit of a monk, and died 1094,* leaving issue, by Mable his wife, daughter of William de Talvaise, a great Baron in Belesm, five sons; first, Hugh; second, Robert; third, Roger; fourth, Philip; and fifth, Arnulph, On the death of his father, Hugh

* Ordericus Vitalis.

succeeded to his possessions, and held Leamington till his death in the reign of William Rufus. Dying without issue, he was succeeded by Robert, who, however, did not long retain possession of Leamington, or any other of his estates. Robert was usually styled *de Belesmo*,* from the name of a castle he possessed, probably in right of his grandfather: he had been high in favor with the Conqueror, who knighted him in the sixth year of his reign; and upon the death of Rufus, he took the part of Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest son, and the rightful heir to the crown, (whose officer he had previously been), against Henry the successful claimant; and even assisted him in battle, where he was routed and taken prisoner. His conduct so much exasperated Henry, (now Henry I.) that he deprived him of his title and possessions, banished him the kingdom, and discountenanced his friends. The fourth brother, Philip, on this retired to Scotland, and fixed his residence in Tiviotdale, upon the borders, where he became a powerful chieftain; the Earls of Eglington, and Lords Androssan, being descended from him. Collins, in his Peerage, asserts, that the youngest son, Arnulph, founded the Chandos family; he possessing, from among his father's vast

* *Normannici Scriptores.*

estates, the castle of Brugge, (now called Bridge-north) in Shropshire; but this is very problematical. Sir Egerton Bridges, in an article on the Battle Abbey Roll, (*Censura Literaria*, vol. iv. p. 246, 2d Edit. 1815,) speaks of another son, who, he says, left issue Guy Earl of Ponthieu, John, and two daughters, one married to Tuhel, son of Walter de Meduana; the other to William, third Earl of Warren, and afterwards to Patric, Earl of Salisbury. I know not on what authority he cites this genealogy. The unfortunate Robert's estates being confiscated, and bestowed among Henry's adherents, Leamington was granted, as a reward for his loyalty and ecclesiastical services, to the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, who, at that time, was designated from his residence, Bishop of Chester.* It was, however, soon again doomed to lose its master, for the bishop disposed of it to Geoffrey de Clinton, celebrated as the founder of the Castle and Priory of Kenilworth, son-in-law of Roger, Earl of Warwick, (the immediate successor of Henry de Newburgh) and Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer to King Henry the First.

Geoffrey, from whom are descended the Dukes of Newcastle, had not long possessed it before he again granted it to Gilbert Nutricius of Warwick, and

* Dugdale, p. 256.

his heirs ; in consideration, according to Dugdale, of the payment of ten marks, with a silver cup; and to Agnes, his (Geoffrey's) wife, a bezantine of gold; Gilbert holding it by the service of half a knight's fee. He does not appear to have kept it much longer than either of his immediate predecessors ; for, whether this grant was forcibly resumed, or whether the estate was repurchased, both of which Dugdale states to be extremely uncertain, though it is most likely, from the princely spirit and amiable character of Geoffrey, to have been the latter, it appears, clearly, that it very soon reverted to the Clinton family, for Geoffrey shortly after, on his death, left it to his son ; and by this son, Geoffrey de Clinton the second, if we may be allowed so to style him, it was about the year 1166 given with the church and mill of the village, and a considerable number of other estates, to the Priors and Canons of the Monastery, Geoffrey, the father, had built and endowed about the year 1122,* “ to the honour of the blessed Virgin Mary” at Kenilworth; according to the original endowment, “ for the redemption of his sins, and the good estate of King Henry the First, and his own wife and children.” This gift, Henry de Clinton, Geoffrey the younger's son, subsequently confirmed ; making great ad-

* Register de Kenilworth.

ditions to it out of his own estate, and procuring the King's sanction with considerable immunities, privilege of Court Leet, assize of bread and beer, authority to try and punish malefactors, freedom from County, hundred Courts, Free Warren, &c. &c. they paying a certain quit-rent to the crown; which sweeping rights, added to the bequests of the three Clintons, Henry, the great grandson, terminating that branch of the family by dying without issue, invested these pious drones with all the powers and resources of petty princes; opportunities which, it is not to be supposed from their general character, they were found backwards in availing themselves of: "The service of half a knight's fee, by which (says Dugdale) the said canons held it, (though in the grant there be no mention thereof) was by the bishop passed over to the monks of Coventre; for in 20 Hen. 3, the Prior of Coventre, certifying that knights fees were held of that monastery, makes instance of half a knight's fee in Lemington juxta Warwick, held by the before specified canons. The like was signified in 36 Hen. 3. which canons, in 7 Edw. 1., had a water mill, 3 yard land, and a 4 part, and the half of another mill, here in demesn; as also ix servants, holding 3 yard land and 3 quarters, performing divers servile labours; 8 cottiers, holding 8 cottages, and 8 acres of land; and xi freeholders, which held 13 yard land and a 4 part, with

the other half of the water mill: and besides all this, a court leet, gallows, assize of bread and beer, by the grant of King Hen. 3., together with the church appropriate, endowed with two yard land; all which was enjoyed by them till the dissolution of the monasteries." These frequent changes, allowing for the state of the times, and the power possessed by superstition and bigotry over ignorance and credulity, make it extremely evident, Leamington was not then regarded as a place of much consideration; it is not probable that at this, or any preceding period, it consisted of more than a few wattled cottages with mud built walls and straw roofs, tenanted by the miserable villains attached to, and 'parcel of' the lands they tilled; as dull, as hardy, as passive, and as unrespected. *

Rude and rural enough in summer, Leamington was, in winter, and other seasons of the year, totally impassable; and when Queen Elizabeth visited Warwick, in one of those summer 'progresses' she so much delighted in, on the 12th of August 1572, it appears, from an interesting account of that event by an eye-witness, preserved in a curious M.S. called the black book, now in the possession of the

* Villains, vassals or slaves, transferred with the lands on which they were born, and which they could not leave without permission of their lord; these poor dependents had no voice in state affairs, nor were they permitted to carry arms.

Corporation of Warwick; after dining at Long Itchington, such was the bad state of the direct road through Leamington and Myton, her Majesty was obliged to travel round by Chesterton and Oakley, and meet the bailiff, burgesses, &c. at Fourd Mill Hill; nay, no later back than fifty years ago, the overflowings of the river, and the influx of the floods after heavy rains, raised the waters in many of the roads above the horses middles. The mineral springs which have since made Leamington of so much consequence, were then totally disregarded, if they were even known, which is very questionable; for Walter Bailey, Queen Elizabeth's physician, who accompanied her in her Warwickshire wanderings, and in 1582 published a discourse on the Chalybeate Spring of Newnham Regis, does not once allude to that of Leamington; though he must have passed through the village in his road to Kenilworth. In the possession of the pious brotherhood, who were seldom used to let slip any thing that had once come into their clutches, Leamington continued without interruption for a period of 373 years; during which time, its history must have been as great a blank as the lives of the holy brethren it fattened. Court Leets and Court Barons, the harvest that others had sown, but which it was theirs to reap, make up its sum of existence, till the great dissolution of all monastic institutions, in the

reign of Henry the Eighth, 1539, pursuant to a bill passed May 23d in the same year, at last released it from the clerical grasp. The reverend Canons regular of the order of St. Augustine being then obliged most reluctantly to yield it to the Crown, the paramount Harry having no mercy on their ecclesiastical remonstrances, deeming, perhaps, that the surest method of ensuring the regular performance of their duties of abstinence and privation, was thus to deprive them of the means of gratifying their baser appetites. Leamington remained in the hands of the Crown, till the Sixth of Queen Elizabeth, 1564, when it a second time came into the possession of Warwick's Earls, being granted by that Achilles in petticoats to the brave and virtuous Ambrose, second son and heir to the late Earl John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, then attainted. Ambrose had been previously created by her, Viscount Lisle and Earl of Warwick; most likely at the instigation of his brother Robert, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favorite.

Ambrose dying without issue, February 21st 1589, Leamington once more reverted, with the Title and Estates, to the Crown, and continued in its possession till the second of James the First, 1605; when it was fated to descend a third time into the Warwick family, being granted in fee, together with the Castle of Warwick, and all its

dependencies, to the poetical, political, and princely Sir Fulke Grevil, afterwards Lord Brooke; and whose progeny now form the present Earls of Warwick; but *Heroum clara valete nomina, non apta est gratia vestra mihi*. So says Ovid, and so too must we say. Leamington had now materially changed its condition; families had begun to settle there, its mineral spring became known, the learned and laborious Camden had given the first notice of it in his *Britannia*, published 1586, under the patronage of Sir Fulke; into whose possession, as we have shown, Leamington subsequently fell; after describing its situation, &c. he adds, "*Ubi fons salsus ebullit.*" He was followed by Speed in the theatre of Great Britain, published in 1596, also under the auspices and by the encouragement of Grevil. Speed remarking, that "at *Leamington*, so far from the sea, a spring of salt water boileth up!" Neither of these authors, however, appear to have had the slightest suspicion of its medical qualities. Dudley, the third Lord North, 1636, was the first that brought the mineral waters of this country into general use and notice, by introducing those of Epsom and Tunbridge. "The use of TUNBRIDGE and EPSOM waters, for health and cure;" he remarks, in his curious 'Exonerations,' "I first made known to London and the King's people. The Spa is a chargeable and inconvenient journey to sick bodies,

besides *the money it carries out of the kingdom ; and inconvenient to religion.*"* It were well if these considerations were duly weighed by travellers in the present day, when seeking for health or pleasure across the Channel. After the notices of Camden and Speed, it was not to be supposed the minute Dugdale would pass over the mineral peculiarity of Leamington, when giving an account of the village ; yet, he appears to have written merely from hearsay, for in the first edition of his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, 1655, he says, that " Nigh to the east end of the church there is a spring of salt water, (not above a stone's throw from the river Leame), whereof the inhabitants make much use for seasoning their meat." This is obviously wrong, as it is well known that meat, though ever so long immersed in salt water, like that of the ocean, does not become salted ; so that, in this instance, some one must have imposed on the credulity of our antiquarian : The description too is inaccurate, the spring lying to the west of the Church. Fuller, who followed Dugdale, seems to have been better acquainted with the nature of the spring, and more aware of its medical qualities, for in his *history of the Worthies of Great Britain*, he observes, with his usual originality of thought, and singularity of phrase, " At Leamington, two miles from Warwick, there issueth out, within a stride

* *A Forest of Varieties*, Second Part, p. 134.

of the womb of the earth, two twin springs, as different in *taste* and *operation*, as JACOB and ESAU in disposition; the one *salt*, the other *fresh*. This the meanest countryman does plainly see by their *effects*; whilst it would puzzle a consultation of physicians to assign the cause thereof." Blome, in his *Britannia*, 1673, p. 232, in his places of note in Warwickshire, scarcely does more than repeat Fuller's words; but Dr. Thomas, the continuation of Dugdale, in his edition of the *Antiquities*, 1730, decidedly states, after quoting the original account, that "Strangers also used it medicinally with success;" and "that the inhabitants use it in making their bread." But in this he must have been mistaken. These accounts of the Leamington Spring, by persons unacquainted with the uses to which it might be put medicinally, served, however, to attract the attention of others more competent; accordingly, in 1698, a Doctor Guidot gave an analyzed account of it, in which he characterized it as "A spring of nitrous water." This description was pronounced to be totally incorrect by Dr. Short, in his "Treatise on Mineral Waters," 1740; and another is given which does not seem to have been a whit more accurate; for Short, after rejecting the opinion of Guidot, styles it "a mere brine spring." 'Who shall decide when doctors disagree?' Why, Dr. Rutty! the most profound and correct inquirer of all the early

writers, into the nature and properties of mineral waters. He, in a large and comprehensive work, entitled "A Methodical Synopsis of Mineral Waters; including a minute examination of all the most celebrated mineral springs, in this and other European countries. 1757;" in which is contained a particuiar account of the Leamington water, gives it as his opinion, stepping between the other two, that he considers with Dr. Short it is strongly impregnated with *marine salt*; and yet he is led from various experiments to consider with Dr. Guidot, that it also possesses a considerable quantity of *calcareous nitre*; and, upon the whole, he decided it to be "A salino nitrous spring:" for, after a careful evaporation, he found that a gallon of water yielded 960 grains of sediment; thirty of which were calcareous earth, and the rest marine salt. The same experiments seem to have been made by Dr. Russel, and with the same effects, in his treatise on the subject of sea water, and salt springs, in 1765; and thus the enquiry for that time rested.

Leamington had now comparatively assumed the settled appearance of a small country village, of the humblest class: it had its few mud cottages, its mill, church, alehouse, and mansion-house; the very respectable family of the Wills', had settled at Newbold Comyn, as early as the reign of Henry the Eighth; while that of Mr. Wise came in with the

earlier George. The land was divided among different proprietors, and its population somewhat encreased; yet, notwithstanding these early and distinct notices and analyzations of the waters, by antiquaries and doctors, (grave authorities), it was for a long time little known or regarded beyond its own immediate sphere of action, viz. the inhabitants of the place and its direct neighbourhood; by them, says Dr. Short, it was drank in the great quantity of two or three quarts, a quantity many of our readers, we imagine, will find it difficult to swallow, as Dr. Short, in this instance, has certainly not given *short* measure. He observes, that it was found to be very efficacious in scorbutic and other complaints; it, however, appears to have been used more in cases of hydrophobia than any other; a regular dipper, Thomas Dilkes, having been engaged from the beginning of the eighteenth century for the express purpose, though there were then no greater conveniencies, for bathing, than a tub placed in the ditch, in which the spring rose.

Of the persons thus cured of that dreadful disorder, an annual register was kept, attested by the dipper on oath; from these registers it appears, that from June, 1778 to 1786, eight years, no fewer than 119 persons, who had suffered from the bite of mad dogs, had been effectually cured by immersion in the water. This Thomas Dilkes, the

dipper, was quite a character in his way: so jealous was he of the reputation of the water, that he declared, if ever he should meet with a failure, he would not dip any one again; and, on a patient being brought, whose case was more than commonly desperate, he obstinately refused to perform his office, so that the friends of the sufferer were obliged to undertake it themselves, and were luckily successful; for, says my authority, though the man was absolutely raving mad at the time he was brought, he very soon afterwards perfectly recovered.

The great success of Cheltenham, and other rival springs, now began to turn the attention of speculators to that of Leamington. The beauty of its situation, the objects of curiosity around it, and more especially the abundant supply of water, produced by the spring, (it having been known very frequently to issue five quarts in one minute, and usually yielding between four and five thousand hogsheads a-year,*) with vehement suspicions that similar springs might be discovered in the neighbourhood, all concurred in rendering Leamington, at that time, a point of great promise. At Chel-

* In the year 1801, the quantity of water issuing from the spout of the old salt spring, during the space of one solar year, was 4174 hogsheads and 18 gallons, or 262,980 gallons, wine-measure.

tenham it was well known the saline spring issued in so slow and scanty a stream, that in a crowded season, a supply sufficient for the drinking of the visitors and invalids was scarcely to be obtained, while to procure the mineral, for the purposes of hot and cold bathing, was completely out of the question, the baths erected in various parts of the town, never being filled but with common water. It was not, therefore, much to be wondered at, that Dr. Holyoake, a physician and surgeon of great eminence and acuteness at Warwick, who saw, in a moment, what advantages saline bathing would give Leamington, should offer the father of the late Lord Aylesford £1000 for a building lease, or grant, of the site of the old cottage and spring at Leamington; an offer his Lordship nobly refused, declaring he would not suffer the water to be locked up from the public, and more especially the poor; thus, the task of laying the foundation of the future eminence of this lowly village, was left to Benjamin Satchwell and William Abbotts, two humble, but enterprising inhabitants of it: fired by the prospect of gain, and a generous love of their native village, they immediately commenced those endeavours that proved afterwards so successful, and which bring us to the modern history and present state of Leamington.

MODERN HISTORY
OF
LEAMINGTON:
ITS WELLS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, &c.

Why should I mention many a fabled fount
By bards recorded, or historians old ;
Whether they water'd Asia's fertile plains
With soft Calirrhœ; or to lettered Greece,
Or warlike Latium lent their kindly aid ?
Nor ye of modern fame, whose rills descend
From Alps to Appennines, or grateful lave
Germania's harass'd realms, expect my verse
Shall chant your praise, and dwell on Foreign theme ;
When chief o'er Albion have the healing powers
Shed wide their influence: from a thousand rocks
Health gushes, through a thousand vales it flows
Spontaneous. Scarce can luxury produce
More pale diseases than her streams relieve.

Witness, Avonia, the unnumber'd tongues,
Which hail thy sisters name!
See, in what myriads, to her watery shrine
The various votaries press? they drink, they live!

WM. WHITEHEAD.

BENJAMIN SATCHWELL, to whom Leamington owes much of its present prosperity, originally an honest mender and maker of boots and shoes, was a very ingenious, persevering, spirited man: in a different sphere of life he might have raised himself to great-

ness, and founded a kingdom elsewhere, as he founded a village here. He was completely the Leamington oracle, he settled all disputes and grievances, for Leamington was not then *blessed* with the presence of a lawyer; he was withal too a poet, and frequently exercised his talents in praise of the waters, and in eulogizing every person of distinction that visited the Spa, upon whom he regularly waited on their arrival, with a specimen of his muse. As its patron and benefactor, he kept annals, in verse, of its rise and progress, and published numerous notices of it, in prose, in the Coventry and other newspapers; these, with cases of cures, &c. performed by the spring, he collected into books which he let out, at a certain sum per week, to the visitors of the place, to whom the eccentricity of them proved very amusing. He likewise contributed by verbal praise, in his visits to the visitors on their first arrival, to spread the fame of the place. The following lines from a MS. in the possession of Mr. F. Smith, entitled "Escribe on Mr. Abbott's Speculation at Leamington," containing many others by the same author, have been printed by Mr. Smith, as a specimen of honest Benjamin's poetical powers:—

" If Muster Abbotts had not done
 His Baths of land and praise,
 It must have been poor Leamington,
 Now, as in former days.

William Abbotts, Satchwell's co-adjutor in the foundation of Modern Leamington, possessed a piece of ground immediately opposite the old well, and had long wished to discover a *second* spring; for which purpose, he had sunk shafts in several places, but without effect, till on the 14th day of January, 1784, as he was conversing with honest Satchwell on the subject of his wishes, the latter suddenly observed a bubbling in an adjoining ditch; which, on stooping down and laving with his hand, he pronounced to be a saline spring! Hearing this, Abbotts, as the story goes, immediately ran for a cup, and found on examination that it was a most excellent mineral; on this, he speedily sunk a well, and raised a building containing one hot and one cold bath, the first built in Leamington, and which were opened for the first time in June, 1786. Invalids and pleaurists now began to turn their summer wings to the Spa, as a source of health and amusement, as appears by one of Satchwell's announcements in the Coventry paper of that time, which we give in his own words: "September 21th 1788. We can, with pleasure, say many persons of distinction have graced our salt baths already this summer. Such numerous genteel visitors with carriages, &c. daily resort to this place, that in a short time it must wear off the aspect of a country village. On Monday last, our said baths were

honored with a truly patroness visitor from Stonleigh Abbey, the Honourable Mrs. Leigh; who expressed great satisfaction at the *supernaturality* of the water and the great convenience." The convenience here boasted of, and which so greatly excited the Honourable Mrs. Leigh's satisfaction, was, it must be confessed, humble enough; the baths were rude in the extreme, and the only houses of accommodation were two small inns, the Dog, and the Bowling Green; with the humble rooms of three or four cottages, that for the first time in the history of Leamington, sported boarded floors, following the great example set them by the Bowling Green, the original assembly rooms.

The Bowling Green was, it is true, supported by a very large subscription of the neighbouring gentry, who, attracted by the beauty of the place, dined together every Tuesday, during 'the sweet of the year,' from May-day to Michaelmas; holding a grand feast and festival in the Whitsuntide week, when all the members walked in the forenoon, in solemn procession, to the church, where an appropriate sermon was preached on the occasion; after which the day was finished in the exhibition of various rural sports on a stage erected in the green, at the south-east corner of the inn, when the Tollett's, Strutt's, and Douce's, that chanced in the mid-while of their antiquarian and Shakspearian

researches, to visit the natal shire of their favourite bard, were frequently gratified by the appearances and performances of Morisco or Morris dancers; those most facinating remembrancers of our old English sports. These merry wights, with their bells, sticks, and handkerchiefs, were wont to contend for the silken prize of pink or blue, which it was the enviable province of the fair and virtuous May-day Queen of the village to award; we know not if they had, as in the olden time, their Dramatis Personæ of Fool, Friar, Hobby-horse, and maid Marian; but, however rude and imperfect their exhibitions, to the researcher into the amusements of the days gone by, they could not but have proved highly interesting.

The Dog was kept by Wm. Abbotts, who lodged and boarded the few persons that came for the benefit of the waters to Leamington, there being, at that time, scarcely any other accommodation for them. Nevertheless, Leamington continued to advance in public favor, greatly assisted, about this period, by the exertion and endeavours of Dr. Allen, whose name has been most strangely left out in all the descriptions of this village, though he was unquestionably the *first* medical man, that generally impressed the public with a proper feeling of the value and qualities of the Leamington waters: this is evident from the following account, which ap-

peared in the Coventry Mercury, September 29, 1788.—“ There is no doubt, but the public will be much entertained and very grateful for the experiment made by Dr. Allen, in analyzing, by a chemical process, the waters of Leamington Priors. The Doctor has already demonstrated that the waters are very much impregnated, both with chalybeate and saline qualities, but not in an equal degree; the chalybeate, he says, is at the greatest distance, and, therefore, by mixing with, and passing through the other, suffers a diminution of its original quality. The Doctor conceives, that if the water issuing from the Chalybeate, could be taken up before it reaches the saline, it would be to that of the chalybeate in a sesquialteral* proportion. The Doctor, from his subterraneous knowledge of the different stratae of fossils and minerals, is in great hopes of tracing out the fountain of both these springs, and where they unite; but if he should happen to fail in those researches, he is now quite confident that he is enabled by this experiment, to chalk out a system to the valetudinarians, of the different uses of the hot and cold baths, and drinking of the waters, regard being had to their different complaints. As an aperient, these waters are greatly preferable to a shop medicine; the latter debilitates, but the former strengthens the human frame.

* The Doctor means, we suppose, in the proportion of 6 to 9.

“The Doctor, in his return from the north, (from whence he owes his erudition) will leave a manuscript of his sentiments of the particular qualities and use of the waters, with the Proprietor at Leamington Priors, both as to drinking and bathing, especially in cases of the Hydrophobia, and many other complaints; all this the Doctor does without any pecuniary views, but through real philanthropy, which has actuated him on many other occasions, in different parts of the world.” So sensible was Abbots, whom Dr. Allen seems greatly to have patronized, and the other inhabitants of Leamington at this time, of the eminent services the Doctor had rendered them, in analyzing and proclaiming the qualities of their waters to the world, that, under the direction of old Satchwell, they publicly returned him thanks, in the following curious address; with a copy of which, and other memoranda, we have been favoured by Satchwell’s son-in-law, Mr. R. Hopton, the Leamington Postmaster.

October 6th, 1788.

“It must be acknowledged, that he who doth most to preserve the lives of his fellow subjects, is the best member of society, and thereby merits esteem and respect; many and ardent have been our wishes, (the inhabitants of Leamington Priors) that some worthy member of the faculty would analyze our salubrious waters; which, when least ex-

pected, we found to have been done by Dr. Allen, a person totally unknown to us, but now we have the pleasing prospect of his acquaintance; and, at his return to the southern latitude, to embrace his greatly desired manuscript and recommendation to the using our hot and cold salt baths; which will thereby legally moralize his abilities to future posterity, as he is not actuated by any mercenary views, but studying the good of the community at large; for which we think ourselves in duty bound to offer him (thus publicly) the grateful acknowledgments that flow from truly obliged and sincere hearts." Having thus done an act of justice in asserting Dr. Allen's unequivocal and disinterested claims to being the medical founder of Leamington Spa (though the manuscript spoken of as so greatly desired was, we believe, never published) we may state that his opinions were immediately strengthened by those of Dr. Kerr of Northampton, Dr. Johnson of Birmingham, and other medical men of high eminence. Visitors now flocked in apace, old Satchwell established a regular Post Office, and the brightest hopes of the future success of the place were anticipated. These were all very soon afterwards amply confirmed. In the year 1794, Dr. Lambe, a resident physician of great note and skill at Warwick, published a very able analysis of the waters, in the fifth vol. of the memoirs of the Manchester Philosophical Society;

from which it clearly appeared that the Leamington water greatly resembled in its nature and all its distinguishing properties, the waters of Cheltenham, then in the zenith of their fame; and the effects of both would be nearly the same, though the latter contained a greater quantity of iron than the former, but not to the extent that had been stated. Such high authority thus publicly demonstrated, immediately raised Leamington into great and gratifying notice; a watering place in the centre of the kingdom, was a novelty, that could not fail to draw into its vortex all the listless, the gay, the indisposed, and the eccentric; the influx of visitors prodigiously increased. Improvement became the order of the day; every cottage made haste to look like a house, and every house offered a lodging. Tradesmen, builders, speculators, and others, all rushed to consult the *capabilities* of the place, and the most fond desire was manifested to anticipate every wish luxury and indisposition might form in their occasional visits; under the influence of this spirit, buildings sprung up like mushrooms, clusters of houses grew into streets, and streets into a town. Satchwell, patronized by the Rev. Mr. Walhouse, a clerical gentleman of independent fortune, a great admirer and benefactor of Leamington, was indefatigable in his endeavours. Alehouses were dignified with the titles of inns, and inns were styled hotels. The tool of the carpenter went

merrily in winter, and every summer presented some fresh claim to the favour of the public. A vigorous search was commenced for new springs, that new baths might be raised. Cars were set on foot for those inclined to ride, and libraries for those that would read; and houses began to be taken for the season. Among other persons of rank, who now made Leamington their summer residence, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, and the Duke and Duchess of Gordon were conspicuous. This growing consequence and popularity of his manor, induced the late Earl of Aylesford, as its Lord, to pay it, in July, 1803, a formal visit; "when," says the *Coventry Mercury*, in its account of this circumstance, "his lordship, after a minute and satisfactory enquiry into the nature, properties, and cures performed by these waters, ordered, at his own expense, the well to be put into a handsome state of repair; besides securing to the poor the benefit of these waters," continues the *Mercury*, "it appears his lordship's intention is to build them a bath, if proper regulations can be made, the improvements of the inhabitants were severally inspected and much approved, particularly Mr. Abbotts' baths, and his mode of preparing the Leamington salts, which have been lately tried, and are now highly recommended by Dr. Kerr." * Sinker's, now Copps',

* Dr. Kerr, in a letter to Mr. Abbotts, dated "Northamp.

Royal Hotel, seems then very highly to have attracted the approbation of his Lordship. The benevolent intentions of this worthy nobleman were immediately in part effected, the spring, which was disgustingly dirty, was enclosed in a small, but elegant structure, of the Doric description ; but the gratuitous bath was found impracticable ; it was intended to have had it below the spring, for the use of the poor, but the water, owing to the new baths then erected, not rising to its former level, it was given up. The removal of some miserable cottages, obstructing the view of the church, and greatly blemishing that part of the village, was also expected to have been effected ; a happy consummation, that, no doubt, his lordship's death alone prevented taking place. The search for fresh springs was eminently successful. Exclusive of the public well, and that

ton, June 16th, 1803," says, speaking of the salts, " I have at length had the opportunity to try their efficacy, and have great satisfaction in telling you, that in every instance they have fully answered the intention of a mild yet active aperient, easy to the stomach, and requiring less for a dose than any other salts of the same nature. I am likewise persuaded, that they are endowed with the medicinal properties of the Leamington water. I shall be glad to know at what rate you can afford to sell them, as I shall introduce them into the Infirmary, if the price is not very high. I hope, before the season is over, to have leisure to come down for a few days, as I have always found much benefit from your warm bath, and drinking the water.

found by Satchwell and Abbotts, a *third* spring was discovered in 1790, in the high road from Warwick to Southam and London, the property of Mr. Wise, generally known by the name of the *Road Well*. The water of this spring was found at the great distance of forty-two feet from the surface of the ground. A well was first sunk to the depth of twenty-four feet. In the course of that depth a rock presented itself, which was nearly ten feet in thickness, followed by a bed of marl, and after that, a rock much harder than the former, through this second a bore was made, eighteen feet deep, when a cleft was found, through which a copious supply of the water is procured. Handsome and commodious baths were immediately erected in Bath Street, near the site of this well, to the number of thirteen, including one cold bath, four Gentlemens', and seven Ladies' baths, and one for the use of children; these baths were all fitted up with Dutch tiles and Derbyshire marble, and furnished, for the convenience of invalids, with hand rails; a dressing-room with a fire-place was attached to each, and a horse-engine to supply the water: to these a small, but very elegant, pump-room has lately been added.

In 1806, a *fourth* spring was discovered, situated close to the bed of the river near the bridge, and called, from that circumstance, the *Bridge Well*. In sinking this well, the workmen first dug

through a bed of blue clay, or marl, after which two or three thin strata of sand-stone successively presented themselves, increasing in thickness as they went on. Passing these, a solid rock came in view, which being struck into, poured forth a body of strong saline water, that soon nearly filled the well. The depth of this rock, it is supposed, is about twelve feet below the surface, so that altogether the water was found at the depth of twenty feet only. Under the direction of Mr. Robbins, its proprietor, one large cold bath, three hot baths, and a child's bath, all built with beautiful marble, and all, with the exception of the last, furnished with excellent dressing-rooms, were erected, and a horse-engine provided to pump up the proper supply of water.

In the same year, at the southern extremity of the village, a *fifth* spring was discovered, the property of the Rev. Mr. Read, and which, from its situation, received the name of the *South Well*. To get to the water of this spring, it was found necessary to dig to the prodigious depth of sixty-feet; and it has been remarked, that in every well yet opened the depth increases in proportion to its distance from the bed of the river. The baths erected here, are very neat and good, though they have not the convenience of dressing-rooms; they comprize one cold bath, formed of Dutch tiles, three hot baths, one of marble, and a child's bath. This year seems to have

been quite a year of discoveries with regard to wells, for towards its termination a *sixth* spring was found out on the north side of the river, which we shall treat of in our account of New Leamington.

Of the other wells, before mentioned, but not described, the water of the public and original spring, *Lord Aylesford's Well* (as it is now called), flowed spontaneously through a small fissure in the rock; and was supposed to be much stronger than it is now. Being situated on the waste land, near the church, it of course belonged to the Lord of the Manor,—the Earl of Aylesford,—who, as we have stated, enclosed it in an elegant little structure, built considerably below the surface of the ground, having a descent to it by a flight of stone steps. The water does not flow spontaneously, but is obtained by means of a pump, whilst a second pump, affixed to the external wall of the building, is left open to the free and unrestrained use of the poor.

To the Naiad of this spring the following lines have lately been addressed.

ADDRESS

TO THE NAIAD OF LEAMINGTON SPA.

Sweet Naiad of this fount of health,
 Who, many an age unpriz'd,
 Pour'd o'er the rock thy healing wealth,
 Unnoticed and despis'd.

Till noble and discerning eyes,
 Remark'd thy modest worth,
 Bade a neat edifice arise,
 And led thee falt'ring forth.

How, like a timid village maid,
 Brought out from mean abode,
 Thy silent waters, meek obey'd,
 And wondered as they flowed.

Late the rank nettle veil'd thy home,
 The rushy bank beneath ;
 Now wild flowers deck thy marble dome,
 And grateful gladness breathe.

While villas gay, with cots between,
 And mansions, proud to view,
 Enshrine thee with as fair a scene,
 As ever fancy drew.

Here, at thy shrine, shall languor sink,
 And oft for succour turn,
 And life, and health, and vigor, drink
 From thy restoring urn.

The lowly shall the boon receive,
 The poor relief command,
 Quaffing from thee the sanative
 Prepar'd by Nature's hand.

O Strangers! blest with health and state,
 That haply visit here,
 If common pains assimilate,
 And bend e'en you with care.

See here, how heaven-taught Nature, pours
 A balm for every woe ;
 And learn from her to give *your stores*,
 And bid *your fountains flow*.

Abbotts' spring, called by some the *Centre Well*, the discovery of which we have before mentioned, stands about sixty yards distant from the original spring, nearly in the centre of the village. On sinking this well, in the year 1786, a rock was found at the distance of eighteen feet, and within this rock, at the depth of three feet, rises the water ; the original baths, built on the scite of this spring by Abbotts, thirty years ago, now the property of his grandson, Mr. Wm. Smith, were formerly as humble in their appearance as the rest of the village, but they have participated in the gradual improvement of the place : they were re-built and enlarged in 1815, and are now neatly and commodiously fitted up, having six baths of marble, tile, and wood, one for children ; most of them furnished with dressing-rooms, and a small but handsome pump-room.

But Leamington was destined to be still further aggrandized and enlarged. In the year 1808, some spirited speculators, tired of planning improvements in the old town, determined to found a new one ; for this noble and venterous undertaking, that part of Leamington on the north bank of the river, rising from the Leam, on a gradual and charming ascent,

consisting chiefly of the grounds of Bertie Greatheed. Esq. was selected as the most advantageous spot. A new stone bridge, of three arches, having been previously settled to be thrown over the Leam, from the extremity of the old town to this spot, at the expense of the county; which was accordingly begun in 1807 and completed in 1809, under the direction of Mr. Couchman, and is very well built, though it is thought a better site might have been chosen for it. On the 8th of October, 1808, the first brick of the first house, erected at New Leamington, was laid by George Stanley, a mason, of Warwick, under the direction of Mr. Frost, of Warwick, the proprietor. This house stands at the corner of Upper Cross Street, opposite the Assembly Rooms, in commemoration of which, the street running parallel with Union Parade, is called Frost Street. The soil, on which *New Leamington* stands, is chiefly a rich sandy loam, with a great intermixture of gravel, and in almost every part of it, as well as in the old town, a bed of solid rock is usually found some depth below the surface. The old town, though it has not the same advantages of situation, it lying rather low on the south banks of the Leam is by no means badly seated, it rises considerably above the bed of the river, and is usually dry and clean. The *fresh water springs* in both are as good, in their way, as the more celebrated and valued salt

water. A long line of handsome and lofty houses was soon constructed, under the name of Union-parade, with light iron balconies, and every finish modern elegance has suggested; including a fine broad pavement before them of four hundred yards in length. That New Leamington might not want *her* baths, a *sixth* spring having been discovered in 1810, as before mentioned, on the north side of the river, at the depth of thirty-four feet below the surface of the ground, receiving, from its situation, the name of the *North Well*, it was determined, on this spot, to excel all the baths that had been built in England, and rival, if possible, the *Thermæ** of the ancients; for this purpose a magnificent suite of baths and spacious pump-room were erected, by some spirited speculators, at the prodigious expense of twenty-five thousand pounds. The baths are twenty in number; comprising hot, cold, tepid, vapour, and shower baths, hot and cold *douche*, of thirty feet fall, for topical applications, and a chair bath, an excellent contrivance for conveying the invalescent, on the undressing chair into the bath, in the most safe and easy manner. All these baths are spacious and well constructed, formed with Dutch tiles, and most of them furnished with convenient dressing rooms; the water is drawn from the well by means of a steam

* The superb baths, built by the Roman Emperors, Dioclesian and Caracalla.

engine, of two horse power, a beautiful specimen of this astonishing invention; the most judicious arrangements are made for the expeditious emptying and filling these baths as required, and raising them to any required degree of heat. It would be injustice not to state, that one cold, and two hot baths, of this noble range, are appropriated, by the benevolence of the proprietors, to the use of the poor. The principal entrances to these baths are situated in the two wings of the main building. The baths being separated into two divisions, one of which, that next the river, is appropriated to the use of the ladies, and the other, at the opposite end, to that of the gentlemen. The hot baths contain upwards of 350 gallons; and the cold ones, when full, 1554. The pump-room, the entrances of which are through a pair of folding doors, at each extremity of the central building, is of large size, of lofty height, and noble proportions. The ornaments of the ceiling, the cornices, and, in fact, all the interior embellishments, are chaste, and simply elegant. It is lighted on one side by a range of seven windows, and, on the opposite side, by one large window of coloured glass: below which are fixed, at equal distances, two beautiful chimney-pieces, of Kilkenny marble. At the western extremity of the room, on an ornamental pedestal of Derbyshire marble, stands the pump, having a basin in the centre, the whole en-

closed with a neat mahogany balustrade, here the visitors drink the waters, receiving them from the Pumpers,—obliging damsels, that make us cry with Whitehead,—

“ Sweet are thy handmaids, goddess of the fount,
And these thy offspring.”

Before breakfast, from seven till nine in the morning, are the hours for promenading the pump-room, and taking the waters, though many take them between breakfast and dinner; and bathe in the evening before retiring to rest. The terms for drinking the waters here, are 3*s.* 6*d.* per week, with a gratuity to the pumper. At the other pump-rooms the terms are 2*s.* 6*d.* per week, and a gratuity. The terms for bathing, which are nearly the same at all the baths, are, 3*s.* for a warm bath, 2*s.* for a child's bath, and 1*s.* 6*d.* for a cold bath, with a gratuity to the attendant. When not in use, the warm baths are always kept and shewn empty; and are either filled in the visitor's presence, or while he is preparing to use them, the process of filling only occupying two or three minutes. The cold baths are usually supplied with fresh water once every day. and oftener if required. The grand front of these royal baths presents a truly noble appearance, consisting of a central mass, extending one hundred and six feet in length, and rising to the height of thirty,

supported by two wings, each thirty feet in extent, by twenty. The front building is surrounded with a spacious colonnade, formed by duplicated pillars of the Doric order, built entirely of native stone, from the design of Mr. C. S. Smith, architect, of Leamington. It is, perhaps, situated too near the road to admit of a good passing view, as there is no point from which the whole extent can be seen at once. But from the fields, at a small distance to the right, it appears strikingly grand; shaded, and surrounded as it is, by rich and variegated woods. The roof which is in the cottage style, is low and heavy in its formation, and does not afford that relief which might be wished; and the introduction of a ponderous square pillar, between the round ones, in the colonnade, has been objected to; but upon the whole these baths must be allowed to be a noble piece of architecture, rarely to be equalled, and in no instance to be excelled, in this or any other country. The spirited proprietors of this noble establishment have lately caused some beautiful and spacious walks to be laid out on that side nearest to the new town; one of these conducts by the banks of the Leam to the end of the new Mall. These walks are a very great acquisition to Leamington, situated as they are between the old and new town, and immediately contiguous to the Pump-Rooms themselves. A temporary Music-

Stand has been erected in them, where a band attend to play to the promenaders.

The building of Union Parade being followed by that of Upper Union Street, Cross Street, and others, it was resolved by some spirited gentlemen, in 1813, to add still further to the attractions of Leamington, and supersede the original Ball-Room, at the Bowling-Green public-house, in the old town, by the erection of a splendid suite of

ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

that might vie in the simple grandeur of their external form, and the conveniency and magnificence of their interior arrangements, with those of Bath and Cheltenham; and, in fact, with the finest structures of modern times. This, at the expense of upwards of ten thousand pounds, was carried into execution, by a pupil of Mr. Wyatt, to the great gratification of every one in Leamington, who delighted—

In the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly though serene!

A spot of ground was fixed upon in Upper Cross Street, corner of Union Parade; a rather unhappy situation, from its distance from the old town. The front of these rooms is spacious, and is built in a chaste and elegant style, of native stone. In the

centre is a range of seven windows, supported by light pilasters, of the Ionic order, surmounted by a plain entablature. Two handsome wings project slightly from the main building, and judiciously relieve it, containing the Billiard, Card, and Reading Rooms. There are two entrances, one on the eastern side, from Union Parade, through a small porch, supported by four Ionic columns: the other, the principal entrance, from Upper Cross Street, through a pair of large folding doors, in the right wing, into the hall. The hall is well proportioned to the building, and sufficiently spacious; opposite the entrance door is the *Refectory*. To the right, is the first Billiard-room, large and well fitted up, with a massive mahogany table, said to be worth one hundred guineas; and to the left, a pair of folding doors open into the Ball-room, large, lofty, magnificent, and well proportioned, eighty-two feet long, thirty-six wide, and twenty six high. From the ceiling, which is tastefully decorated with ornamental plaister work, are suspended, three superb chandeliers of cut glass. The range of seven windows before mentioned, and which light this room, are furnished with curtains of crimson morine and black fringe. On the opposite side are two chimney-pieces, of highly polished Kilkenny marble, and above them are two large and handsome mirrors. At the upper end stands the

orchestra. In this delightful room, throughout the season, may we see,—

“——prepared to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs and well dress'd youths advance:
The spacious room receives each jovial guest,
And the floor shakes, with pleasing weight oppress'd.

High o'er their heads, with numerous candles bright,
Large lustres shed their sparkling beams of light,
Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,
Reflected back from gems and eyes below.

But hold! the sprightly dance is now begun,
Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run,
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confused, too swift for sight they spring.”*

To the left of the Orchestra is a door leading into the Card-room, a spacious and very handsome apartment; beyond it is a Reading-room, well furnished with newspapers, &c. converted on Ball-nights, into a Tea room. There is a second Billiard-room, on the left of the grand entrance, not quite so spacious, but equally commodious as the first. Balls are held every week, from June to November, and there are occasional Card Assemblies throughout the season. The whole concern is under the direction of a committee. The rooms were conducted

*SOAME JENYNS'S '*Dancing*.'

at first by nightly stewards, elected from the Nobility and Gentry, visiting Leamington; but a regular Master of the Ceremonies,* has since been appointed, as at Bath, &c.

In 1819 Leamington New Town was still further aggrandized and embellished, by the erection of, perhaps, one of the most spacious, splendid, and complete Hotels in the kingdom. This magnificent pile was first opened to the public on Thursday, the 19th of August, in the same year, when a grand public dinner was prepared, of which upwards of two hundred gentlemen were partakers. Bertie Greatheed, Esq. of Guy's Cliff, presiding as Chairman, supported by Lord Chief Justice Abbott, Sir John Silvester, the Recorder of London, Lords Glenbervie and Hood, Sir Grey Skipwith, and many other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen. The Rev. Mr. Willes, of Newbold, one of the patrons of the undertaking, presented the proprietors of the Hotel with a piece of ground in its vicinity on this occasion. The usual loyal and complimentary toasts to all parties were given, and every thing went off with the utmost hilarity; the dinner, wines, &c. being of the most costly description. This Hotel was first opened by Mr. J. Williams, its proprietor, under the name of Williams's Royal Hotel, but on the

* For the name of the Master of the Ceremonies, Rules of the Ball Room, &c. see Appendix.

subsequent visit of His Majesty, George IV. then Prince Regent, to this highly favoured Spa; it was by his permission named after him, **THE REGENT**. It is a massy, solid building, of an oblong form, cased with white, and was raised under the direction of Mr. C. S. Smith. The Public Dining-room is a spacious and elegant apartment 58 feet in length, and capable of dining with comfort upwards of 120 persons at one row of tables. The Public Drawing-room is connected with this by large folding doors, and when both apartments are thrown open, 300 persons may dine together without in the least incommoding each other. The Public Coffee-room is no less spacious and convenient; to these are added upwards of 100 chambers, all furnished in the most costly and elegant style, with numberless private apartments for Families. In the rear of the Hotel are extensive Mews and other Out-buildings, and on the side fronting Cross-street, are enclosed some very pleasant Gardens. The whole cost of the erection and fitting up of this Hotel fell very little short of £35,000.

But to return to Leamington Old Town, patronized as it continued to be, it was not to be supposed a

THEATRE

would be omitted amongst the amusements, pro-

vided to gratify and allure its visitors. Performances had taken place in a temporary building in High-street, at the back of some premises, now converted into the Crown Inn, and in 1814, a very neat though small Theatre, was built by some gentlemen, in Bath-street, immediately facing the Bath Hotel, which was opened with the Play of the Earl of Warwick, and the Farce of Fortune's Frolic. The exterior of the Theatre is at present ornamented with a composition front, and its interior with panoramic views of Leamington, Warwick, Guy's Cliff, &c. Here, every season, did some aspiring debutant resort, to

—Stuff his shoulders with King Richard's bunch,
Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak.
And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp, and stare,
To shew the world how Garrick, did—not act.

Till Mr. Elliston, the spirited proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre, passing through the Spa in his way to Birmingham, was struck with the beauty of the place, and, settling the younger branches of his family here, speedily became the sole *arbiter elegantiarum* of its amusements; obtaining the possession of this property, he lost no time in gracing its boards with the masterly delineations of himself, Kean, Munden, and all the principal actors and actresses of the two Royal

Theatres, to whom it has become a regular summer resort.

By the spirited exertions and praiseworthy liberality of Mr. Elliston, to whom Leamington must in justice be acknowledged to owe much of her late brilliancy, he successively renting the Theatre, the Assembly Rooms, the Public Gardens, and furnishing them with the whole of that immense body of attractions his resources commanded, Leamington Old Town was graced with a structure no whit inferior in grandeur and utility to any of the preceding ornaments of the New Town. In the summer of 1821, he first threw open to the public his

NEW ROYAL LIBRARY AND ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

This beautiful and extensive pile of buildings was erected from the designs of that able and eminent architect, Mr. Samuel Beazley.* It is situated in the centre of Bath Street, and consists of one handsome

* As a proof of this gentleman's taste and ability, we may instance the present very beautiful building the New Theatre Royal Drury Lane, which is universally allowed to be the most perfect Theatre for embellishment and general convenience in Europe. The whole of the interior of this magnificent Pile, after having been entirely pulled down, and the principal walls cut through, was re-erected by extraordinary exertions in fifty eight days; all the principal Artists in London were employed in the decorations, and the expense, we hear, amounted to twenty thousand pounds.

elevation ; comprizing three dwelling houses ; an elegant suite of Assembly and Card Rooms ; Fancy Repository ; Circulating Library, and spacious Reading Rooms, with Printing Offices, and Book-binding Establishment. The façade of the building is at once chaste and imposing ; a handsome and lofty Arcade and Colonnade of the Ionic order projects from the central division of the building, and extends across the pavement to the width of 13 feet, while in length it comprizes 42 feet. The Arcade consists of six rusticated piers, arched and groined, over which are the same number of plain Ionic columns, supporting a handsome cornice frieze, &c. The stone of which it is built was brought from Tixal in Staffordshire ; the whole has a remarkably classical and commanding appearance, though scarcely sufficient space is afforded by the width of the street, to view it properly. The spacious rooms, *en suite*, on the ground floor, forming the Fancy Repository, Library, and Reading Room, are upwards of 100 feet in length ; and are in themselves alone worthy the observation of every lover of taste, the entrance to them is through the central door. The first, on entering—the REPOSITORY—contains a beautiful selection of bagatelles, bijoutry, and fancy articles of every description, both English and foreign, together with a well chosen collection of music ; from the Repository you pass through an arched vestibule

into the LIBRARY, classically fitted up with drapery, busts, candelabras, sarcophagi, &c. where are congregated upwards of 12,000 volumes, ancient and modern, English and foreign, to which are continually adding every new work as it appears from the press ; these volumes comprise many rare black letter works, scarce classics, and costly Publications, that, it may truly be asserted, are not to be found in any other Circulating Library in the kingdom : proceeding on, a pair of folding doors conduct you to the READING ROOM, a peculiarly handsome and spacious apartment, with a bow at the further end of it, leading out through a French window, ornamented with stained glass, into a very charming Promenade and Garden.— This Reading Room, from the variety of Maps; English, Irish, Scotch, French, and other Newspapers; Peerages, Periodical Works, Reviews, Records, &c. with which it is exclusively furnished, forms even now in itself a very considerable Library of reference. But augmented, as it is intended to be, into a complete COUNTY LIBRARY of research, by the addition of every Topographical, Biographical, and Historical Work, illustrative of the History, Antiquities, Eminent Men, Statistics, &c. &c. of the surrounding country, collected regardless of expence, the advantages to the families of Warwickshire and its vicinity must be incalcula-

able ; as all those Works, now only to be procured from London, will in this noble room be available at all times. In the commodious arched apartments which run under this suite of rooms, are situated a Bookbinding Establishment, and near them the Printing Offices, where the inhabitants and visitors of Leamington, and the different County Families may have every article of elegant and ornamental Printing and Binding, executed with a facility and taste that cannot be surpassed even in that emporium of elegance the Metropolis, the best artists being selected for the purpose, and only the town prices charged. The entrance to the Assembly Rooms is by the first door beneath the south side of the Arcade ; passing through large folding doors, a noble oak staircase conducts to the Ball Room, which is sixty-two feet long, thirty-one feet six inches wide, and twenty-feet high, and is ornamented, with chaste and simple elegance, in the Grecian style of architecture, the walls are pannelled, and in the upper compartments are some exquisite imitations of *basso relievo*, by Dixon : the ceiling is coved, and from it are suspended three magnificent lustres, the workmanship of Mr. Collins of London ; of these the centre one in particular is uncommonly magnificent and costly, and is generally allowed to be equal to

any thing of the kind to be met with in the kingdom, not even excepting Carlton Palace, which contains some of the most beautiful lustres in the world: indeed the whole of this splendid room, for exquisite proportion and classic elegance, cannot be excelled any where. At the upper extremity of the Ball Room, passing under the Orchestra, which is very ingeniously and conveniently constructed, is the Tea Room, a handsome apartment, with large sliding doors. On the right is the Card Room, lighted by an elegant lustre, this is also most tastefully decorated, and provided with every luxury. These Rooms, are in addition, furnished with a noble organ, for the accommodation of concerts, and no pains nor expense have been spared to render them complete in every particular. The whole expense of erecting this establishment has considerably exceeded £25,000. During the season, the Public Library, Repository, Reading Rooms, and Gardens, are on stated evenings thrown open for musical promenades, &c. and are invariably attended by all the rank and fashion of the place, as upwards of 300 persons can assemble here without experiencing any of that inconvenience generally attendant on crowded Assemblies. Furnished with a musical library, a circulating portfolio of elegant drawings, and providing every article of fancy,

ingenuity, learning, and elegant luxury, this establishment may be considered as a General Repository and Universal Emporium of the Fine Arts.

“ Here do the Muses come to pour their stores,
 Leading the young Arts on to find a home ;
 Here all of gay and graceful, rich or rare,
 Find their best mart,—beauty with learning speeds,
 And, while the sage dips deep in various lore,
 She to her charms can gain new fascination,
 Wake the sweet chord, or point the antic toe.”

That the admirers of Public Gardens might find themselves at no loss in their visits to Leamington, the

RANELAGH PLEASURE GARDENS AND EXOTIC NURSERY,

consisting of ten acres of ground, were established here in the year 1811; though we may date their general improvement to have commenced in the year 1814, when they first came into the possession of Mr. J. Cullis, their present very intelligent and obliging proprietor, who since that period has spared neither cost nor exertion in beautifying and storing them with all that is rare and desirable in the stores of botany, which, after the manner of the celebrated *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, he has arranged classically, and has also erected a number of modern horticultural buildings, to afford ease to

invalids, and facility to the lovers of science. The grounds are laid out in fruit, flower, and pleasure gardens, with extensive shrubberies, divided by spacious gravel walks. During the season, this pleasing, rational, and healthful place of amusement is thickly attended on those evenings when the more fashionable attractions of the Assembly and the Theatre do not claim the attentions of the visitors: an excellent military band is stationed in different parts of these gardens, which are illuminated *en gala* for the occasion, and frequently exhibit a grand display of fire-works. At all times these gardens will be found a charming lounge, and many who visit them once will often exclaim in the words of the contemplative poet:—

“Come let us taste the garden’s healthful pleasures;
View nature’s growth in her most sweet variety;
Cull from the flow’rs their sweets, the herbs their balm;
And while we mark how brightest beauty fades,
Study to leave on earth such grateful memory
As e’en, though dead, the rose gives in its perfume.”

Not to be behind-hand with his generous competitors in the task of giving new attractions to Leamington, the patriotic and poetical Mr. Bissett now came forward; this gentleman, had early in life, *comme un veritable ecossois*, forsaken his own bleak mountains of the North, and after a successful residence in Birmingham, had come to settle in

Leamington, where, since honest Satchwell's demise, his purse and pen had been alike employed in its service, he never being at a loss for a ready rhyme: in the early part of the year, 1819, he opened with much ceremony, the Master of the Ceremonies being present, his new

PARAGON PICTURE GALLERY.

This is a plain neat building, situated in High-Street, on the left hand side, near the entrance from Warwick. The lower part of this building forms a large and commodious Bazaar, and the upper part constitutes the Gallery; not being very consummate judges of the fine arts ourselves, we will borrow the criticism of a highly intelligent contemporary writer, the Rev. W. Field, who speaking of the Gallery, says it contains "a considerable number of paintings, some of them good, and a few of them by eminent masters." We were much pleased with a neat picture said to be drawn from the life of "the amicable interview between the Emperor Alexander and Napoleon on the raft, after the battle of Tilsit." We could not learn the name of the artist: besides answering the purposes of a Picture Gallery, these rooms are also used as Select News Rooms. Independently of erecting this Establishment, Mr. Bissett has lately built another to which he has given the name of

“the Select Cabinet of the Fine Arts,” also devoted to the muse of painting, this Cabinet adjoins his fanciful residence Belle-Vue Place, Brunswick Terrace, on the Promenade leading to Ranelagh Gardens. In 1822, the want of a suitable place of worship having long been a subject of complaint among the many Roman Catholic families of distinction who occasionally honour Leamington with their presence, and this deficiency having in several instances tended to shorten the residence here of many individuals of that persuasion, a commodious chapel was fitted up in Clement Street, on the site of part of the Apollo Rooms, in a neat but elegant style, and here divine service is regularly performed every Sunday by a Roman Catholic Clergyman. Previous to this, in 1818, a large handsome modern edifice had also been raised by subscription, in Clemens Street, under the name of the

UNION CHAPEL,

for the use of dissenters; the area being left open to the public. This chapel is very commodiously fitted up, and furnished with a well toned organ; the officiating clergymen, of course are dissenters, but the church prayers are used. Some spacious fruit and pleasure gardens were also planted in what was termed the Quarry

Field, at the upper extremity of Upper Cross Street, extending over about five acres of ground, and forming, like the Ranelagh Gardens, a pleasant Lounge being furnished with intersecting walks and bowery retreats. The lower side of the Field, and the fine romantic dell which forms one of its boundaries, still remain open to the public generally, and are tastefully ornamented with shrubs and evergreens: a public road is to pass through the middle of these gardens, commencing nearly opposite the site of the intended new Church, and leading in a straight line to the banks of the Leam, over which a Bridge will be erected, and a communication opened with the Warwick Road at a short distance from the entrance to High Street. Every fresh season fresh springs continue to be discovered: in April, 1816, a new spring was found in Clemens Street, nearly seventy feet deep, on the site of which five baths, of which four are marble, with convenient dressing rooms, have been built by Mr. Smart, and called the Imperial Sulphuric Medicinal Font and Ladies' Marble Baths, the front entrance to the Baths forming a very convenient Pump Room: still more recently an additional spring was dug at the very southern extremity of Leamington, almost further back than Ranelagh Gardens, a very splendid suite of Baths and Pump Room were talked of here under the name of the Grand

Spa, but have not been persevered in. Among the late improvements at Leamington may be noticed the building of a neat Market Place in Wise Street, and the lighting of the two towns with gas by the Proprietors of the excellent Gas Works instituted by Act of Parliament at Warwick. Daily and hourly increasing in the acquisition of every comfort, and convenience, and luxury, it can scarcely be any wonder, though a proud gratification, that Leamington should become one of the favourite retreats of Royalty; such is however the fact,—the

ROYAL VISITS

of the august head, and different branches of the Royal Family, in the last few years, have raised Leamington to a distinction only their presence could have created. On Friday, September the 10th, 1819, His most gracious Majesty, George the 4th (then Prince Regent,) at that time residing at Warwick Castle, paid a personal visit to Leamington in an open carriage, in company with the Countess of Warwick, the Marchioness of Conyngham, and attended by Sir Benjamin Bloomfield and his suite: he was received opposite Copps' Royal Hotel, by the whole population and visitants of the two towns, who hailed his presence with loud cheers, which he most gracefully acknowledged by

repeated bows ; the bands playing " God save the King," the colours flying, and every one on the tip-toe of hilarity. After visiting the Libraries, Pump, and Assembly Rooms, and expressing the highest gratification, intimating at the same time his gracious intention of making a stay here at some future period, the Royal Visitor returned to dine at Warwick Castle, leaving his permission for Williams's New Hotel to be named after him " The Regent." In the evening the towns were brilliantly illuminated. Cullis gave a grand fete at the Ranelagh Gardens. The patriotic Mr. Bissett's Pegasus was put in requisition, and an additional verse to the National Anthem produced on the occasion. A meeting was called of the inhabitants and visitors, an address unanimously voted, which was presented by the Master of the Ceremonies and a deputation, to the illustrious personage, at Warwick Castle, who was pleased to return, through Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, a most flattering reply. The Messrs. Elliston's junr. who had in their childhood been much noticed by the Royal Family, from the high favour and popularity of their father, were also permitted to present a richly bound copy of the first edition of this little Work, which was also most graciously received. The good impression made on the Royal Visitor's mind on this occasion was evident, by the

arrival some time after of other branches of his illustrious house.

On Tuesday, July 30, 1822, Leamington, according to previous notification, was honored by the arrival of Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, which took place precisely at eight o'clock. It had been expected that her Royal Highness would not have arrived until a later hour, and would have entered the town by way of Southam. A triumphal arch had been erected opposite the Royal Hotel, and preparations for an illumination had been very generally made. The streets leading to the residence prepared for the Royal Visitor, were crowded with spectators, anxious to testify their loyalty and attachment to the Royal Family, and their joy in witnessing the entry of the first Royal *Resident* that had graced their Spa. Several carriages met Her Royal Highness on her entry into Leamington, and formed a cavalcade to the residence of the illustrious visitor, at No. 9, Upper Union Parade, since called after her Augusta House. Her Royal Highness alighted amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled concourse of spectators, and was received by the Masters of the Ceremonies of the Assembly Rooms of the Old and New Towns; a band of music was in attendance, and did honor to the occasion by playing the national anthem. Her Royal Highness appeared

to have suffered but little fatigue from her journey, and attended the Pump Room the next and succeeding mornings:—the illuminations and transparencies at night were very splendid.

The next morning Matthew Wise, Esq. High Sheriff of the County, accompanied by the Masters of the Ceremonies, and a deputation of the gentlemen of the town, had the honor of waiting on Her Royal Highness, and were most graciously received.

On Thursday a loyal address from the inhabitants of Leamington; on this occasion was presented, by the Masters of the Ceremonies, to which Her Royal Highness was pleased to return a most flattering answer.

On Friday afternoon their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arrived; they were met at the entrance of the town by a numerous assemblage of the principal visitors and inhabitants in carriages and on horseback, and an immense concourse of pedestrians, who received their Royal Highnesses with the most lively and cordial demonstrations of joy, and escorted them to their residence in Cross-street, since called after them Gloucester House. After partaking of some refreshment, their Royal Highnesses accompanied by the Princess Augusta and their respective suites, promenaded the principal streets of the town, and inspected the Royal Baths, and Pump Rooms, the

Assembly Rooms, and other Public Buildings. The crowd of spectators who surrounded the illustrious visitors was immense, and their Royal Highnesses appeared highly gratified with the demonstration of joy and respect which they everywhere received. In the evening of this day the town was again brilliantly illuminated, and several elegant and appropriate devices were exhibited, the whole coup d'œil being the most splendid and delightful ever witnessed at Leamington. The Royal Visitors subsequently visited Warwick and Warwick Castle, Guy's Cliff, Packington, Easington Hall, the venerable mansion of Evelyn John Shirley, Esq. Badderley, Clinton Hall, the ancient mansion of Edward Ferrers, Esq. and Stoneleigh Abbey, the seat of James Henry Leigh, Esq. M. P. the Priory, &c. so much were they satisfied with the place, they resided here upwards of a month, and from their own experience of the valuable properties of the waters, as well as from the highly favorable reports of their medical attendants, expressed their intentions of frequently honoring the Spa with a visit, and pressing His Majesty to follow their example.

In addition to the high distinction conferred on Leamington by the residence of these illustrious persons, it was in the month of July, in this year, still further honored by a visit from the Prince and



WILLIAMS REGENT HOTEL,
THE MOUNTAIN SPA,
WARWICKSHIRE.

Princess of Denmark, at that time making a tour of England. Their Royal Highnesses and suite arrived at Copps's Royal Hotel, on Sunday, July 7, about four o'clock, where they dined and afterwards walked through the principal streets of the town, visiting Elliston's Assembly Rooms, the Pump Room, &c. after which they proceeded to Warwick Castle, and subsequently paid their tribute of admiration to Guy's Cliff, Kenilworth, &c. expressing themselves highly delighted with their excursion.— One peculiarity may be remarked of Leamington that scarcely applies to any other Watering Place, that is, the truly select nature and high rank and respectability of the greater part of its frequenters. One glance at the list of visitors during any season, will at once substantiate this assertion. It has none of the vulgar crowds of Brighton and Margate, the transatlantic mixture of Cheltenham, the fortune-hunting, gambling coteries of Bath; long descended rank, hereditary wealth, clerical dignity, respectability from worth, literary talent, and retiring beauty make up the great sum of its frequenters, and from its numerous facilities of import, it would be difficult to fix on any spot so distant from all the disagreeables of a vitiated metropolis, where all its luxuries can be so instantaneously commanded. The papers published in the morning in London, though 90 miles distant, may be read in the Li-

braries of Leamington in the afternoon, and the charge of extravagant living so generally attached to watering places, cannot be made a reproach to Leamington, for most of the necessities and luxuries of life may be had as cheaply, if not cheaper here than in London. At the market held every Wednesday during the season, poultry, butter, eggs, fruit, and all kinds of vegetables are to be had in profusion. Fish is obtained every day from town by the London coaches, and coals through the medium of the Warwick and Napton canal, which passes close to the town, may be had at the most reasonable rate; by this canal goods are easily forwarded to all parts of the town. As most of the inhabitants let some part of their houses as lodgings, those who dislike living in inns and hotels may be accommodated with apartments, from ten shillings to five pounds a week, and whole houses furnished in a handsome manner may be had in the same variety. Furniture of all kinds may be purchased and disposed of at an Auction Mart, recently established in Wise-street, and public sales during the season are by no means unfrequent; but those who like to move in the bustle of society, and think with Shenstone—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
 Where'er his various course has been,
 May sigh to think he oft has found,
 His warmest welcome in an Inn,

can never be at a loss to suit themselves here, as Leamington contains upwards of twenty Hotels, Inns, and public Boarding Houses; although, observes Mr Smith, in his reflections on the rise of Leamington, “were it possible for us to look back and behold what it was fifty years ago, with what surprize should we be struck on contemplating its appearance at that time with it in its present state? then, there were but a few humble cottages; a stream of water ran through what is now called High-street, to supply a large fish pond in the centre of the village, and another stream run from thence down what is now called Bath-street to the river Leam. Two small public-houses, the Dog, and the Bowling Green, offered the only accommodation that could be procured in the place; and Mr. William Abbots* (the first founder of a set of Baths at Leamington,) wishing to establish another was refused a license by the Magistrates, they alledging that two public houses were sufficient for so small a place as Leamington.” But now if the visitor shrinks from the spacious grandeur of the

* When he came to settle here from Birdingbury, a short distance from his native place Long Itchington, near Southam, on the premises where the Bath Hotel and original Baths now stand, left him by his Uncle, keeper of the Woods to Sir Theophilus Biddulph at Birdingbury, who compassionating his orphan state, had taken him under his protection.

Regent, he has at his choice the Royal Hotel, the Bedford, the Blenheim, the Bath, the Crown, and many others. We have already dwelt on the excellencies of the Regent. Copps's Royal Hotel is only inferior to it in extent, and perhaps, hardly in that, it making up upwards of one hundred beds, with stabling for fifty horses, stands for 40 carriages, lock-up coach houses, &c. &c. consisting of a number of houses of various descriptions thrown into one, this hotel offers much of the domestic comfort of a private residence, with the facilities of a public establishment. Families engaging a suite of rooms here, may be as much at home, and select, as in the most sequestered street in the place; while if at any time they wish to plunge into society, by joining the public dinner table in the boarding house belonging to the hotel, they may cut their mutton every day with from 50 to 100 individuals of the utmost respectability: the charges here, too, are by no means unreasonable: nearly the same observations will apply to the Regent. The Bedford, Blenheim, and Bath Hotels, are equally comfortable and reasonable establishments on a smaller scale; while at the Crown, kept by honest Master Stanley, the mercantile man and traveller will find himself, both at the inn, and the boarding house comprized in it, completely at home. For the pecuniary accommodation of visitors a

BANK,

under the firm of Tomes, Russel, Tomes and Russel, was established here on the 1st of May, 1823, in Bath-street, four or five doors from Elliston's new splendid Establishment who draw on Messrs. Ladbroke and Gillman, Bankers, London. This Bank is open daily from 11 till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2. The same firm are also proprietors of a Bank at Warwick, under the name of the Warwick Old Bank.—And that the fair novel readers of the Spá may never be in want of *matériel*, independently of Elliston's Royal Library, Miss Owens in Clemens-street, and Messrs. S. and W. Bettison in High-street, have both of them very neat Establishments, with a well chosen assortment of novels, romances, &c. Both these establishments are also furnished with a large assortment of fancy articles, and their Proprietors well deserve patronage by their civility and attention. Messrs. Bettisons' establishment is particularly compact and well furnished. Miss Owens' has also its peculiar advantages.

Exclusive of the new and beautiful back road to Warwick, there is one forming, to lead from Clemens-street across the fields, to the exquisitely picturesque little village of Whitnash, and its neighbour Tachbrook. The numerous new and capacious streets lately built at the south end of

Old Leamington, in the vicinity of the handsome bridge recently erected over the Warwick and Napton canal, at the upper end of Clemens-street; and at the extremity of the New Town, in the direction of the Holly Walk, springing up as they do every day, only allow us to notice them as greatly enlarging and beautifying the Spa. A pleasant gossipier who has recently published a rather egotistical letter, attached to some beautiful pictorial memoranda of Leamington, laments in it, with much *architectural* sympathy, the want of some prominent object in Leamington, to distinguish and point it out to the surrounding country, and has proposed the impossible erection of a huge pillar; but this desideratum will not much longer remain, Mr. Wise now erecting a most superb mansion, that will command, and be visible for, miles around. This building is situated about a quarter of a mile from the road side, a little way out of Leamington on the right of the Myton Turnpike road, proceeding to Warwick; other beautiful villas are also building in the neighbourhood.—The Warwickshire Hunt being held in the vicinity of Leamington, induces many sporting gentlemen to make the Spa their place of residence during the winter months, the hounds being noted for as prime a pack of fox hounds as any in the country.—In 1801, the population of Leamington was 315; in 1811, 543; and in

1822, it amounted to the astonishing increase of 2183, it then possessing upwards of 400 houses, inhabited by 1254 females and 929 males, a number that has since then extended equally considerably ; thus has Leamington like another Tadmor or Palmyra, become completely a city of baths ; but in the height of her strength and power, let her not forget the admonition of the Poet, applied to a rival town ;—

Some there have been, and there are, like thee,
 Profuse of liquid balm ; from the fair train
 Of elder Tadmor, * where the sapient king
 For the faint traveller, and diseas'd, confined
 To *salutary baths*, the fugitive stream.
 And still, though now perhaps their power unknown,
 Unsought, the solitary waters creep
 Amid Palmyra's † ruins, and bewail
 To rocks, and desert caves, the mighty loss
 Of two imperial cities ! so may sink——

Leamington : but a gracious providence long avert that day.

Of the situation of Leamington we may remark, that it stands near the eastern extremity of a spacious amphitheatre, formed by a crescent of softly swelling hills, nearly fifteen miles in circumference ;

* Tadmor in the Wilderness, built by King Solomon, celebrated for its Baths.

† Palmyra is generally allowed to have stood on the same spot of ground as Tadmor. See Universal History, vol. 2, 8vo. Edition, where is a print representing the ruins of that city.

Warwick, with its warlike Castle, Tower and Town, forming almost the central point; the intermediate plains watered by the delightful windings of Leamington's native Leam, with those of its more classic sister, the Avon;

Nor less attractive is its woodland scene,
 Diversified with trees of every growth,
 Alike, yet various. Here the grey smooth trunks
 Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
 Within the twilight of their distant shades.

That acute writer, Hazlitt, in an essay on Mr. Wordsworth's *Excursion*,* speaking of country places, remarks, "in the country you live out of the world; you cannot get your tea and sugar without sending to the next town for it; you pay double, and have it of the worst quality. The small beer is sure to be sour—the milk skimmed—the meat bad, or spoiled in cooking. You cannot do a single thing you like; you cannot walk out, or sit at home; or write, or read; or think, or look as if you did, without being subject to impertinent curiosity. The apothecary annoys you with his complaisance; the parson with his superciliousness. There is a perpetual round of mischief making and back-biting, for want of any better

* *Round Table*, vol. ii p 117.

amusement. There are no shops, no taverns, no theatres, no opera, no concerts, no pictures, no public buildings, no crowded streets, no noise of coaches, or of courts of law—neither courtiers—nor courtesans—no literary parties, no fashionable routes, no society, no books, or knowledge of books.” All these objections applicable as they are to many country places, are in Leamington totally overturned; in Leamington, from its own market and shops, and by means of its contiguity to Warwick, and the facilities of conveyances from Town, all the necessities and luxuries of life are, as we have before stated, procured at the most reasonable rate, and in the greatest purity. Every amusement of town is to be found within its circuit, combined with all the charms of the country, and Mr. Hazlitt, if he visits Leamington, may plunge in one hour into the most romantic solitudes, and the next find, all of which he so pathetically deplores the absence; shops, taverns, theatre, concerts, pictures, public buildings, coaches, music, literary parties, fashionable routs, society, books, and knowledge of books; *all* but COURTS OF LAW!—and Heaven long keep them far distant from every place intended to amuse and relieve. He may think, without being noticed; and walk without being insulted; the apothecary’s complaisance will not annoy him; nor will he be vexed by the parson’s superciliousness;—

he will find *Rus in Urbe* and *Urbs in Rure*; he will not even feel the loss of the Literary Institutions of the metropolis, as Elliston's intended Public County Library will answer all the purposes, and supply all the advantages, of the London Royal, and other Institutions.

To what height of greatness Leamington may hereafter soar, who shall venture to conjecture? We have already traced its rise, from a knot of miserable hovels, to one of the most beautiful and fashionable villages in the kingdom; and, if it continues to improve, only in a progressive degree, it must ultimately grow into a city, splendid as Bath or Cheltenham, and equally as salutary. In advantages of situation and resources, it is in many particulars superior to those cities; neither Cheltenham nor Bath possessing a neighbourhood so rich in rustic beauty, and interesting in the scenery of ancient chivalry and romance; nor are their roads so good, or their supply of water at all so abundant.

What is called the season at Leamington generally commences about April, and continues till the latter end of October, during which period the town is much thronged with fashionable visitors: but as neither time nor seasons work any change on the efficacy of the waters, many highly respectable families and individuals make it 'season' all the year round, and find no reason during the space that grey-beard

Winter holds his reign to complain either of want of comfort or amusement.

The necessity of perambulating the town is precluded by the novelty of a Ground Plan, accompanying this sketch, which the reader may walk over at his pleasure, either at home or abroad.

LEAMINGTON SPA CHARITY.

It is almost the peculiar and proudest boast of England, that in the scenes of her brightest pleasures, there the sweet temples of charity are to be found in the greatest profusion. Leamington offers no exception to this grateful assertion, but affords the sources of her greatness freely to the destitute and distressed. The Leamington Spa Charity was first proposed by the benevolent Satchwell, and finally brought to perfection by this respected and venerable humorist's indefatigable exertions, assisted by the advice, zeal and patronage of the Rev. J. Walhouse, who we regret has not been equally successful in his praiseworthy endeavours to extend the cleansing influence of the waters to certain impurities in church and state. This charity extends to the furnishing of baths gratis to those persons whose infirmities may require hot or cold bathing, and is supported by the humane contributions of visitors frequenting the Spa, and has been of incalculable service to the afflicted; upwards of 1000 baths having been supplied to different applicants, and many extraordinary cures effected.

LEAMINGTON CHURCH.

————— the village church
But little, o'er the lowly roofs around,
Rears its gay belfry, and its simple vane ;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half conceal'd
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring.

C. SMITH.

LEAMINGTON CHURCH, ' girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall,' like most of the village churches in Warwickshire, is small and rude in its original formation, though modern alterations and additions have given it a more imposing appearance, it looking, from some points, exactly like an abbey-church in miniature. It is dedicated, in that happy spirit of pleurality of patronage oftentimes resorted to by our monkish ancestors, to *All Saints*. It was originally a chapel belonging to Leek Wootton, once a very extensive parish, situate at the distance of two miles on the opposite side of the river, in the road from Warwick to Kenilworth ; being, says Dugdale, " therewith confirmed to the canons of Kenilworth, by Ric Peche, Bishop of Coventre, in Henry the Second's days; and appropriated to them by G. Muschamp, his successor, in King John's

time; in Anno 1291, 19th Edward I. It was valued at VI marks, over and above a pension of XX shillings, then issuing out of it to the Abbey of Malmesbury; and the vicaridge, at XX shillings; but in the 26 Henry VIII, the same vicaridge was valued at VIIl X shillings, the pension of XXXIII shillings and IV pence, added by the canons of Kenilworth, computed." Its value, at the present time, is estimated at about £150. The original structure of this 'hallowed fane,' must have been of great antiquity; 'the pious work of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgotten.' It is built in the heavy style of Henry the Second's time; a corruption of the ancient Saxon, and was probably erected as far back as the twelfth century, or even earlier. It remained in the gift of the canons of Kenilworth till the dissolution, when it reverted, with the village, to the crown, from whence it passed into the hands of the Earls of Warwick. In 1624 and 1626, from some dates and names in the interior and on the exterior of the church, it appears to have been either re-built or materially repaired, H. Clarke being Vicar. It is not likely that any more than the belfry, a neat embattled square tower, with four bells, at the west end, and a large old window, now fixed in the chancel, and which is formed in the fine pointed style of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, have remained unaltered of the original

structure of this church, as every other part is palpably the modern antique. The presentation has of late years passed through various hands. It is now the gift of the Rev. Henry Wise, of Offchurch, and the present incumbent is the Rev. John Wise, A. M. of Lillington. The officiating minister is the Rev. Robert Downes, who, it may not be uninteresting to state to our fair readers, is a surrogate, and of course grants *marriage licenses*. Mr. Downes is only engaged to go through the church duty, once on the sabbath, but, for the accommodation of the visitors of Leamington, he performs a second entire service, in consequence of which subscriptionbooks are opened for his *exclusive* benefit, at Elliston's Royal Library, and at the Royal Pump-Room. The chancel of Leamington church does not belong to the parish at all, but was built by, and is the joint property of Messrs. Wise and Willes. It contains their pews and the monuments of many of their families. In 1800, the church was repaired and new pewed, and, it is said, greatly *beautified and improved*, by having the good old Saxon arch capitals between the nave and chancel destroyed, and *renovated* with a *painted* deal wainstcoat. Spirit of Dugdale, what a sacrilegious taste! In 1816, a great alteration and extension of Leamington Church was made by the addition of a entirely new wing, very neatly built

in the Saxon style of the original structure; this step was absolutely necessary, the influx of visitors, and the increase of inhabitants being so great as to render it insufficient to contain even a *tythe* portion of them; even now it is found too small, and a similar wing on the opposite side is projected. It might, perhaps, have been the best, cheapest, and most efficient way, to have pulled down the old church altogether, and raised an entirely new one. The monuments, within the church, are not very numerous at present, nor, with one or two exceptions, very remarkable. In the chancel, before mentioned, is a handsome marble tablet, with a Latin inscription, to the memory of the Right Honourable Edward Willes, father of the present possessor of Newbold Comyn, who was greatly distinguished for his legal rank and abilities; having, unaided by the patronage of the great and assisted only by the mere strength of his own merits, risen to the dignity of Recorder of Coventry, Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster, King's Serjeant at Law; and finally, in 1757, Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, and one of His Majesty's Privy Council in Ireland; he died on the 24th of June, aged 66. In the middle aisle of the church, on a flat stone, a short inscription in English, shews where lie deposited the remains of the Rev. Dr. Greenwood, formerly Vicar of St. Mary's and

St. Nicolas', Warwick: and author of 'Essays on the Creation,' 1763, and the 'Harmony of the Gospels,' 1765, &c. In the church-yard, amongst a variety of ancient and humble tombs, many of whose inscriptions have long since been rendered illegible by 'decay's effacing fingers,' stands the comparatively stately monuments of Benjamin Satchwell and William Abbots, the fathers of the village, and founders of its present prosperity. Satchwell's monument, which is very conspicuous, is a handsome tomb of the altar kind, inclosed with iron palisades; on one side of it is written,

THIS
SACRED TRIBUTE OF
A DAUGHTER'S LOVE AND DUTY,
IS RAISED
TO THE MEMORY OF
BENJAMIN SATCHWELL,
OF LEAMINGTON PRIORS;
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE DEC. 1, 1815,
IN THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH YEAR
OF HIS AGE.

On the other side is an Elegy, written by Mr. Pratt, who has since then followed to the tomb the subject of his panegyric.—

"WITH kindred dust, beneath this death stone blend,
 The ashes of a patron and a friend;
 Thy friend, thy patron, LEAMINGTON, whose zeal
 Recording time, and truth shall long reveal;
 Lowly as is *thy* birth, unknown to fame,
 But thy fair youth his latest age proclaim;
 Thy copious fountains, sparkling high with health,
 Thy growing greatness, and thy future wealth,
 Thy proudest villas, and each cot's recess,
 Bid thee the grave of humble SATCHWELL bless.
 His the clear head in Nature's volumes taught,
 And his the wisdom sage experience bought;
 His the strong powers of body and of soul;
 And his the honest heart to crown the whole.
 READER, who'er thou art, whom sickness brings,
 Or more consuming sorrow, to these springs,
 Or, if gay pleasure lure thee to the scene,
 Where nature spreads the charm of loveliest green,
 Thou, too, should'st hail the unassuming tomb
 Of him who TOLD where health and beauty bloom:
 Of him, whose lengthened life improving ran,
 A blameless, useful, venerable man!

S. J. PRATT."

This inscription, the grammar of which is not the most correct, is singularly defective, in not recording Satchwell's foundation of *Leamington Spa Charity*, one of the best, if not the most prominent, acts of his useful life. The monument to Abbots is not so emblazoned as that of his co-operator, Satchwell, though its inscription is striking enough.—

BEHOLD
 THE TOMB OF
 WILLIAM ABBOTS!
 WHO DIED THE 1ST MARCH, 1805,
 AGED SIXTY-NINE;
 FIRST FOUNDER OF THE CELEBRATED
 SPA-WATER BATHS AT THIS PLACE,
 IN 1786.
 HE DEVOTED HIS WHOLE TIME AND FORTUNE
 TO ACCOMODATE THE PUBLIC,
 AND
 LIVED TO SEE HIS BENEVOLENT WORKS
 MERIT THE APPROBATION
 OF
 THE MOST EMINENT
 PHYSICIANS.

Some lines in poetry follow this, but not of sufficient merit to deserve preservation.

Subscriptions have lately been entered into, for either adding another wing to this structure, or building an entire new church; we heartily recommend the latter, increasing as Leamington is, two churches will not be found too many; and it is impossible the present building can ever be sufficiently enlarged, without entirely rebuilding it, to accomodate all the inhabitants and visitors of Leamington; and we, for our own parts, would not give any one an excuse for abstaining from the per-

formance of their religious duties. A neat organ has lately been added to this church, at which Mr. H. T. Elliston gratuitously officiates as organist, and by charitably attending to the vocal tuition of the children belonging to the Leamington Sunday School, has completely put to the rout, the eternal clarionet, fiddle, and leathern lungs of some half dozen of remorseless bald pated choristers that so long ‘splitted the ears of the groundlings,’ by murdering Sternhold and Hopkins, and inflicting on the congregation all the tortures of Psalmody. As a spot of ground in the New Town, on the right of the back road to Warwick, at no great distance from Upper Union Street, has been marked out as the scite of the intended new church; we hope the idea of only enlarging the old one will be abandoned.



UN-PROFESSIONAL DISSERTATION
ON THE
LEAMINGTON WATERS.

Thee the glad merchant hails, whom choice or fate
Leads to some distant home, where Sirius reigns,
And the blood boils with many a fell disease
Which Albion knows not.

Scar'd at thy presence start the *train of death*,
And hide their whips and scorpions. Thee confus'd
Slow *Febris* creeps from ; thee the meagre fiend
Consumption flies, and checks his rattling coughs.
But chief the *dread disease*, whose watery power,
Curb'd by thy *wave restraining*, knows its bounds,
And feels a firmer barrier.

W. WHITEHEAD.

Your books, and your business, and every thing else,
Lay aside for awhile, and come down to the Wells.

BYROM.

As we have not yet received our diploma from Warwick Lane, nor been regularly initiated into the *Pharmacopœia Medicinæ Londinensis et Edinburgensis* ; and are, thank Heaven ! totally unacquainted with the greater portion of the *Materia Medica*, we can only give a plain, straight-forward English account of the *Aqua Mineralis* of Leamington, and their properties, such as we understand ourselves, and hope our readers will also.

To those who wish to plunge into all the chemical subtleties, critical niceties, and hair-breadth distinctions of oxyds, sulphats, muriats, and carbonats, we recommend the various *professional* treatises, published on the subject, in which they may sublimiate themselves to their heart's content; as we must profess we have not thrust our legs far enough into the *bas bleu*, to be able to gratify them, though we have not spared what research we thought necessary. One of the cleverest writers we have seen, on the nature and virtues of mineral waters, says, "I believe I may venture to lay it down as a general rule, that there are few diseases, incident to the human body, which may not be palliated, or totally removed, by the judicious use of water, considered, according to the nature of the distemper, either as pure and elementary, or as saturated with principles of a medicinal quality." This we take for granted. *Diogenes Laertius* tells us, that *Thales*, the *Milesian*, and after him several other ancient philosophers, promulgated the doctrine, that water was *omni seminaria*, or the seminary of all created things; and many of the moderns have held the same opinion. We do not consider it necessary to trace the practice of bathing farther back, than the ancient *Patriarchs*; they considered it so vitally necessary, that they made it a part of their religious exercises, and, while prescribing lustrations for the

health of the soul, effectually secured that of its corporeal tenement. From the *Patriarchs*, who taught that the use of lustrations was given to them by revelation, the *Egyptians* acquired the practice, and held that it gave great cheerfulness and alacrity to their animal spirits. *Apuleius* discourses of their custom, thus, “*Discussa pigra quiete alacer exurgo, méque purificandi studio marino Lavacro trado, septiesque submerso fluctibus capite lætus et alacer Deum præpotentem sic apprecabor.*” *Moses*, in his laws for the *Jews*, retained all the immersions, medical and sacred, used by the *Patriarchs* and *Egyptians*; and from the *Jews* the practice passed to the *Mahometans* and the *Moors*. *Pythagoras*, travelling into *Egypt*, *Scythia*, &c. taught the *Greeks* all the physical and devotional uses of water he observed there; and from them, the *Romans* first gained their knowledge of the virtues of pure and saline water. Our ancestors, so far back as the ancient *Gauls*, practised bathing, attributing the benefit they derived from various springs, to divine agency, and styling them *Divona*. The *Romans* brought the salutary exercise of bathing into this country, in the time of *Augustus*, to whom cold and hot baths were recommended by *Antonius Musa*, as we learn from *Horace*, and we find from *Lampridius*, that the Emperor *Severus* resorted to a cold bath in England to cure the gout, and died

here, anno Christi, 213. Bathing was in use too in the time of the *Saxons*, (when Christianity first came into England, 644,) for *St. Winifred* and *St. Mongah*, both contemporary then, had wells dedicated to them, famous for their cures, &c. All the eastern nations were much addicted to the use of warm and cold baths; in particular the *Medes*, *Persians*, and inhabitants of *Lower Asia*; insomuch, that *Xenophon* calls them *Balneatores Pocillatores*. The divine *Hippocrates*, was extremely strenuous in recommending the use of warm and cold baths for medical purposes, as also *Plato*, who prescribes them in several diseases, and speaks of their excellent qualities in restoring strength and vigor to bodies worn by over labor. *Aretæus*, who wrote prior to *Galen*, prescribes the warm sulphureous baths in the *Eliphantiasis*, and, on account of their relaxing property, recommends them much in the cure of melancholy. *Tallianus* also approves of baths, in melancholy cases. “*Concedendum ut non modo in calido solio, sed etiam frigido labro diutius immoretur.*” *Galen*, in many places, takes notice of the admirable effects of bathing in various diseases, as abundantly appears in his treatise, *De Temperamentis*; *Method. Med.* &c. *Cælius Aurelianus* distinctly mentions the drinking of nitrous aperient waters, and the sulphureous and chalybeate baths in Italy, &c. *Strabo*, in his fifth book makes

mention of several springs, which were serviceable when drank, as well as for bathing; and *Athæneus* speaks of a fountain in *Paphlagonia*, drank for its exhilarating qualities. *Vitruvius* has a whole chapter on warm and cold springs, describing their medicinal virtues, when used internally, &c. and stating, that bituminous waters are of great service in many diseases; and *Scribonius Largus*, who lived in the reign of the Emperor *Claudius*, from observing the good effects of a certain chalybeate spring, recommends a similar composition in certain cases. *Seneca* also, speaking of warm and cold medicated springs, has these remarkable words:—"Quædam enim oculus, quædam nervos juvant, quædam inveterata et desperata a medicis vitia percurant. Quædam medentur ulceribus, quædam interiora fovent potu, et pulmonis ac viscerum querelas levant. Quædam supprimunt sanguinem." *Quæst. Natural.* lib. iii. *Pliny*, also, speaks greatly of many medicated springs in *Italy*, *Syria*, *Ethiopia*, *Greece*, *France*, *India*, *Arabia*, *Phrygia*, *Germany*, and other countries, and particularly mentions the waters of *Spa*, and the chalybeate taste which they leave on the palate after drinking.

The first mineral waters, of which we have any account, were the *Cutiliæ*: cold nitrous waters, famed among the *Roman* physicians for curing the

gout, stone, king's-evil, inflamed eyes, &c. and for generally strengthening the stomach; they were used, like the Leamington waters, both internally and for bathing. To these *Cutiliæ* the *Romans* used to resort in the summer, just the same as we now do to the waters of *Leamington*, *Cheltenham*, *Bath*, &c. Both the *Vespasians* died in a visit to them, as we are informed by *Suetonius*. The *Albulæ*, so often mentioned by *Cælius*, *Aurelianus*, *Galen*, *Aëtius*, &c. were saline astringent waters, of a mild heat, somewhat like those of *Buxton*, used in rheumatic cases, ulcers, &c. and for exciting appetite. *Cælius* describes the *albulæ frigidæ virtutis*, page 330. *Solutione laborantibus vel fluore quorum libet officiorum, naturalium à veteribus appropriatæ*. He advises putting the part affected under the falls of certain medical springs, which the *Greeks* called *cataclysmus*, and which caused great change in diseases; that aperient waters were used with the *pseuchrolusia*, is evident, by the *Romans* using nitrous waters, both at the same time for thus bathing and drinking. A great deal more on the ancient practice of bathing, in natural and artificial springs, and taking medicated waters internally, may be seen in the works of *Celsus*, *Suetonius*, *Agathinus*, *Oribasius*, *Mercurialis*, *Baccius*, *Aëtius*, *Alexander*, *Trallianus*, *Paulus*, *Ægineta*, &c. *St. Augustine*, in his book, "*De Civitate*

Dei, lib. 22," mentions many cases of the cure of the gout, palsy, tumours, &c. in his days, by the baptismal immersion. The *Romans* carried the practice of bathing to great excess, the state provided baths for the use of the poorest citizens, where they had the liberty of bathing at a small expense, as we learn from *Horace*,

—————dum tu quadrante lavatum
Rex ibis.

Agrippa, in his *Ædileship*, is said to have built upwards of one hundred public baths; and after his example, *Nero*, *Vespasian*, *Titus*, *Domitian*, and many of the succeeding Emperors also erected public baths. But those superb public baths, called the *Thermæ*, built by *Dioclesian* and *Caracalla*, were the most extensive and remarkable of all that were built by the Roman Emperors. *Lipsius* assures us, those built by *Caracalla* were so extensive, that two thousand persons might bathe in them at the same time; and, we are told, that forty thousand Christians were employed many years in erecting the magnificent baths of *Dioclesian*, fragments of which still remain. The pavement of these *Thermæ* was of marble and Mosaic work, and the walls were covered with paintings of great value; but the prodigious number of marble statues,

figures, and vases, brought from the conquered cities of *Greece* and *Asia*, constituted their greatest ornament. Instead of dryly pursuing the *stratægia* of the Leamington water, and hazarding chemical speculations on its production here, and the causes of its peculiar properties, we prefer giving the fanciful hypothesis of the poet Whitehead on the subject, speaking of the Naiad of a sister spring, he says,

—thee the azure God
 Of *Ocean* erst beheld, and to the shore
 Fast flew his pearly car ; the obsequious winds
 Dropp'd their light pinions, and no sounds were heard
 In earth, air, sea, but murmuring sounds of love,
 He left thee then ; yet not, penurious, left
 Without a *boon* the violated maid ;
 But, grateful to thy worth, with bounteous hand,
 Gave thee to pour the *salutary* rill,
 And pay this precious tribute to the main :
 And still he visits, faithful to his flame,
 Thy moist abode, and each returning tide
 Mingles his waves with thine.

Leamington water is extremely efficacious in chronic disorders, phlethoric habits, diseases of the skin, and visceral obstructions, particularly, as Dr. Middleton remarks, “ such as have arisen from a residence in hot climates, or from too great an indulgence in the pleasures of wine and the table.”

The substances of which these waters are composed are stated to be as follows:—

Gaseous contents of a Wine Gallon,
in cubic inches.

<i>Chemical Names.</i>	<i>English Names.</i>	<i>Quantity.</i>
* Sulphuretted Hydrogen Gas	or Hepatic Air	• 25
+ Nitrogen Gas	— Mephitic Air	3 • 5
Carbonic Acid Gas	— Fixed Air ...	75

Solid contents of a Wine Gallon,
in grains.

Carbonat of Iron	or Carbonated Iron ..	• 75
Sulphur	— Sulphur	• 25
Muriat of Magnesia ..	— Muriated Magnesia	50 •
Muriat of Soda	— Common Salt	430 •
Sulphat of Soda	— Glauber Salts	160 •
Sulphat of Lime	— Gypsum	135 •

To render this table as intelligible as possible, it will, perhaps, be necessary to premise, *sulphuretted hydrogen gas*, or *hepatic air*, is a fetid elastic fluid, possessing many acid qualities, heavier than atmo

* Formerly called Hepatic Gas.

+ ————— Azotic Gas.

spheric air, by which it is soon destroyed, and soluble in water : it kills animals quickly ; and when taken internally, penetrates into all parts of the system.

Nitrogen gas, or *mephitic air*, is an unflammable aeriform fluid, fatal to animal life, and rather lighter than atmospheric air. It is the grand agent nature employs in the process of animalization, as it converts vegetable into animal substances, and enters into the composition of *all* animal bodies. It forms seventy-seven parts out of a hundred of the whole atmosphere, and is absorbed by the human blood, at the rate of four or five ounces in every twenty-four hours. It is very successful, when administered for a length of time, in inflammatory constitutions, and all cases of increased irritability.

Carbonic acid gas, or *fixed air*, is an invisible, elastic and weak acid, unfit for respiration, but favorable to vegetable life : it is very abundant in chalk, limestone, marble, &c. and has been given medicinally with great success, proving a powerful antiseptic, highly beneficial in malignant fevers, pulmonary consumption, and other diseases ; waters impregnated with it, have a pleasant acid, and a very agreeable sparkling briskness. *Carbonat of iron*, formed by the union of iron and carbonic acid, is one of the most common, useful, and extensively employed, of all metallic combinations ; and is a safe and universal tonic in all cases of debility, whether of the stomach, nerves, or system

in general. *Sulphur* is well known, for its efficacy in all cutaneous disorders, for one of the most obstinate of which it is a favorite specific. *Muriat of magnesia* is an extremely bitter, unpleasantly tasted salt, though forming a most excellent cooling aperitive, very caustic when dried, and found more plentifully in Leamington water than in any other. *Muriat of soda* is the common salt, well known for its qualities, and keeping the bile in an antiseptic condition. *Sulphat of soda* is the common cathartic, or glauber salt, a powerful and useful purgative. *Sulphat of lime*, or *gypsum*, is composed of sulphuric acid and lime. It is one of the most frequent of all salts found in natural waters, has a slightly nauseous taste, and imparts that roughness and harshness to waters springing from the ground, which causes them to be called hard waters, and makes them curdle soap. Composed of these varied substances, Leamington water is found to afford a cure, for

the knotted gout,
 The bloated dropsy and the racking stone,
 Rolling her eyes in anguish ; lepra foul
 Strangling angina ; ephialtic starts ;
 Unnerv'd paralysis ; with moist catarrhs ;
 Pleurities bending o'er its side, in pain ;
 Vertigo ; murderous apoplexy.

Consumption, too, a joyless meagre wight,
 Panting for breath, and shrinking into shade.

In plain prose, the Leamington waters are efficacious, in

Disorders of the Digestive Organs	Tumours
Bilious Complaints and Jaundice	Scrophulous Tumours
Visceral Obstruction	White Swellings of the Knee and other joints
Obstinately Costive Habits	Distorted Vertebrae
Dyspepsia, or Indigestion	Suppressed Menstruation
Hypochondriasis	Inflamed Ulcers
Cutaneous Eruptions	Piles
Schrophula	Diseases of the Kidneys and Gravel
Phthisis Pulmonalis, or Con- sumption	Intestinal Worms
Paralytic Affections	Rheumatism and Gout
	Ophthalmia, &c. &c.

Besides these disorders, Dr. Middleton remarks, there are many others in which the Leamington waters may be used with safety and success; “to the sedentary and the studious; to the man of pleasure and the man of business; to all who have suffered the current of life to stagnate for want of active exercise, or have driven it on too rapidly by indulgence and excess, let me recommend an annual resort to these salubrious waters.” As our readers may not feel perfectly at ease in drinking the waters, without *regular medical instructions*, we shall prescribe them Dr. Middleton’s excellent

GENERAL RULES.

“It will at first be necessary to reflect, that mineral waters, like other medicinal substances, are appropriated to certain diseases only, and that the more powerfully they act, the greater mischief they

are capable of doing, if improperly administered; for, if it be asserted that they are capable of doing good only, without the power of doing harm, we may be satisfied that their qualities are too insignificant to merit notice.

“ This consideration indicates the necessity of some caution in the use of all waters which are said to possess *any* sanative power, and suggests the propriety of consulting some professional man upon the spot, whose judgment may determine how far the water is appropriate to each individual case, and in what manner it should be employed, so as to be most efficacious. There is, however, an advantage attending the Leamington waters, in common with a very few others, that, wherever their use can be of service, they may be entered upon at once, without any danger, or necessity for previous preparation, for at all times, and in all cases, they invariably act upon the bowels as a mild and gentle purgative. The season for drinking them is during the whole summer, and in the spring and autumn, from March to December. The water should, if possible, be drank at the fountain head, and never kept long exposed to the open air.

“ After a full dose, there is generally a slight determination to the head, which is manifested by a sense of drowsiness, and a little fulness across the forehead, but this speedily goes off of itself, or is

immediately removed by a walk, a ride, or any gentle exercise; and indeed, I should always recommend some sort of exercise after drinking the water, as it prevents the nausea and oppression, which arises from a quantity of *any* fluid, when taken into a stomach preternaturally weak and irritable. In general, for an adult, I should advise half a pint of the water to be taken the first thing in the morning, while the stomach is empty, and the same quantity in half an hour after. Should this be found insufficient to keep the bowels open, and to act as a diuretic, I should recommend a teaspoonful of the salts to be dissolved in a wine glass of the water boiling, and added to each half pint when taken; this being far preferable to increasing the quantity of water to any greater extent; for common prudence, independent of medical information, dictates, that the quantity of water taken into the stomach at one time, that some people require to act as a purgative, must be highly improper. By pursuing this method for a few days, the bowels will invariably be brought into such a relaxed state, that ever after, a pint or three half pints of the water will be found sufficient. But if the stomach should be in such a debilitated state, from age or disease, as to reject this quantity of water when taken in the morning, which will often be the case, I should recommend it to be taken at night, as

water gruel, and a small glass (about a quarter of a pint) at eleven in the morning after breakfast ; as the irritable stomach will at that time better receive it, and it will be found much more grateful if a little warm ; to do this, it is by far the best method to put water into a bottle, closely corked, and to immerse the whole in hot water ; for by this means but little of the air can escape.

“ With regard to the time requisite to continue the use of the water, much depends upon the disorder, and convenience of the patient ; a month or six weeks is the time commonly allotted for a trial ; but this term is much too short for any great constitutional change to be effected ; and it may be observed in general, that in those diseases for which the Leamington waters are famous, for serophula, and cutaneous eruptions of every kind, the longer they are continued, the more important and conspicuous will be the relief they are likely to afford.

“ With children, I have always found it the most pleasant way to give them the water at first with their meals ; for they will take it at those times, when you cannot persuade them at others ; and it is wonderful how soon they acquire a taste for it, and really prefer it after, to common water ; the quantity taken at a time must depend upon their age and constitution, but it will always be found that they will take more in proportion than adults.”

With respect to bathing, the Doctor remarks:—
 “As a Warm Bath, the waters of Leamington, artificially heated, are highly serviceable; particularly in stiffness of the tendons and rigidity of the joints, the effects of preceding inflammation from the attacks of the gout and rheumatism. Patients afflicted with paralytic affections often find most remarkable relief; it is well known, that salt water, instead of losing its saline impregnation by being heated, contains a greater quantity in that state than when cold, owing to the evaporation of part of the water in which it is dissolved; for this reason, the bath may be used at the highest point of heat which the skin can endure, and this, in palsy, is of much consequence. The combined use of the warm bath externally, and the internal exhibition of the waters, has been found an almost sovereign remedy for all diseases of the skin, not excepting some of those, even of a most deplorable nature; many people having come to Leamington, in a condition so miserable as to be objects of pity to all around them, and returned so free from all symptoms and appearance of disease, as almost to stagger credulity in the relation of their former sufferings.

“The peculiar cases in which cold bathing should be avoided, and the nice shades of distinction which, at times, may render its operation salutary, or otherwise, will be best learnt from consulting the

opinion of some medical adviser, who has an opportunity of weighing the particular causes and symptoms, which alone can properly determine the judgment. When mischief occurs to people of a weak and irritable habit from cold bathing, it is in general from the neglect of proper caution, and arises not from the use, but from the abuse of the bath.

“ The tepid bath, is, however, a most excellent application in itself, whenever the body has been over-fatigued by long watching, or agitation and anxiety of mind. In these cases, it may be carried to the verge of the warm bath, and will have an excellent effect in refreshing the strength and spirits, and invigorating the system. By its moist and softening powers, it is of singular service in promoting the growth of young persons, and retarding a too rapid approach to the firm and compact state of manhood: for the same reason, it is strongly recommended by Dr. Darwin, and much used in the first approaches to the decline of life, for preventing that rapid condensation of fibre, and unyielding rigidity of the general solids, which cramps the freedom of action, and prematurely stiffens the sinews of old age.”

We have interlarded this dissertation with a few scraps of ancient Latin and Greek, not so much with a view to shew our own authorship, as to com-

ply with the established recipe in such cases; being perfectly aware, a medical treatise without Latin or Greek, would be completely out of practice: and having made it as regular, entertaining, and intelligible as we can, leave it to the candour of our readers, by advising, in addition to the Doctor's prescriptions, those using the cold bath, and wishing for good rest, to take it in the evening, as we have the experience of Agathinus, that the cold bath promotes somnolency, the same effect being observed after bathing in rivers.

Ter unctus

Transnanto Tyberim somno quibus est opus alto.

HORACE, lib. ii. Ser. Sat. 1.

After which the reader can, if he pleases,

To the walks, about seven, trace back his way,
When the sun marches off, and the ladies make day;
What crowding of charms! Gods! or rather Goddesses!
What beauties are here! what bright looks, airs, and
dresses.

In the room of the waters had Helicon sprung,
And the nymphs of the place by old poets been sung,
To invite the Gods hither they would have had reason;
And Jove had descended each night in the season.

BYRON.

The principal *professional* Treatises on the Waters, are, Dr. Lambe's in the Manchester Memoirs, vol. 5; Dr. Middleton's Analysis; Dr. Winthrop's Analysis, in Field's excellent Historical Account of Warwick, &c. Dr. G. N. Weatherhead's Analysis, 1820.

WALKS ROUND LEAMINGTON.

— I have lov'd *the rural walk* through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intermixture firm
Of thorny boughs; have lov'd *the rural walk*
O'er hills, through vallies, and by rivers' brinks.

COWPER.

Having perfectly perambulated the town, the visitor's attention, whether he come for health or pleasure, is naturally directed to the walks around it; and, in these, the outskirts of Leamington are particularly rich. Whether the reader love the open field, or the shady lane; the sweeping hill, or secluded valley; the public road, or private path; here he will be gratified. On the advantages of walking, in a physical point of view, nothing need be said, they are obvious to the most uninformed.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, *spleen*,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, *hilly walks*; all exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies.*

It may not be irrelevant to remark, that locomotion, while it improves the health, and adds to the strength, is, in the opinion of many ingenious

See Spleen, by Green.

writers, highly favourable to the indulgence of the intellectual powers; a fact that, most probably, gave existence to that class of Philosophers who, in allusion to their pursuing their studies only while *walking* in the groves of Academus, styled themselves *Peripatetics*.

The nearest, most obvious, and, perhaps, the most frequented and pleasant walk round Leamington, is a rural promenade, called

THE HOLLY WALK.

Not distant far, a length of colonnade
Invites us,
Our fathers knew the value of a screen,
From sultry suns; and in their shaded walks
And long protracted bow'rs, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.

COWPER.

THIS walk derives its name from the great number of holly trees, with their gilded leaves and crimson fruit, which are to be found intermixed with others, and 'ranged in corresponding lines,' stretching their hundred giant arms, like Briareus all across the road, and forming a charming colonnade along the side of a rural lane, nearly half a mile in extent. The holly trees in this walk are, undoubtedly, some of the most majestic and beautiful in the kingdom.

Yet not all its pride secures,
 The grand retreat from injuries, impress'd
 By *rural carvers*, who, with knives, deface
 Their trunks, leaving an obscure, rude name,
 In characters uncouth and spelt amiss.

This beautiful walk, which we might fancy was raised, in the 'olden time,' to the honor and glory of Christmas, is, during the season, constantly frequented by the elegant belles and graceful beaux that visit the Spa. It lies about six hundred yards north-east of the Royal Pump Room, and belongs to the tasteful pleasure grounds of Newbold Comyn; the whole of which were formerly open to the public inspection, till some wanton liberties, occasioned by this license, on the privacy and property of the Reverend owner, obliged him to enclose the greatest part of them. Nothing can be more delightful, when the sun is high and forbids the open landscape, than to stroll to this walk, and read, under the luxuriant shade of the hollies, Southey's delightful poem, "The Holly Tree," or some corresponding production; giving the scene a voice, and impressing the influence, morality, and philosophy of nature on the mind and heart. The direct road to this walk, through the old town, is down Bath Street, and across the bridge, past the Royal Pump Rooms, till you reach the beginning of Union Parade; here crossing, the road that turns off on the right

leads to the Holly-Walk Gate ; but, to those who dislike the road, there is a footpath opposite the parade, across the fields, which will be found very pleasant ; there is also a footpath from the village, by the mill ; crossing the flood-gates, “ the never failing brook, the busy mill,” and along a charming mead, we come to a turn-stile, where there is, perhaps, a better panoramic view of Leamington, including the church, new bridge, royal baths, with the river, mill, &c. than can be obtained from any other point. From this turn-stile, another mead leads you to the Holly-Walk ; at the top of which, a stile on the right, conducts you to the beautiful seat of Newbold Comyn, a handsome mansion of the villa description, with a portico and composition front ; surrounded by trees, it presents itself most advantageously to the eye. To this mansion there is also a coach-road, which, for the greater part, runs parallel with the Holly Walk. Keeping straight onwards, by the side of Mr. Willes’ seat, the opposite stile gives you access to a most romantic retreat, called

THE WILDERNESS.

And now, with nerves new brac’d and spirits cheer’d,
We tread *the wilderness*.

COWPER.

THIS beautiful spot consists of a maze of trees entwined with ivy, forming a deep and bowery

stroll, for the indulgence of the Penseròso and the contemplatist. The Wilderness leads by some open meadows to the snug farm of Mr. John Campion, called New Comyns Farm, situated on the brow of one of the Comyn Hills; and commanding a fine sweep of country, shewing over a copse in the distance, Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry, &c.

The path, to the left, at the top of the Holly Walk, takes you through some charmingly rich and picturesque meads, to the

NEWBOLD COMYN HILLS.

————— the height from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around.
 And, stretch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between;
 And villages embosomed soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams.

THOMSON.

HAVING gained the lofty height of these healthful hills, those who have, as Cowper says, “relish of fair prospects,” and

The elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
 That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence;

Those who have

That play of lungs inhaling, and again
 Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
 Swift pace, or steep ascent, no toil:

III

may, on the eminence, as the same morally descriptive bard remarks, slacken their paces to a pause, and bear

The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blows ;
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwells upon the scene.

The first object that strikes the spectator, on gaining the summit, is the distant view of Warwick with the picturesque turrets of the castle and St Mary's tower ; looking back we see Leamington and catch sweet glimpses of Radford, Mrs. Knightley's domain, Offchurch Tower, the famous Fox Cover, Ufton Wood, besides Whitnash and Tachbrook, on the right ; the whole bounded, in the distance, by the Shuckburgh and Edge Hills.

“ Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded stream, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.”

Entering a small grove of trees, at the top of these hills, called

THE LOVERS' WALK.

For talking age and whispering lovers made.

GOLDSMITH.

A SERPENTINE path conducts you to a stile, from whence, directly onwards, the path leads, through

a number of rich corn-fields and woodlands, to the little village of

LILLINGTON.

Let me wander o'er the dewy fields
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet briar hedges, I pursue my walk.

THOMSON.

THIS will be found a charming little excursion. Like most villages of Saxon origin, Lillington is humble in appearance and small in extent ; so much so, that its name seems to have been derived from the old English word, *lytham*, signifying little. At the period of the Conquest it belonged to the Earl of Melleat, and from him it passed through Geoffrey de Clinton, to his son-in-law Norman de Verdon, and the monks of Kenilworth jointly. Lillington church is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, and is in the patronage of Lord Brooke. It is plain and rural enough in appearance, and chimes in very well with the landscape of the village it belongs to ; the church-yard furnishes some singular specimens of *Lapidarian* poetry, the following is one of the most remarkable :

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM TREEN..

“ I poorly liv’d—and poorly died,
Poorly buried—and no one cried.

It likewise furnishes a very pretty perspective of Warwick, and the castle. The road to the right of this spot conducts you to Kenilworth, while a path to your left, through a delightfully pleasant and shady lane, leads you directly to Leamington, which, from hence, is about a mile distant. From this lane, the visitor may, if he pleases, enter the new town of Leamington through an open field, or the old town from the west end of the Holly Walk; retracing his steps across the meads, through the turn-stile, over the Leam,

‘Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden step upon a rustic bridge,’

past ‘the dizzying mill wheels,’ and along by ‘the field of graves, the land of rest,’ into the heart of the village. But, like Lord Byron’s Wayward Childe, we ‘must away, nor loiter in our task, for we have many a rustic path to tread.’

Ever musing, ever ranging,
Ever pleas’d, yet ever changing,
Murmuring onwards still we go,
As brooks through winding vallies flow.

G. DYER.

~~~~~

## WALK TO WARWICK,

THROUGH THE FIELDS BY EMSCOTE

I know each lane, and every alley green,  
 Dingle, or bushy dell,———  
 And every bosky bower, from side to side."

MILTON.

PASSING through the old town, to the Royal Baths, there is a foot-path from Union Parade which leads out by the Priory Gardens, at the back of Flora Cottage; when skirting the windings of the Leam, through a rich meadow, you follow them into a romantic dell, where it passes a small stream, over which you cross by a little alpine bridge; here the ground rises, and you ascend from this dell by a shelving foot-path, shaded with trees on the right, and hung with clustering shrubs, gently, but boldly, winding up above the river, which meanders through the vale below, to the left: here the prospect gradually and beautifully opens on a level horizon, in the distance of which is seen, the towers of Warwick Castle, the turrets of St. Mary, the spire of St Nicholas, and parts of the town of Warwick; the alternate meadows, pursuing your walk onwards till you come to Emscote, studded with flocks and rich in vegetable beauty, are particularly picturesque and soothing. Midway you arrive at the ancient Manor-House of Edmonscote,

now called Emscote, and converted into a farm ; it stands at some distance to the left of the bridge, and is the only house now left in Emscote, all the rest having been long since depopulated. From the reign of Henry the Fourth to that of Henry the Seventh, the Manor House belonged to the powerful family of the Hugford's, in the latter reign, it passed, by the marriage of the heiress of this family, into that of the Beaufoy's, and by them, in 1776, it was sold to the Earl of Warwick. Near this house, on a little green, is a large horse-chesnut tree, encircled by a rustie seat ; here, under the ample shade and spreading foliage above, the visitor may at once recruit his strength, and enjoy the prospect around him ; pursuing your walk, you pass through a little gate which leads you into the upper coach-road (from Leamington to Warwick;) turning to your left you cross the *Avon*, over Emscote bridge, a very ancient structure, dragging its needful length over the waters of the *Avon*, which are here joined by those of their sister *Leam*. From this bridge you have a view of the grand aqueduct on the left, and on the right, there is a pretty prospect of Rock-Mill, and its extensive cotton manufactory ; crossing the canal bridge, by the navigation flour-mill, you reach Warwick by Coton End. Returning to Emscote House, a lane to the right takes you back again to Leamington New



Town. As you go down this lane, it is said, you pass a subterraneous passage, which anciently led to Kenilworth Castle, and an aperture is shewn, in the road near the bridge, which, it is affirmed, is the entrance of it. The walk to Warwick may be varied by following the course of the canal, which, though staid and uninteresting itself, leads through a pleasant track to the aqueduct, a magnificent stone structure, conveying the water of the canal over the Avon, this noble work is 216 feet long, 35 feet broad, and 34 feet high, supported by three arches, rising twenty-one feet above the level of the river. It commands a charming landscape to the right, of wood, water, rock, meadow, and buildings, including the bridge and mill of Emscote, and the town and castle of Warwick; though "words," as an ancient writer has observed, "are the pencils, whereby drawne we finde the picture," yet words are insufficient to image the variety and beauty of aspect in which Warwick, &c. present themselves in many points of these walks. The stroll by the canal, in the way to Warwick, may be continued at pleasure, to either of the three bridges, on the Emscote, Coventry, and Birmingham roads, as each leads into the town, though from different parts.

## WALK TO OFFCHURCH.

The rural court of Offa, Mercian king!  
 Where' sever'd from its trunk, low lies the head  
 Of brave Fermundus, slain by coward hands,  
 As on the turf supine in sleep he lay,  
 Nor wist it sleep, from which to wake no more!

JAGO.

COMMENCING from the eastern extremity of Leamington, down the southern road, which follows, for some distance, the windings of the Leam, as it gently meanders through some rich meadows to the left, the rising grounds beyond, present a charming display of wood scenery, worthy of Hobbima; embosomed in which, is prominently disclosed the beautiful seat of Mr. Willes; passing them, you cross a stone bridge which carries you over a small stream, running into the Leam, this is succeeded by a second, over the canal, when Radford Hall appears in view, a good old manor-house, occupying an elevated situation, and commanding extensive views; near it is the rural church of Radford Semely, a little village, about half way on the road to Offchurch. This church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, was given by Henry de Semely, one of the most ancient possessors of the village, to Kenilworth Monastery, in the time of Henry the First; a little beyond the church stands the village

itself. Here in a small fanciful house, sometimes resides H. G. Lewis, Esq. of Malvern Hall, Solihul, who has a great deal of land here. But, pursuing our walk, passing Radford Hall, you turn to your left, when you go through the turnpike, where a rural lane takes you over another of the navigation bridges, and the first white gate on the left, leads to the park and grounds of Offchurch Bury, the seat of the Knightly family. The village of Offchurch stands on the top of a hill, about half a mile beyond, being three short miles from Leamington. Offchurch Bury is an ancient mansion, said to bear a great resemblance to the palace of Scone, the coronation place of the Scottish kings. Dugdale, speaking of Offchurch, says, "in one part (meaning this) was a place called *Berrye* which signifies no less than *Burgus*, or *Curia*, and here was a stately palace, belonging to *OFFA*, KING OF *MERCIA*; and, by reason of his sometimes residence here, the church first, and consequently the village, had its name." Offa was one of the most powerful princes of the Saxon Heptarchy, and distinguished for his wisdom in government, and his valour in war; he was honoured with the friendship and alliance of Charlemagne, but disgraced himself by the murder of Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, whose dominions he seized and united to his own. Fermundus, his son, according

to Camden, was treacherously murdered between Harbury and Long Itchington, and buried in his father's palace; being a person of singular piety, he was afterwards canonized and had divine honors paid him by the people. On the dissolution of religious houses, in Henry the Eighth's reign, Offchurch Bury was granted to Sir Edmund Knightly, Knight, in whose family it has continued ever since. This mansion is a large irregular edifice, built at different periods, but still preserving a character of Gothic grandeur: the situation is low, and the scene calm and sequestered, it stands on the banks of the river Leam. Opposite the Gothic porch, which forms the entrance to this venerable mansion, stands a large chesnut-tree, spreading its umbrageous branches, like the African BOABOB, to an immense distance, so as easily to cover 300 persons. On the lawn, upon which this natural curiosity stands, is a beautiful piece of water, delightfully reflecting its foliage. The park is pleasant and extensive, well shaded with noble trees, and the grounds are very tastefully laid out. Offchurch is supposed to have been of some consideration in the time of the Saxons; the church is a good old structure, dedicated to St. Gregory; and the parsonage-house and grounds are prettily displayed, *a la Repton*: they command charming prospects of the surrounding country. Proceeding

from Radford towards Southam, if the reader chooses, at the bottom of a steep descent, near the fifth mile, he will find the turnpike road, intersected by the great Roman fosse. About the seventh mile stands Ufton. Near the eight mile, is Stoney Thorpe, which has its name from its rocky soil, and *thorpe*, a Saxon word, signifying village, a considerable village having formerly been situated here, though it is now reduced to a single house, the seat of Mrs. Fauquier. One mile beyond Stoney Thorpe, is Southam, a small market town, containing two or three good inns and several handsome houses, with a spacious and venerable Gothic church.

Besides these walks, there are several others extremely pleasant, to the little villages of Whitnash, Tachbrook, Milverton, Cubbington, &c. within two or three miles round Leamington; but those we have described are the most prominent, and will amply furnish our readers with gratification and exercise.



*New Map*  
OF  
*12 Miles round*  
**LEAMINGTON SPA.**

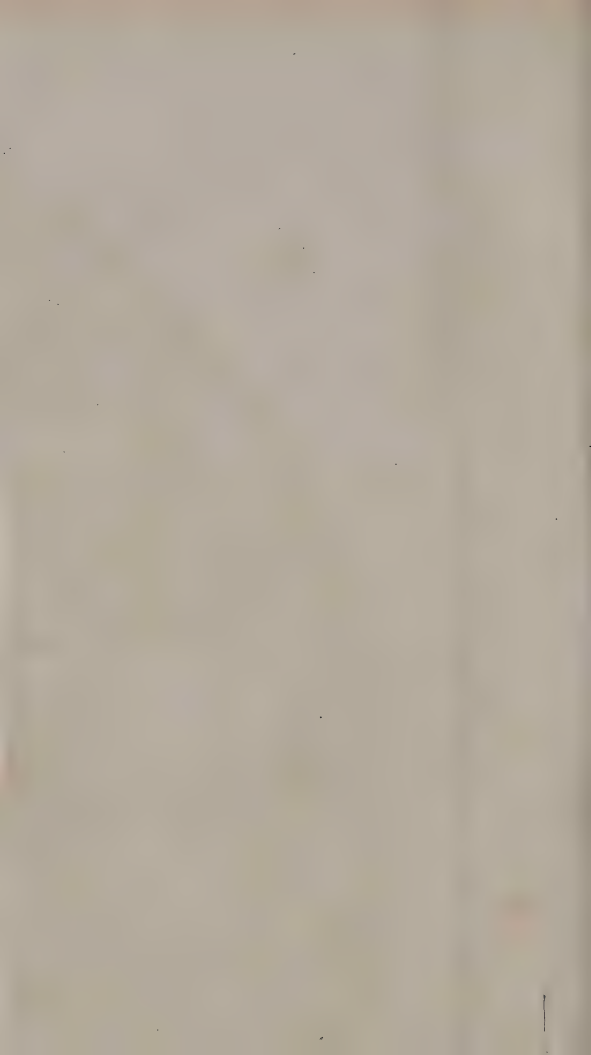


**EXPLANATION**

- Churches & Chapels.....+
- Turnpike Roads.....—
- Gross Roads.....—
- Rivers.....—
- Navigable Canals.....—
- Parks & Gentlemen's Houses.....—
- Towns & Villages.....—

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## RIDE TO WARWICK.

“To horse!—to horse!”—We issue at the call!

BROOKE.

Now Warwick claims the promis'd lay, supreme  
 In this her midland region! Precedence due,  
 And long maintained! for her, kind nature rais'd  
 The rocky hill, a gentle eminence,  
 For health and pleasure form'd! Where her gay tribes  
 Indulge the social walk! Once gloomy haunt  
 Of solitary monks, now beauteous seat  
 Of rural elegance! Around whose skirts,  
 Parks, meadows, groves, their mingled graces join,  
 And Avon pours his tributary urn.

JAGO.

THE short, prominent, and very pleasant ride to Warwick, from Leamington, is through the main road, turning off by Wise's baths, leaving that odd modern antique structure, Albion House, on the left; and passing the rookery and grand semicircular avenue of lofty elms, leading up to the mansion of Matthew Wise, Esq. on the right, the southern extremity of the old town; you then proceed through an open road, running, for some space, parallel with the Repton Canal; cross the navigation bridge by Leam House, and passing through Myton, formerly a considerable village, now en-

tirely depopulated, with the exception of a single house, called Myton Lodge, a handsome modern structure; you pass, to the left, the Lace Manufactory, established in 1810. This manufactory is carried on under the firm of Nunn, Brown, and Freeman. The lace is made entirely by machinery, for which a patent was obtained in 1811, and is considered as equal in every valuable quality, to that which is made in the usual way by hand. It is of all the various kinds, known by the names of common, bobbin, Mechlin, and Valenciennes lace. About eighty hands are employed in this manufactory. Passing this, and bending to the right, you cross the new bridge, that spans the river Avon, erected about the year 1785; and built in a chaste style of simple elegance, which does honor to its architect, William Ebboral, a native of Warwick; this bridge consists of one grand arch, measuring, in its span 105 feet, in its breadth 36, and in its height, to the rise of the arch, 25; it cost the sum of £4000, defrayed by the late excellent Earl of Warwick, assisted by the sum of £1000, from the Corporation; this bridge carries the visitor directly to the town.

### BACK ROAD TO WARWICK.

The Back Road, as it is usually termed, leading from the top of Upper Union Street into the Rugby



Road near the Gunnery Farm, had long been so much out of repair, as to be nearly impassable, except in dry weather ; but in consequence of some resolutions passed at a meeting of the inhabitants of Leamington, in the summer of 1821, a new piece of road was made, for a considerable distance, through the Estate of E. Willes, Esq. who very liberally gave his land for that purpose ; such parts of the old road as are still retained, were thoroughly repaired, levelled, and widened, so that now this road is equally good and safe as that leading from High Street, with this additional advantage, that no tolls are payable betwixt Leamington and Warwick ; a toll-free communication is thus opened also with Kenilworth, Stoneleigh, and many other places adjacent. Over the small brook and romantic dell which crosses the road, a handsome and substantial bridge has been erected, at the joint expense of Bertie Greathed, Esq. of Guy's Cliff, and Edward Willes, Esq. of Newbold, which prevents a very dangerous descent : the former spirited gentleman also gratuitously furnished the gravel with which the road was repaired. The expense of this great and important alteration, to the two parishes (Leamington and Milverton) through which the road passes, was not more than would have been incurred by repairing the old road alone : the remainder was defrayed by a liberal subscription ;



and the farmers in the neighbourhood, aware of the numerous advantages they would eventually derive from the measure, were not backward in affording all the assistance it was in their power to bestow. This road passes the very pleasant Gun-  
nery Farm-house on the left; leaves the Rock Mill, and adjoining Cotton Manufactory, to the right; passes Emscote and its bridge; and conducts, by the Navigation Mill, through Cotton End, into Warwick. In many parts this road is delightfully shaded with trees, while its open spaces command highly picturesque views of the surrounding country; the entrance to Warwick, through Cotton end smacks greatly of the ancient and romantic: in fact, the whole ride is beautiful: it may be very agreeably varied by taking, instead of the new road, a circuit round by the road to Lillington, which will not increase the distance more than a mile.



## WARWICK.

Brave Warwick, that so long advanced her *bear*,  
By her illustrious Earls, renowned every where.

DRAYTON.

WARWICK, according to the antiquary, Rous, himself a native of the town, was founded by Gutheline, or Kimberline, King of the Britons, in the Christian era; and was, according to the same authority, originally called *Caer-Guthleon*; from *Caer*, a city, and *Guthlin*, the name of its founder; constructed by common usance into *Caer-leon*. Rous also tells us, in the same work, *His. Reg. Angl.* p. 52, &c. that the town was considerably extended and improved by a successor of Gutheline on the British throne, King Guiderius, who granted it many privileges; but was materially injured and destroyed during the fierce wars that afterwards ensued between the barbarous Picts and Scots; and remained in a very dilapidated state till it was rebuilt by the celebrated Caractacus, whose patriotism and valour so eminently distinguished him from all the rest of the British princes. Caractacus was so pleased with this town, that he erected in it a manor-house, or palace, for himself,

and founded, in the market-place, a church, dedicated to Saint John the Baptist. On this brave, but ill-fated prince, yielding to the Roman arms, Warwick, it is generally supposed, was fortified by its classical conquerors, and made one of the Roman stations, when the Romans, says the learned Camden, called it *Præsidium*, and garrisoned it “with a band of Dalmatian horsemen, for it seemeth such was the great care of the Romans for the preservation of their conquered territories, they had placed in their garrisons men of several nations, by which means the native inhabitants, being ignorant of their language and manners, were the less capable of joining in any conspiracy with them; and when the Romans were thus masters of the town, it was in a very flourishing condition, large, and of great strength:” but on the final secession of the Romans from Britain in the year 426, “Rous tells us,” says Dugdale, “being again destroyed by wars, it lay so wasted, till Constantine, the father of Uter Pendragon, a British King, repaired it, and called it *Caer-Umber*; whose death (for he was slain by a new incursion of the Picts) exposed it to another devastation; in which ruinous state it lay, till a British prince, named *Gwayr*, rebuilt it, and commanded that it should be called *Caer Gwayr*, which *Gwayr* was cousin to the renowned King Arthur.”\*

\* Dugdale's Antiquities.

In Gwayr's reign, it is said, Warwick was made a Bishop's see by Dubretius, afterwards Bishop of Saint David's, who, (Saint John's Church having most likely been destroyed in the previous destructions of the town,) chose for his episcopal church, All Saints, which then stood on the site where the castle was afterwards built; but the season of its tranquillity and prosperity was not fated to continue long, for in the dreadful devastations that soon afterwards were occasioned by the repeated Saxon invasions of those stirring and troublesome times, it was again greatly depopulated and destroyed; but on the Saxons gaining a final mastery, in their division of the country into provinces, Warwick forming a part, was allotted, with the kingdom of Mercia, to Warremund, who once more rebuilt it, and called it after his own name, Warrewyk, or according to the Saxon Chronicle, p. 104, *Wæringwic*, from *wæring*, a mound or bulwark, and *wyk* or *wick* a town, castle, or curved bank of a river. Under the dominion of the Saxons in England, Warwick long continued peaceful and prosperous, till the irruption of the Danes, when it was again destroyed, those fierce despoilers leaving scarcely one stone remaining on another: but if Warwick was constantly fated to find a destroyer in every contest, it as constantly found some one to restore it in every peaceful period that followed; and on

the present occasion was not long suffered to remain in ruin, but speedily rose to more than its former consequence and power, under the patronage of the accomplished Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, and wife of Etheldred, the then Earl of Mercia. Inheriting a portion of her father's spirit and talent, she completely re-erected, and much enlarged and improved the town, and, about the year 915, laid the foundation of its princely castle, so long its ornament and defence, as we shall have occasion to notice hereafter. Under the care of this active and gallant princess, and the governorship of the succeeding Earls of Mercia's deputies, the then Earls of Warwick, who took up their abode in the Castle, Warwick enjoyed a century of peaceful prosperity. During this period it was, the mighty Guy's achievements, that have conferred such celebrity upon Warwick, are supposed to have taken place. The first Earl of Warwick, according to Dugdale, who quotes Rous as his authority, was the famous Arthgal, who lived in the time of King Arthur, and whom, says Dugdale, "my author representeth to be one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table; but he saith that the Brittons did not pronounce the *g* in that name, and that *arth*, or *narth*, signifieth the same, in that language, as *Ursus* doth in latin; from whence he conjectureth that the same Arthal took the bear for his



ensign, which so long continued a badge to the succeeding Earles."

"The next in order of these British Earles (continues Dugdale) doth he reckon Morvidus, who being a man of great valour, slew a mighty gyant in a single duel; which gyant encountered him with a young tree pulled up by the root, the boughs being snag'd from it; in token whereof, he and his successors, Earles of Warwick, in the times of the Brittans, bore a ragged staff of silver in a sable shield for their cognusance." This armorial distinction of the bear and ragged staff, adopted by many of the successive Earls, was re-assumed by the first of the present race of Earls, Francis Greville, in the year 1760. Morvidus was succeeded by Merthudus, who, in turn, gave up his honors to the daring Rohand, a famous warrior, enriched with great possessions, who lived in the days of King Alfred and King Edward the Elder, and left issue one only daughter, the fair Felicia, or Phillis, as the vulgar have it, that married the mighty Guy, who in her right became Earl of Warwick. This renowned warrior was the son of Siward, Baron of Wallingford, and is said to have been nine feet high. Among other incredible achievements, he is said to have slain a Saracen giant in single combat, and to have killed, with his own arm, a wild boar, a dun cow of an enormous size, and even a green dragon.

Of his combat with the giant, Dugdale gives the following account:—

In the third year of King *Athelstan*, anno 926, the Danes invaded England under the generals Aulafe and Govelaph, and besieged Winchester twelve months, where were Athelstan and his nobles. The Danes sent various proposals in order to terminate the war, amongst which was, to decide the fate of the nation by single combat: if the Danes won, they were to receive the crown and realm; and if they lost, they were to quit the nation without delay. This latter Athelstan accepted, but he was in much trouble, as all his famous warriors were in foreign countries; but he was comforted by an angel, who bade him arise, and go to the north gate of the city (Winchester), at the hour of prime, and he would see a palmer with a chaplet of white roses, and barefoot; he arose, saw the palmer, and requested him, for the love of Jesus Christ, to accept the challenge of *Colbrand*, the Saracen; the palmer did, and they met in a valley called *Chiltecumbe*, near the city. They fought from morn till eve, when *Colbrand* fell from loss of blood, having had one hand cut off at the commencement of the day: when he fell, the palmer cut off his head. This palmer proved afterwards to be Guy, Earl of Warwick. After the battle, Guy, having first made himself known

to the Saxon monarch, under an oath of secrecy, retired to a romantic retreat, since called, after him Guy's Cliff, near his castle, where he lived the life of a hermit, without discovering himself even to his beloved wife, Felicia, who resided there till near his death, which happened in 929. Colbrand's battle-axe was formerly preserved in Winchester Cathedral, and Guy's ponderous armour is still shewn at the Castle, of which more anon.

The issue of Guy's marriage with Felicia, was one only son, who, as might have been expected from such parents, proved 'no vulgar boy.' Reynburn, the romantic Reynburn, "was stolen away from his parents in childhood, and carried into Russia, where he gave great testimony of his singular valour in sundry feats, whilst he continued in those foreign parts. Upon his return into England, he wedded the beautiful Lady Leonatta, daughter to King Athelstan; but afterwards dying beyond the seas, was buried in a certain island near unto Venice." Passing over the succeeding Earls, Wegeat, Ufa, Wolgeat, and Wigod, we arrive at that period of the Warwick history when, in the incursions of the Danes under Canute, in the year 1016, it was again doomed to experience its old fate, sustaining, happily for the last time, considerable injury, having, from the period of its foundation to the Norman conquest, been nearly totally destroyed no

less than six successive times. From the injuries it received in this last attack of the Danes it, however, speedily recovered, and at the era of the Norman Conquest, when it came under the jurisdiction of Turchil, was described in Domesday Book as a "Burgus" (Borough), having 261 houses; 113 belonging to the King, 113 to the King's Barons, all paying Danegeld; and the remainder to the Bishops of Worcester, Chester, Coventry, and other individuals, exclusive of 19 burgesses having 19 dwellings, with *sac* and *soc*, and all customs as they had in the time of King Edward the Confessor. It was evidently from this a town of considerable power and consequence. On the death of Harold, and conquest of England by the Normans, William the Conqueror, naturally anxious to secure the possession of his newly-acquired dominions, determined to repair all the fortified places, and erect others in various parts of the kingdom; and pursuant to this determination, Turchil, the son of Alwyne, was directed by him immediately to fortify the town and castle of Warwick, which was accordingly done. From this period till the reign of Edward the First, Warwick continued increasing in strength and consequence. In this reign Guy de Beauchamp, its then Earl, considerably repaired its fortifications, and commenced paving the town, receiving from Edward and his successors, patents for toll on the

markets. Down to the time of Henry the Seventh, in 1538, remains of these fortifications still existed, as attested by Leland in his *Itinerary*, vol. 4, p. 61. In the reign of Edward the First, a grand tournament, or festival of the round table, was held in Warwick; and in 1572 Queen Elizabeth honored it with a visit in her memorable progress to Kenilworth, continuing at the castle two days, and afterwards returning to it. Under the Newburgs, the Beauchamps, the stout Earl Richard Neville, surnamed king-maker, the Plantagenets, Dudley's, and the Richs, that successively sustained the title of Earls of Warwick, it progressively improved; we have not space to dwell on the various worth and achievements of

——the goodly train of chiefs, by Warwick's name  
 Distinguished, and by deeds of fair renown  
 Gracing the much-loved title,  
 To thy line transferred, O Greville! last;  
 Late may it there remain!  
 With promise fair as now—(more fair what heart  
 Parental craves)—of long transmissive worth,  
 Proud Warwick's name with glowing fame to grace,  
 And crown with lasting joy its castled hill.

Warwick was subsequently visited by King James the First, and King William the Third; and was the scene of civil war in the contest that took place between Charles the First and his Parliament, in



1642, when the castle sustained a siege in the cause of the King, under the patriotic command of Robert Greville, Lord Brooke. The religious edifices of Warwick, established by public authority, were formerly more numerous than they are now, which deficiency is now made up by the number of private places of worship, chapels, &c. erected by the inhabitants; besides the two churches of *Saint Mary* and *Saint Nicholas*, which now remain, there were formerly one dedicated to *All Saints*, within the precincts of the castle; another to *Saint John the Baptist* in the market-place; a third to *Saint James*, over the west gate; a fourth to *Saint Peter* over the east gate; a fifth to *Saint Helen*, near the Bridge end, where the Priory now stands; and two others to *Saint Michael* and *Saint Lawrence*, the former at the lower end of the Saltisford, and the latter at that of the *West Street*; besides a Priory, Nunnery, Hospitals, &c. Most of these edifices were as early as the reign of Edward the Third, 1367, falling into decay and gradually disappearing, and at the reformation were, with the religious houses, finally done away with. Warwick was incorporated in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Philip and Mary, James the First, and William and Mary, and sent members to Parliament,—the office of mayor being then first instituted. The last charter granted by William

and Mary, bearing date March 5th, 1694, is the one under which the corporation now act, and confers various privileges. But in the year this charter was granted (1694) Warwick was visited by the heavy calamity of a great fire, which reduced more than half the town to a heap of mouldering ruins. This lamentable occurrence took place on the 5th of September of that year, and broke out at two o'clock in the afternoon. It was occasioned by a person crossing a lane with a piece of lighted wood in his hand; a spark from which alighted on the thatch of an adjoining house, and, fanned by the breeze into a flame, soon set the whole on fire: commencing thus near the south western extremity, the conflagration rapidly extended, and, unfortunately aided by a violent wind blowing at the time, completely destroyed both sides of that street; and, in less than six hours totally consumed part of Jury Street, the eastern side of Church Street, and part of the western side as far as the market-place, some houses in Sheep Street, and the body of Saint Mary's church, to which it unfortunately communicated from some half-burnt goods that had been conveyed into it for safety; luckily the chancel, chapter house, and Beauchamp chapel escaped. The whole damage was estimated at upwards of £120,000, the houses of 250 families being totally destroyed. Subscriptions for the relief of the

wretched inhabitants, were immediately set on foot in Birmingham, Coventry, Worcester, and other places, aided by briefs from all parts of the kingdom; and the town was soon afterwards rebuilt by Act of Parliament, in a more commodious and handsome form than heretofore, the houses being erected partly from free stone cut from the rock on which it stands; so that, however distressing at the time, the calamity proved beneficial in the end. From this circumstance, Warwick, though so ancient, has a remarkably neat and modern appearance; built, as it is, on a rocky hill, having a somewhat abrupt, though not considerable acclivity; the principal streets, which are well lighted with gas and paved, while they are as level as necessary for the purposes of traffic, have still a sufficient declination to promote the great object of local cleanliness. The houses are, in general, handsome, well-built, and regularly disposed; the major part of the inhabitants are persons of independence, which accounts much for the steadiness and quiet of the place. Warwick is particularly rich in charitable institutions. It has a noble County Hall, Court House, County Gaol, and County Bridewell; a Market House, in which a well supplied market is held every Saturday; a College School, School of Industry, and many other valuable institutions. The County Hall displays a

front of considerable width and elegance, supported by pillars of the Corinthian order. It was built by Messrs. J. and H. Hiorne, architects of Warwick, in the year 1776. The Great Hall measures 94 feet in length, and 36 in breadth, having—at each extremity, in semi-circular recesses, properly fitted up, crowned with handsome cupolas, and surrounded by convenient galleries—two Courts of Justice; the one on the right for criminal, and the other for civil causes. The Court House was erected in 1730, by John Smith, an architect of considerable talent, at the expence of the corporation, for which they were afterwards called to account. It is a stately building, and much admired for its elegance. The County Gaol is a large substantial and commodious building, and perhaps the most complete building of the kind in England. It owes its erection to the remonstrances of the benevolent Howard, and has many benefactions attached to it. Under the management of the present excellent governor, Mr. Tatnall, and his very intelligent lady, much of the horrors of buildings of this description are alleviated. Three tread mills, admirably adapted to different periods of life and strength, have recently been erected here, and have produced the most beneficial results. In meeting houses and chapels belonging to different sects of dissenters, Warwick is in no way deficient. It has

a Presbyterian Chapel, Independent Chapel, Baptist Meeting House, Wesleyan Methodist Meeting, and Quakers' Meeting House, all very neat and well supported establishments; exclusive of its noble Collegiate Church, St. Mary's, and the lesser Church of St. Nicholas. Of the original foundation of

### SAINT MARY'S CHURCH,

there is no remaining account: it evidently existed prior to the Norman conquest, being mentioned in Domesday Book as having one hide of land belonging to it, given by Turchill, the last of the Saxon Earls. The design of making it collegiate with a dean and secular canons, was originally projected by Henry de Newburg, the first Earl of Warwick of the Norman Line, and was afterwards carried into execution by his son Roger, the second Earl of the same line, in the year 1123, the 23d of Henry the First. During the reign of Edward the Third, the present choir was founded by the first Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; and in 1394, the whole body of the church was rebuilt by his second son, Thomas, who, on the death of his eldest brother succeeded to the earldom. In this reign, by an ecclesiastical decree bearing date 1367, divine service was discontinued at the old churches of Saint John, Saint Michael, Saint Peter, and Saint James; and the inhabitants ordered to



perform their devotions in this more commodious church, and that of Saint Nicholas only. At the general dissolution these two latter churches were granted by letters patent, bearing date May 15, 1546, to the inhabitants of Warwick and their successors; Saint Mary's being then valued at £333 2s. 4d. In 1694, great part of this church was destroyed by the dreadful fire before-mentioned, but fortunately the venerable choir, and the exquisitely beautiful chapel on the south side were, as we have stated, preserved, together with the chapter house, the lobby, and the vestry room on the north. The erection of the new portion of this edifice, as it now appears, was completed in the year 1704, the expence being defrayed partly by royal bounty, but principally by public liberality; the architecture, though executed by John Smith, an architect of some note at Warwick, after the designs of the great Sir Christopher Wren, has been censured as incongruous and inelegant, it has however an elevation of much grandeur and beauty.

### THE TOWER,

In which are ten most musical bells and chimes, is at the west end of the church, erected on groin arches, supported by four piers, between which is a free passage for coaches, &c. Its height to the

top of the battlements, is 130 feet; to the top of the pinnacle, 174 feet; its diameter at the base, 32 feet 6 inches; at the summit, 27 feet; the length of the church, including the choir, is 186 feet 1 inch; the breadth, 66 feet; the cross aisle, is  $106\frac{1}{2}$  feet; the height of the roof,  $42\frac{1}{2}$  feet; the length of the Choir, 77 feet 3 inches; the breadth, 27 feet 4 inches. Against the north, west, and south sides of the Tower, are three dials belonging to the clock.

At the west end of this Church are three entrances, the principal of which is under the Tower; over which is a stately loft, and an excellent organ, built by Thomas Swarebrick. Against the wall, in the church, are two boxes to receive alms, that towards the north for the relief of the poor when sick, the other towards the south, for the use of the charity school. On the left of the entrance of the middle aisle, is a capacious marble font, the decorations gilt. On each side of this aisle, is a large elegant patent stove. Further on are erected elegant and spacious Galleries, two very large branches of polished brass; and at the west end, facing the pulpit, is a time-piece on one side, and the Queen's arms on the other. At the extremity of this aisle, runs a cross aisle north and south, in the centre of which is the entrance to the choir, by a pair of iron gates, of good workmanship, on each

side of which is a stove to correspond with those before-mentioned.

Passing over a number of monuments of no interest in the body of the church, we come to one against the north aisle, with a quaint inscription in Latin, thus translated :—

Not far from hence lie, now indeed steril and languid,  
 The Root, Shoot, and Branches of the Holy Oak, viz.  
 Francis Holyoke, or the Root of the Holy Oake,  
 Thomas, the only shoot of Francis,  
 Both of them Lexicographers of superior Character,  
 Judith the Wife of Francis, Anne, the Wife of Thomas,  
 The Branches of which Thomas & Anne, twelve in Number,  
 Were not entirely of no account in the World,  
 One of which, the Master of the School of Rugby, in the  
 County of Warwick, during 43 Years,  
 Erected this Table to supply the Place of Annals :  
 Who also himself withered away on the tenth Day of March,  
 In the Year { of our Lord 1730.  
                   { of his Age 72.

## THE CHOIR.

This structure, and the adjoining Chapel, equally demonstrate how closely in the pursuit of nature's best directions, our ancestors designed and built; a noble, awful, and elegantly pleasing taste, harmoniously blended, is here expressed in stone; and sympathetically affects each sensible surveyor with adequate ideas to the place; no redundant

sameness or diversity satiates or even palls the most enlivened fancy; nor is there one beauty wanting, either to feed or nourish the most exalted judgment.

Entering the choir by three stone steps, on either side there are two ranges of stalls, &c. in four directions; on the wonderful and delightful stone ceiling, are carved and enriched the founders arms, also the arms of his two wives quartered with his, embosomed by seraphims.—There are four floors, each ascending one step above another to the Altar, which though modern, and not quite appropriate to the antiquity of the building, is esteemed an excellent piece of joinery. The east window is replete with painting upon glass, of sacred history, &c.

In the midst of the Choir, among a number of other monuments lie, beneath a massy Tomb of Composition of Plaster, with a Marble Cornice, (now without Inscription,) Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and Lady Katherine Mortimer his Wife. He died 13th November, in the Forty-third Year of King Edward the Third, Anno Dom. 1730. She died the 4th Day of August, the same year. On the two sides, also, on the ends of the Tomb; are thirty-six images of weepers, standing upon as many Coats of Arms.

It was this Earl who founded the Choir, and dying in the same year, his son, Thomas, Earl

of Warwick, finished that building, as it now stands, in the 15th year of Richard the Second, Anno Dom. 1392. He also, from the death of his father, rebuilt the church, as it stood before the fire of Warwick, and finished it in the 17th of Richard the Second. Anno Dom. 1394. Likewise in the same year finished Guy's Tower (as it is vulgarly called) belonging to the castle

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, son of this Thomas, was founder, by will, of the noble chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, which was begun the 21st of Henry the Sixth, Anno Dom. 1443, and finished the 3d of Edward the Fourth, 1464, the cost of which, including the magnificent tomb, &c. amounted to the sum of £2481 4s. 7d. (as per Dugdale), when wheat was 3s. 4d. per quarter, the proportionate value of money, when corn was at the modern medium of 5s. per bushel, which is twelve times the sum, amounts to £29 774 15s. 0d. though some have estimated it as equal to £40,000.

Underneath the whole floor of the choir is a vault, commonly called the bone house, chiefly used as a burial place for the Mayors and body corporate of this borough.

North of the choir, are three distinct rooms or buildings, very substantial: the first from the body



of the church, is the lobby (now the fire engine room), in which is a marble monument.

The furthestmost room is a spacious library, or vestry room, under which was the friar's kitchen, now a mausoleum for the noble family of the Earl's of Warwick.

The middle is an octagon room, called the chapter house, which was converted to another use by the Right Hon. Fulke, Lord Brooke, who in his life-time erected a very stately monument for himself and family, of black and white marble, with this pithy and memorable inscription:—

Fulke Grevil, servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney.

From the south transept of St. Margaret's Church, is the principal entrance into the

### LADY'S CHAPEL,

formed by a grand frontispiece, in the Gothic style, designed and finished in the common sand stone of Warwick, by a poor mason of the town in 1704, whose name we regret to say, has not even been preserved. Entering the Lady's Chapel, you descend a flight of 12 stone steps; on each side are stalls, &c. as in the Choir of the Church. The floors being three in number, of black and white marble, are at unequal distances, ascending by one

step each, towards the Altar, where is a fine basso relievo of the Salutation, under a Gothic canopy, the whole exceedingly well executed. Raised against the wall, on each side the Altar, is a shrine of very delicate workmanship, particularly as the material is only the common sand-stone of the town, thus uncommonly modified; in which shrines, (according to Dugdale) were formerly deposited two images of pure gold, 20lb. weight each. There are several more shrines and other cabinet curiosities, interspersed in this building. In the verge, and in the two muntles or divisions of the east window are 46 images of angels and saints, very curiously wrought in Warwick sand-stone; also in the middle south window are some sacred, historical and family portraits in stained glass. Behind the Altar is the Library, built by the learned Rous. To the north, stands the Confessional and Gallery, of exquisite design; beyond which, rising up five steps, very much worn, is the Confession Seat, very obscure, yet very curious; where, through the partition wall, is an oblique square hole to the Choir, through which confession was made. In the middle of the Chapel, lies upon a tomb of marble, the whole length effigy of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in armour, all made of the finest latten brass, doubly gilt. At the head there is a swan, at the right foot a bear muzzled, and at the left foot a griffin. Over

*J. H.*

this monument is a hearse of brass, gilt, made designedly to support a covering over the curious repository of the remains of this once great Earl. Round about his tomb stand fourteen images of brass, all gilt; under the feet of each of them is a coat of arms. These images, resembling fourteen lords and ladies, are called weepers. Besides these there are round about the tomb eighteen lesser images, made of brass, and gilt, resembling angels, with this label:—

“Glory and Praise God—Mercy to the Dead.”

The inscription about this tomb, engraved in brass, in the uncouth diction and spelling, of the time, is as follows:—

“Preieth devoutly for the Sowel whom God assoile of one of the moost worshipful Knightes, in his Dayes of Monhode and Conning, Richard Beauchamp, late Earl of Warrewick, Lord Despenser of Bergevenny, and of mony other grete Lordships; whose body resteth here under this tumb in a ful feire vout of Stone set on the bare rooch, the which visited with longe sickness in the Castel of Roantherinne deceased ful cristenly the last day of April the yer of our Lord God MCCCCXXXIX. He being at that time lieutenant gen’al and governor of the Roialme of Fraunce, and of the Duchie of Normandie by sufficient Authorite of oure Sovaigne Lord

the King Harry the sixth, the which body with grete deliberac'on and ful worshipful Conduit by see and by lond was brought to Warrewick the iiii day of October the yer abovesaide and was leide with ful solemne exequies in a feir chest made of Stone in this chirche, afore the west dore of this Chapel according to his last Will and Testament therein to reste, til thys Chapel by him devised in his lief were made, Al the whuche Chapel founded on the rooche and alle the Members thereof, his Executors dede fully make and apparaille, by the auctorite of his seide wille and Testament, and thereafter by the same auctorite then dide translate ful worshipfully the seide body into the vout abouesaide; honored be God therefore."

With the exception of that of Henry the Eighth's in Westminster Abbey, this tomb is perhaps inferior to none in the Kingdom, for beauty and grandeur.

Besides these, there are several other curious and splendid monuments, equally deserving of attention, particularly one to the memory of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the notorious Dudley, Earl of Leicester; which, from the conspicuous part its owner plays in the delicious Romance of Kenilworth, will be viewed with deep interest; it is curious enough, he is, in the inscription on this tomb, engraved by desire of his third wife, Letitia, daughter of Sir Francis

Knolles, celebrated for his conjugal love and fidelity. Poor Amie's story was not so well known then as at present — The architecture of this chapel is in the pointed style of the middle order, generally considered to be the most perfect of gothic construction, and which, at the period of its erection, was then the most prevalent. As we have before stated, the church contains a large and well toned organ, built by Swarebrick; and through the taste and talent of the present excellent and intelligent organist, Mr. W. Marshall, of Warwick, in lieu of the drawling common metres that so long eked out the rhyme of that worthy pair Sternhold and Hopkins, and their successors, Tate and Brady, a selection from the finest compositions of Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and other great masters, is generally to be heard every Sunday, very correctly executed, by the children belonging to the different schools; a proceeding that cannot be too much praised, as it greatly conduces to harmonize the feelings and exalt the spirit, by withdrawing the mind from worldly ideas; we, for our own parts, would like nothing better than to have the cathedral service introduced into every church in England. The solemn chanting of the choir, is infinitely preferable to the sleepy manner in which the responses in the Litany, &c. are given. Mr. Frederic Marshall, the organist of St Nicholas, has



not been behind his father in exertion or success. we have seen a selection of festival hymns of his composition, that speak highly of his genius.

The period of the foundation of

### ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH

is unknown; but it is supposed to have existed as a religious edifice prior to the Conquest; for Rous, speaking of the chancel of the church in his time, says, it was more anciently the choir to a house of nuns, who occupied the ground on which it stood and surrounding lands; this very ancient nunnery appears to have been destroyed by Canute, the Dane, in 1016; to the Semi-Barbarians of those times, a convent of these mewed-up virgins was always a welcome prize. But it seems to have been afterwards rebuilt; for Dugdale tells us, that the town of Clopton was expressly granted to the nuns residing here, by Henry de Newburg, the first of the Norman Earls of Warwick; but it did not long subsist as a nunnery after this, for by Roger, the second Norman Earl, it was granted in the year 1123, to the fraternity of Deans and Canons then established at St Mary's, under the name of the church of St. Nicholas. The present church is a recent structure, and presents a wretched specimen of a wretched style, the modern Gothic. The Tower was built by one Johnson, an architect of Warwick, in 1748, who seems while

building it, to have been plentifully imbued with the spirit of dullness, at that time proverbial, as existing in his native town. The body of the church was not erected till the year 1779, when the old structure was taken down, and the present edifice built under the direction of a certain Job Collins, also an architect of Warwick: all that we need to say of it is, that it is perfectly worthy of the Tower. The monuments within the church are neither numerous nor remarkable.

We have already said that Warwick is particularly rich in charities, exclusive of nearly a dozen other institutions by various individuals, for different worthy purposes, it has a Lying-in Charity, six different sets of Alms Houses, two Poor Houses, a Chapel School, Sunday Schools, and benefactions for almost every want; besides

#### LEICESTER HOSPITAL,

an Institution of sufficient magnitude and utility, to merit a more extended notice, this very ancient building, situated at the western extremity of High-street, appears to have been originally the abode of two united Guilds, or lay fraternities of the Holy Trinity, and St. George, established in the reign of Richard the Second, the former by William Hobkins, John Cooke, and eleven others, all inhabitants of Warwick, and the latter by John de Dynelay, and two others, also of Warwick, empowered to purchase estates, extend the number of

their fraternity, and found a chantry in their chapel, which stood over the west gate. The union of these two Guilds took place in the reign of Henry the Sixth. In the reforming Eighth Harry's time, when black Friars, and white, blue Friars and grey were all brought to book, it appeared, there were four Priests belonging to this fraternity, who were incontinently put down by Bluff Hal, and the whole fraternity dissolved; and in the year 1551, their mansion was granted by Edward the Sixth to Sir Nicholas le Strange, Knight, and his Heirs; but in Elizabeth's reign, became the property of her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, no doubt through the interest of his mistress, by whom it was converted into an asylum or hospital for twelve indigent men, to be called brethren, with a master, who must be a minister of the established church, the vicar of St. Mary's having always the refusal of the presentation. The land, with which it is endowed, was valued at that time at £200, which has now increased to £2000. The brethren must be natives or inhabitants for five years at least of Warwickshire and Gloucestershire, and must not be worth more than £5 a year, and wear a blue dress gown, with the crest of a bear and ragged staff fastened on the left sleeve. Some variations in these rules have lately been introduced by Act of Parliament, the number of its members is now

increased to 22, with an income of £80 each, and an increase of the master's salary to £400 per annum, the qualification of property being extended from £5 to £50 per annum. The buildings of Leicester Hospital are handsome and complete; in what was called the great hall, James the First was magnificently entertained by Sir Fulk Greville, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sep. 4, 1617. St. James's chapel adjoining, and now belonging to this hospital, is a small but beautiful structure, where the fraternity daily assemble for morning and evening prayers, except on those days when their attendance is required at St. Mary's church.

### THE PRIORY.

Another object of interest and antiquity in Warwick, formerly called the Priory of St. Sepulchre, situated on the north side of the town, on the site of the old church of St. Helen, was according to Rous' Roll, founded by Henry de Newburg, Earl of Warwick, and completed by his son Roger, in the reign of Henry the First. It was originally erected for a society of regular canons, instituted in imitation of one of the same order established at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and was for many years high in Royal favour: to whose princely liberality, joined to the bounty of those unvaried and mu-

nificent patrons of Warwick, its noble Earls, it was indebted for many valuable privileges and endowments; but in the dissolving period of the reformation, it shared the general fate of all other religious institutions, and fell into the clutches of the Crown, in which it remained till the year 1547, when the building and lands belonging to it were granted to Thomas Hawkins, and his heirs, to be held in soccage of the castle at the yearly rent of 26s. 9d.

By Hawkins, who had risen from a very humble origin to great power and wealth, the ancient edifice, with the exception of two galleries and part of the chapel, was immediately pulled down, and the present large and handsome structure erected on its site; the garden front was not however added to it till a couple of centuries after. Hawkins completed his part of the mansion in 1556; and, from its situation in a grove of lofty elms, gave it the name of "Hawkin's Nest," a name, however, that did not supersede its more ancient title, the Priory, which it still retains.

In the month of September, 1567, the Priory was honoured with a visit from Elizabeth's favourite, the haughty Leicester, accompanied by a long train of Nobles, on which occasion the most splendid festivities were indulged in for several days, the Earl being served in a separate apartment on



dishes of pure gold, the attendants kneeling: and in 1572, Hawkins, or Fisher as he was often called, (from his father having sold fish in the market place at Warwick,) was honoured with a visit from Elizabeth herself, she being at that time residing at Kenilworth, to which place he afterwards accompanied her. Hawkins did not survive this gratifying honor many years, for on January 10th 1576, he died, and was buried in the upper end of St Mary's church. His son Edward, to whom the Priory with all its vast estates descended, like most descendants of men who have acquired vast wealth by painful prudence, squandered away the property much more quickly than it had been acquired, and ended a spendthrift's wretched existence in the Fleet Prison. The Priory was purchased from him by Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Mr. Serjeant Puckering, in whose family it remained till the year 1700, when it was purchased by Henry Wise, Esq. Superintendent of the Royal Gardens at Hampton Court, in whose family it has ever since remained. As a specimen of an Elizabethan Family Mansion, it is well worthy of notice, its park and pleasure grounds adding much sylvan beauty to its antiquity, but Warwick's greatest glory is undoubtedly

## THE CASTLE.

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Please you walk out, and see the Castle, come,  
 The owner saith it is a Scholler' home.  
 Corbet's Poems, 1648.

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WARWICK CASTLE, which the illustrious author of Waverley has pronounced to be the "fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour, which yet remains uninjured by time,"\* is seated on a solid rock, like Kenilworth, and most other ancient castles. This rock rises forty feet higher than the level of the Avon, though one side of it is even with the town, and commands a rich and varied prospect from the terrace. Panegyric has long ago exhausted itself in endeavouring to do justice to the magnificence, grandeur, and beauty of this ancient and noble pile, and we by no means wish to add our names to the number of those who have failed in attempting even a faint description of its beauties, which would require months to become acquainted with, and years to depicture; besides, had we the inclination and ability, we have not the

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\* Kenilworth, vol. 2. p. 327.

opportunity; our confined limits would fetter our powers, and cripple our exertions; and the mortification of our failure would be all the greater, from our having attempted with the certainty of our inability to accomplish; we will, however, endeavour to give a concise yet succinct account of its origin and history, and point out to the reader's attention its most prominent objects of curiosity. Speaking of the foundations of this castle, Dugdale says:—

“ Whether I may attribute its original to *Kimberline*, the British King, who is said to have been the first builder here, or to the Romans, that had a strong hold in this place, (by reason whereof they call it *Præsidium*,) I cannot well determine; if, therefore, to do so, be too great presumption, to refer the foundation thereof to the renowned Lady *Ethelfleda*, daughter to King Alfred, and Lady of the Mercians, I am sure will not; in regard, it appears that she, in the year DCCCCXV, (*scil.* in the 16th year of King Edward the elder,) caused the dungeon to be made, which was a strong tower or platform, upon a large and high mound of earth, artificially raised, (such being usually placed towards the side of the castle, or fort, which is least defensible,) the substance whereof is yet to be seen. There was heretofore a church within the precincts of this castle, dedicated to the honour of *All Saints*,

and of no less antiquity than the Brittan's name, as *Rous* affirmeth; and, therefore, if it were at first founded therein, then doth it plainly shew that the castle was built before the Romans made this place a garrison."

By Doomsday Book it appears to have belonged to the Crown, as far back as Edward the Confessor's time, and to have been considered as a strong hold for the defence of the midland parts of the kingdom, as we have before mentioned.

William the Conqueror employed Turchill, the then Earl of Warwick and Governor of the castle, in the former reign, to fortify and enlarge it; for which purpose, four houses belonging to the monks of Coventry were destroyed: but when the work was completed, William appointed one of his own countrymen, Henry de Newburg, Governor, and made him Earl of Warwick in 1067, who formed and added Wedgnoock-park to the domains of the castle. Towards the latter end of the reign of Stephen, Gundred, Countess of Warwick, turned out that King's soldiers, and delivered it up to the Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry the Second, who in the 15th year of his reign, on account of the rebellion of Prince Henry, his son, caused it to be garrisoned.

In the 7th of King John, it came into the custody of Thomas Basset, of Heddington, in Oxford-

shire: after which it became successively in the possession of Hugh de Nevil, Henry, Earl of Warwick, and the above-mentioned Basset. Towards the reign of Henry the Third, it became of such importance, that a security was required of Margery, sister and heir to Thomas, Sixth Earl of Newburg, that she should not marry any man but whom the King approved; and in 1255, the 40th year of his reign, William Mauduit, the then Earl, siding with the King against the barons, the castle was surprised by John Giffard, governor of Kenilworth Castle, who demolished the walls from tower to tower, and carried him and his lady prisoners to Kenilworth, where they were kept until ransomed by the payment of 1900 marks. In the 14th of Edward the Second, on account of the minority of Thomas, son and heir of Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the command of the castle was given to Thomas Sutton, who did not long hold his trust; and the next year was put into the custody of the sheriff, who being forcibly driven out by one Thomas Blaunchfort, the King directed his precept to him, ordering him to take with him John Peche, a leading man in the county, to require the re-delivery thereof, and commit the offenders to prison; which was accordingly performed, and Peche constituted governor. In the time of Edward the Third, it was granted, during the



minority of the Earl, to Roger Mortimer, of Wigmore ; and in the 45th of that king's reign, Thomas Earl of Warwick rebuilt the walls of the castle, demolished in the time of the Earl Mauduit, adding strong gates, and fortifying the gate-ways with embattled towers. This Earl was famous for his gallant behaviour at the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, 1346 and 1356. Richard the Second, on taking the reins of government into his own hands, dismissed his privy-councillors, among whom was Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who, retiring to his estate, amused himself with building : he erected the famous tower at the N. E. corner of the castle, and called it Guy's Tower ; the cost of which was 395*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.* ; its walls are ten feet thick : he also, as before stated, completed the body of the collegiate church of Our Lady at Warwick : both which were finished anno 1394. Some time after this, he was seized, and condemned by Parliament to lose his head : but this was not put into execution : however, his estates were forfeited, and the custody of the castle given to John de Clinton. Beauchamp was sent to the Isle of Man, there to remain prisoner for life, where he continued till the revolution in favour of Henry the Fourth, which restored him both to his liberty and estate. This Earl was knight of the garter : he left to his son Richard, by will, the sword and coat

of mail said to belong to Guy Earl of Warwick, he having received them as an heir-loom from his father.

It does not appear until the reign of Edward the Fourth, to have been out of the hands of the succeeding earls of that family. On the death of George, Duke of Clarence, it was seized by the king during the minority of his son, Edward Plantagenet; and from this time continued in the hands of the Crown till the 1st of Edward the Sixth, when John Dudley was advanced to the earldom of Warwick. On his attainder, in the 1st of Mary, it escheated to the crown, till restored by Elizabeth to one of his sons, Ambrose, and his heirs, whom she likewise created Earl of Warwick. He dying without issue, it came again to the Crown, and was by King James granted in fee to Sir Fulk Greville, Knt. afterwards created a baron, in the 18th of his reign, by the title of Lord Brooke, Baron Brooke, of Beauchamp Court, in the county of Warwick. At this period the castle was in a very ruinous state, and the strongest parts of it were used as a common gaol. This Lord Brooke, says Dugdale, bestowed more than 20,000*l.* in repairing and adorning it, and made it a place not only of great strength, but extraordinary delight, with most pleasant gardens, walls, and thickets,

such as this part of England can hardly parallel; so that now it is the most princely seat that is within these midland parts of the kingdom.

But Warwick castle owes the greater portion of its present beauty and value to the indefatigable exertions and improvements of Francis, the late excellent Earl of Warwick. In a posthumous and scarce pamphlet, written by himself, speaking of the transactions of his life, he thus recapitulates his improvements at Warwick Castle: "I found," says he, "almost every thing out of repair, in and out of the castle. I began the arduous task of putting every thing in the most perfect order imaginable. The floors, the windows, the ceilings, the chimney-pieces, the wainscots, the furniture, are all put in by me, and they are the most beautiful in the kingdom, as is generally admitted.

"I collected *a matchless collection of pictures by Vandyke, Rubens, &c.*—The *marbles* are not to be equalled perhaps in the kingdom—I made a *noble approach to the castle, through a solid rock*, built a porter's lodge, made a kitchen garden, and a very extensive pleasure garden, a library full of books, some valuable and scarce, all well chosen.—I made *an armoury*, and built walls round the courts and *pleasure gardens, &c.*—I built a *noble greenhouse*, and filled it with *beautiful plants*.—I placed in it a *vase*, considered as the finest remains of

Grecian art extant, for its size and beauty.—I made *a noble lake* from three hundred to six hundred feet broad, and a mile long.—I planted trees, now worth one hundred thousand pounds, &c.

“ Besides one hundred acres of ash, &c.

“ I built a stone bridge of one hundred and five feet in span, every stone from two thousand to three thousand eight hundred pounds weight; the weight of the first tier on the centre, was estimated at one thousand tons.—I gave the bridge to the town, there being no toll.

“ I will not enumerate a great many other things done by me,” concludes this munificent nobleman, “ let Warwick Castle speak for itself,” and truly it does speak for itself, for in Warwick Castle, as Sir John Denham remarks of Windsor, “ Mars with Venus dwells, beauty with strength;” and the present noble earl abundantly following up what his late excellent father so well began, Warwick Castle may boldly be pronounced to stand without a rival for grandeur, extent, variety, and value, as we have before stated.

The foundation of this vast pile is raised on a prodigious rock, rising perpendicularly on the bank of the Avon; and the superstructure seems to be so connected with its base, that it appears rather to have grown out of it, than to have been artificially produced. The ground arches, excavated from

this rock beneath the main building, are all with great care and labour cased with stone, and are used as domestic offices to the castle. The grand area, or inner court of the castle, has an air of solemn magnificence, that is superior to any thing of the kind in England: and the many additions that have been made by the late and present earl are so analogous to its original design, as to render it an honour to the taste of its owner: the interior apartments are uniformly splendid, and so judiciously suited to domestic uses, as to erase from the mind of a stranger every idea of its having been a castle of defence, and leave him wholly in admiration of the beauty and magnificence of a place once celebrated only for its strength.

The approach to the grand front exhibits three stupendous towers, the entrance flanked with embattled walls richly mantled with ivy; the habitable part lies to the left of the great court, and the walls ranged round the other divisions are guarded by ramparts; open flights of stone steps conduct to various turrets, and with many passages form a ready line of communication through the whole of the fortress. Towards the river, a magnificent, but irregular, part of the building is displayed; and, though it has received many alterations, still much good taste has been evinced in every particular. On the whole, the exterior of this building is chiefly calculated to



excite ideas of chivalrous hardihood and unpolished baronial pride ; but the decorations of the interior, though they in some degree correspond with the antique castellated outlines of the edifice, far surpass with their various beauties, the expectations of the visitor ; but to notice the principal object of attention *seriatim*, we must conduct our readers to the grand suite of state apartments that are so nobly thrown open to public inspection. These extend in a right line, 333 feet, and are furnished in a chaste but magnificent style, commanding from the windows of each of them, various beautiful picturesque views ; the first, on entering, is the hall, a noble apartment 62 feet long, 37 feet wide, and 25 feet high, it is wainscoted with oak, and paved with black and white stone ; to the sides are attached various weapons and pieces of armour, interspersed with magnificent antlers ; and in conformity to the usage of the ancient barons household, where convenience was always studied in preference to delicacy, logs of wood are piled round the wide fireplace, but this is the only room really devoted to so strict a keeping of manners. Over the western door is a large gun taken from a Spanish ship, by Lord A. Hamilton, grandfather by the female side, of the present Earl of Warwick. The next room is the Great Dining-room built by the late Earl, a noble apartment adorned with a table of antique marble,

two large marble Etruscan vases, and a beautiful blue Delft vase, together with some excellent paintings, amongst which, over the mantle piece, is a fine portrait of the first Lord Brooke, Sir Fulk Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney; the production of William Patoun, a self-taught artist, who was tutor to the present Earl of Warwick. The Anti-room is furnished with some very beautiful chair works, worked by the Ladies Brooke, and contains many valuable pictures and curiosities, among these a portrait of Catherine of Arragon, by Leonardo da Vinci; a lady and her son, by Vandyck; two landscapes, by Salvator Rosa; and two landscapes, by Gaspar Poussin, are particularly worthy of notice. The next apartment in the order of entrance, the cedar drawing-room, is a large and handsome apartment 47 feet by 25, beautifully wainscoted throughout with cedar, and furnished with curious antique furniture, splendid mirrors and beautiful specimens of marbles and vases; this room also contains a valuable collection of paintings, the most remarkable, are a portrait of the eccentric Edward Wortley Montague, by Romney; an exquisite Circe, by Guido; and some excellent Vandyckes; next, beyond this apartment, is the Gilt Room, so called from the manner in which its ceilings and walls are finished, this is a very splendid and charming apartment; the principal

pictures contained in it, are a matchless portrait of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, by Rubens; Rubens' first wife, by himself; Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Order of the Jesuits, generally esteemed to be the finest picture in the castle, also by Rubens; William Prince of Orange, by Holbein; a lady, by Sir Peter Lely; Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsay, by Cornelius Janssen; Henry Catherine Davilla, author of "the History of the Civil Wars in France," by Tintoretto; a girl blowing bubbles, and a girl with a feather, by Murillo; and some noble Vandyckes. From the Gilt Room the visitor usually passes on to the State Bed Room, the bed and furniture of which are of crimson velvet, embroidered with green and yellow silk, formerly the property of Queen Anne, and given to the father of the present Earl of Warwick by the late King. This room is hung with tapestry made at Brussels, in the year 1604, representing the gardens of Versailles, as they were at that period. This room contains a curious ebony cabinet, some vases, a bust of Edward the Black Prince, a grand whole length of Margaret, Duchess of Parma, by that prince of colourists and father of portrait painting Titian; a family portrait, by Sir Peter Lely; and a portrait of Robert Devereux, the ill fated Earl of Essex, by Federigo Zuccarro; an Italian painter, who came into England in the reign of Elizabeth.

The next in order to the State Dressing-room is a beautiful little room hung with pea-green satin, having an elegant ceiling, and commanding some delightful prospects. The principal pictures in this charming apartment, are, a boy with a racket and ball, by Paul Veronese, the great master of the ornamental style; a sketch of the four Evangelists, by Rubens; two landscapes, by Salvator Rosa; storm and wreck, by William Vandervelde, the younger, a most delicious gem; Martin Luther, and two small half-lengths of Catherine Boleyn and Ann Boleyn, by Holbein; Henry the Fourth, of France, by Patoun; Mrs. Digby in the dress of a Lady Abess; an old woman eating pottage, by Gerhard Douw; a sorceress, by Teniers the younger; a companion to the sorceress, and a guard room, with armour, by Teniers; an exquisite sketch of two heads of old men studying music, by Rubens; an interior of a church, by De Witte; and some Vandyckes. Exclusive of this noble suite of state rooms, there are some smaller apartments in the castle shewn to visitors. From the Gilt Room a door opens into a small apartment called the Compass window, containing a window, said to be by Rubens, brought from Flanders, and purchased by the present Earl. This room and a short passage to the right contain some very pretty pictures. The Armoury passage, or more properly speaking, the Museum, is filled

with curiosities, in particular a great quantity of ancient armour, among which is that of Oliver Cromwell: from this you pass through a door beyond the fourth window into the British Armoury, containing the best collection of old English armour in the kingdom, including a complete suit of German fluted armour, the armour of the Duke of Monmouth; and the ponderous doublet in which Lord Brooke was killed at Lichfield, when reconnoitring, by a man known by the name of Dumb Dyott, together with an enormous Arquebuse taken from a French ship of war. In the chapel-passage are some excellent pictures: Oliver Cromwell in armour, by Walker, Old Nol's favourite painter; portrait of Brandt, the Mohawk Chief, by Romney; and Rubens' second wife, by himself. Through this passage strangers are usually conducted to the Chapel, a delicious oratory, admirably adapted both in size and style to answer the purposes of private worship for the inhabitants of the castle. Besides these state rooms, there are a suite of private apartments, containing many beautiful paintings, &c. not usually thrown open to the inspection of the public. Under the principal range of apartments is another, extending the whole length of the castle, from east to west, in which are the various domestic offices, these are also formed out of the solid rock, supported by lofty and



beautiful arches, presenting in the whole, a most striking appearance. On leaving the interior of the castle, the stranger usually ascends to the top of Guy's Tower, the ascent, though long, is not difficult, and the view from the summit will amply repay him his fatigue. Into Cæsar's Tower strangers are not admitted; the pleasure grounds are arranged with that exquisite order of taste, the basis of which is founded in simplicity, and the park, abounding with wood and water, is very extensive, and contains several well designed vistas, from whence are enjoyed the most lovely and diversified prospects imaginable. After perambulating the grounds and buildings,

At length the finished garden to the view,  
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk  
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:  
 Now meets the bending sky; the river now  
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,  
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

THOMSON.

The magnificent antique Bacchanalian Vase, in the green house, will also be regarded with great pleasure, formed solely out of one block of white

marble, it is supposed to be the largest ever known. It holds 163 gallons, and is twenty feet in circumference by the brim. It rests on a foot; a border of vine branches and grapes twining round the brim, twists down into a pair of elegant handles.\* On the face of the vase is a Panther's skin, the head and feet falling down between some fine bacchanal masks of satyrs; the uppermost of which is between two sticks, *lituus et thyrsus*. (The vine clad spear of Bacchus, and crooked staff of the Augurs.) Springing from the bottom of the vases, are leaves of the graceful Acanthus; and on the modern pedestal, upon which the vase stands, is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a copy:—

“ HOC PRISTINÆ ARTIS  
ROMANÆ QUE MAGNIFICENTIÆ MONUMENTUM,  
EUDERIBUS VILLÆ TIBERTINÆ  
HADRIANO AUG. IN DELICIIIS HABITÆ, EFFOSSUM  
RESTITUI CURAVIT  
EQUES GULIELMUS HAMILTON,  
A GEORGIO III. MAG. BRIT. REGE,  
AD SICIL. REGEM FERDINANDUM IV. LEGATUS;  
ET IN PATRIAM TRANSMISSUM  
PATRIO BONARUM ARTIUM GENIO DICAVIT  
AN. AC. N. CIC. DCCLXXIV.”

\* Vases were generally adorned so by the Ancients.—*Vide Virgil.*

Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,  
Diffusos hedera vestit pallente corymbos.

Trebellius affirms not only vases and cups, but dishes also, to be commonly wrought with figures of grapes and ivy, which he calls *Discos corymbiatis, lances pampinatas et pateras hederatas*.

From this we learn, that having been found in the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, at Tivoli, (at the bottom of a lake,) it was brought over to England, by Sir William Hamilton, His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Naples, and by him presented to the Earl of Warwick.

The only reparation this noble morceau of Grecian art has undergone, is in one of the masks. In Piranesi's *Vasi et Candelabri*, are three views of it.

Before the visitor takes his final leave of Warwick Castle, he is generally conducted to the Porter's Lodge, where he will be pleasantly reminded by some ancient reliques of "Mighty Guy,"

So fam'd in antique song, Warwick's great Earl.  
 Who slew the Giant Colbrand, in fierce fight  
 Maintain'd a summer's day, and freed this realm  
 From Danish vassalage ; (there) his *pond'rous sword*,  
 And *massy spear*, attest the glorious deed:  
 Nor less his hospitable soul is seen,  
 In that *capacious cauldron*, whose large freight  
 Might feast a province.

SOMERVILLE.

The weight of these various reliques are as follows, from which some idea may be formed of

their power and fitness:—the helmet, 7lb.; shield, 32lb.; breast-plate, 52lb.; sword, 20lb.; pot and fork, 8cwt. 7lb.; the pot will hold 102 gallons, and is on high festival days usually filled with punch.

Through the liberality of its noble possessors, the castle is open for public inspection throughout the year every day, except Sunday, and a very intelligent cicerone is usually at hand, to point out every thing remarkable, in the person of some one of the domestics. From its contiguity to Leamington, and the growing popularity and consequence of the mineral waters there, Warwick of late years has acquired the greatest advantages. Its trade, from the opulence and spirit of the inhabitants and visitors of the Spa, has been nearly doubled, and much of that proverbial dullness and melancholy has disappeared for ever, which once drew the following impromptu from the gay Garrick.

“ On Warwick town, and castle fair,  
I’ve feasted full my wandering eyes;  
Where things abound, antique and rare,  
To strike the stranger with surprize.

“ But if, again, I e’er appear,  
On this unsocial, lifeless spot;  
May I be spitted on Guy’s spear,  
Or boiled in his porridge pot!”

Exclusive of its excellent race course, lying to the west of the town, and generally accounted one of the best in the kingdom, Warwick has now its assemblies, public library, and many other places of amusement; a small but neat theatre was erected about the beginning of the present century, and the whole place is beginning to wear the air of a lively country town, and to fulfil much of that expectation which is excited, by its very picturesque and romantic entrance from Leamington.

The canal, which has recently been completed, and which has a commodious wharf at its head, contributes greatly to the commercial facilities of the place, and among the advantages derived therefrom, it may be observed, that coal is now delivered in the town at the charge of one shilling per cwt.; several manufactures are here carried on to some extent, and cultivated with much spirit, particularly that of combing and spinning long wool, with other branches relating to that trade; the weaving of calicoes, &c. from yarn spun at Manchester, also affords employment to a number of individuals; and there is likewise a mill on the River Avon, at the distance of a mile and a half from the town, for spinning cotton. The streets of Warwick meet on an eminence near the centre of



the town, all the cellars are cut out of the solid rock on which the town stands, in many of them are stone reservoirs for water, which is conveyed to them by pipes, from a conduit half a mile distant. It is remarkable that Warwick cannot be entered from any part without crossing water.

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*Engraving by*

*Printed by C. H. Mansel*

# GUY'S CLIFF.

*Published by Messrs. Elliston 1826.*

## GUY'S CLIFF.

Tow'rs Warwick with this train as Avon trips along,  
To Guy Cliff being come, her nymphs thus bravely song.

DRAYTON.

ON the right of the road, leading from Warwick, through Kenilworth, to Coventry, about a mile from the town, is Guy's Cliff; going from Leamington, the visitor will take the field way to Warwick, by the back of the New Town, till he comes to the large chesnut tree by Emscote Gate: passing this, he will go strait up the lane before him towards a little cottage, when mounting the bank, and leaving the romantic scenery of the Rock-mill, and Bridge, on his left, he will skirt along by the side of a craggy rock, giving a soothing glimpse of "the soft-flowing Avon," till, passing over a stile, and going through a gate by the side of some rural cottages, which lead towards a large open field, where a most delightful prospect is obtained of the woodland scenery, and the back front of Guy's Cliff Buildings in the vale below, he arrives at an ancient castellated sort of structure, on the brow of a hill: here a little wicket, on the left, leads through some pleasant meadows to an alpine bridge, which

crosses the Avon by a wear, and conducts to Guy's Cliff Mill; passing the gardens of which, and entering the main road, about three hundred yards to the left, is seen one of the wings of Guy's Cliff Mansion, through a majestic avenue of trees: a little further on the turnpike road, the visitor will find a gate through a field leading directly to the entrance of the court yard, under a romantic rocky archway.

Near this spot, as the old legend goes, the valiant Earl Guy "for the love of fair Phelis became a hermit, and died in a cave of craggy rocks."

Guy's Cliff was first selected as the scite of a religious building by Saint Dubritius, who built an oratory on it, which he dedicated to Saint Mary Magdalen, and placed it under the care of a certain holy hermit, whose cell was hollowed in the native rock, which, being covered with trees, was a place of great solitude and secresy. Here the renowned Guy Earl of Warwick, from whom the Cliff takes its name, sheltered himself from his enemies, and, as Dugdale expresses it, "receiving ghostly comfort from" the "Eremit, he abode till his death."

This Cliff continued the residence of a religious recluse as late as the reign of Henry the 6th. when one John Burry was hermit, and received



100s. per annum to pray for the good estate of Richard Beauchamp, then Earl of Warwick, as also for the souls of his father and mother.

The above Earl Richard, in the first year of Henry 6th, rebuilt the chapel, and endowed a chantry here for two priests, who were to sing mass daily for the good estate of him and his wife. This Earl erected the large statue of the warrior Guy, which, though now in a very dilapidated state, is still to be seen in the chapel. At this place lived the famous antiquary of Warwickshire, John Rous, who was one of the chantry priests.

By a survey taken in the reign of Henry the 8th, the lands belonging to the chapel of Guy's Cliff were certified to be worth £19 10 6, which, together with all its buildings and appurtenances, were granted by royal licence, in the 1st year of the reign of Edward the 6th, to Sir Andrew Flammock, Knight, in whose family it continued, till, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was purchased by William Hudson, Esq. an eminent surgeon of Kenilworth. On the marriage of his daughter to Thomas Beaufoy, Knight, the estate passed into that family. It became afterwards the property of Mr. Edwards, of Kenilworth, and from his heirs it was purchased by the late Samuel Greatheed, Esq. by whom nearly the whole of the present edifice was

built, and who greatly improved and adorned the surrounding pleasure grounds. On his decease in 1765, it descended to his son, Bertie Greatheed, Esq. the present possessor, Nephew to the late Duke of Ancaster, by whose politeness, strangers are sometimes permitted to inspect a valuable collection of paintings, much enriched by the designs, originals, and copies of Bertie Greatheed, Esq. Jun. the only son of this gentleman, who unfortunately fell a victim to a most enthusiastic love of the arts, and died October 8, 1814, at Vicenza, in Italy, at the early age of twenty-two.

Guy's Cliff has long been celebrated for the romantic beauties of its situation, and is mentioned in terms of the highest admiration by Camden, Fuller, Dugdale, and other historians of note. Old Leland, so far back as the time of our Eighth Harry, describes it in these glowing terms:—"It is the abode of pleasure, a place delightful to the Muses; there are natural cavities in the rocks; small, but shady groves; clear and chrystal streams; flowery meadows, mossy caves, a gentle murmuring river running among the rocks; and to crown all, solitude and quiet, friendly in so high a degree to the Muses."

It may be remarked here, that its present possessor was, in early youth, a votary of the

Muses, having produced, "The Regent," a Tragedy; and several little poems. Warner, in his "Northern Tour," thus speaks of Guy's Cliff:—

"Two miles before we reached Warwick, the celebrated place of Mr. Greatheed, attracted us to its pleasing and picturesque scenery—where, a beautiful combination of wood, rock, and water, produces such a necromantic effect, as almost leads one to credit the tales of tradition; which made this place the retreat of the renowned Guy, Earl of Warwick, when he dedicated his last years to repose and prayer."

Guy's Cave has all the appearance of being a natural cavity, though the lower part is hewn out of the rock, and bears the appearance of a grave, in which, as the tradition runs, that pious warrior was interred. The old legend, speaking in the person of Guy himself, thus relates the circumstances of his living here: After enumerating many valiant feats abroad, he says—

To England then I came with speede,  
To wedd fair Phelis ladye bright:  
For love of whome I travelled farr  
To try my manhood and my might.

But when I had espoused her,  
I stay'd with her but fortye dayes,  
Ere that I left this ladye faire,  
And went from her beyond the seas.

Here follows his achievements among the Saracens, and his deeds on his return, till he thus continues:—

At length to Warwicke I did come,  
 Like Pilgrime poore and was not knowne;  
 And there I liv'd a hermite's life  
 A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house  
 Out of a craggy rock of stone:  
 And lived like a Palmer poore,  
 Within that house, alone!

And dailye came to begg my bread  
 Of Phelis at my castle gate;  
 Not knowne unto my loving wife,  
 Who dailye mourned for her mate.

Till at the last I fell sore sicke,  
 Yea sicke, soe sore that I must die;  
 I sent to her a ringe of golde,  
 By which she knewe me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave  
 Before that I gave up the ghost;  
 Herself clos'd up my dying eyes:  
 My Phelis faire whom I lov'd most.

My body that endured this toyle,  
 Though now it be consumed to mold;  
 My statue fair engraven in stone,  
 In Warwicke still you may behold.

The picturesque Chapel, with the apartments under it, anciently the habitation of the Chantry Priests, and still remaining entire and unaltered, is well deserving of attention; as is the more modern mansion of Mr. Greatheed, enbosomed in the rocks, and romantic even to wildness. The principal front of this mansion has lately been entirely rebuilt in the architectural style of Elizabeth's time, under the direction, and from the plans, of Mr. Greatheed himself: the new Elizabeth dining-room, and the Elizabeth drawing-room, the front apartments on the ground floor, are noble and beautiful, and do great credit to the taste of their accomplished founder. The principal pictures worthy of notice, are—The Infant Saviour, a magnificent copy from Corregio, by Mr. Greatheed, Jun.; Shylock; a Portrait of Buonaparte; Lear and his Daughters; Some Family Portraits; a copy of Spagnoletto's Portrait of himself in the character of Diogenes; Atahualpa, Prince of Peru, discovering Pizarro's ignorance of the art of reading and writing; and an admirable picture of Lady Macbeth and her Husband. The whole of these beautiful pictures are by the gifted and lamented hand of the late heir to this property, and ornament what is called the old dining room. In the old drawing room is a Concert of Cupids and companion, by Luca



Giordano; a Landscape, by Zuccherelli; a fine view of the Scheldt, with the City of Dort, by Albert Cuyp; a Madonna and child; a copy, by Artaud, from Raphael; an Annunciation, by Bassano; Landscape, by Van Goyen; View in Venice, by Canaletto; a Boy currying a Horse, by Wouvermans; Moonlight Scene, by Kouwenhoven; Rape of Proserpine, and Triumph of Love, by S. Ricci; Venus and Adonis, by Netseher; and Dead Partridge, and Field Fare, by Biltius; besides a Head of Saint Peter, by Caravaggio; and some admirable Portraits by Cornelius Jansen, Sir Peter Lely, &c. In the gallery, or little drawing-room, are, a Jonas cast into the Sea, by Salvator Rosa; Cupids blowing Bubbles, by Castiglione; Sea Piece, by Vandervelde; Fruit, by Mario da Fiori; Nymph and Satyr, by Guercino; Landscape, by Waterloo; Interior of a Tabagie, by E. Hemskerck, Jun.; Falcons attacking a Heron, by Snyder; Potiphar's Wife, by Monge, from Carlo Cignani; St. Hubert, with the Portraits of himself and his Brother, by Hubert Van Eyck; an Interior, with a Dutch Concert burlesqued, by Van Lunders; and some highly finished Family and other Portraits, &c. by Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Artaud, &c. &c. In the Library is a fine Portrait of the late Mr. Greatheed, Jun. by

himself ; and in the new Elizabeth dining-room, is, The Cave of Despair, from Spenser's Fairy Queen, a picture every way worthy the Poet, by the same hand.

A cave is still shewn in the gardens, said to have been scooped in the rock by the daily labour of the superstitious Earl Guy, probably by way of penance for some imaginary crime. A well is also shewn in the pleasure grounds, called Guy's Well, where this religious kill-dragon is said to have slaked his daily thirst.

The following lines have been addressed to the proprietor of this beautiful spot.

Go, simple bard, invoke the nine,  
At Guy's Cliff, sweet recess !  
There a soft troop shall mildly shine,  
Thy humble harp to bless.

There Avon winds his pensive way,  
Serenely, clear and calm ;  
A stranger he to every wind,  
And every rude alarm.

O'er his soft stream the trees depend,  
To strew the falling leaf ;  
And seem, like charity, to send  
A constant dole to grief.

There Cynthia, in her silver way,  
Is faintly seen to gleam ;

And coyly sheds a virgin ray  
To kiss the gentle stream.

There once, we're told, in days of yore,  
That Guy, so great and brave,  
Was, fondly musing, seen to pore  
On soft Avona's wave.

For, in a cell of uncouth shape,  
With years and moss grown old,  
The mighty warrior made escape  
From British barons bold.

But soon a troop of barbed horse,  
With burnish'd lances rear'd,  
Pursue the hopeless hero's course,  
And near his cell appear'd.

Here round, and round they ride in vain,  
And rock and wood survey,  
But seek the spot with fruitless pain  
Where Guy of Warwick lay.

Then swore a rebel could not hide,  
Nor guilt e'er find retreat,  
Where Flora bloomed in tinted pride,  
And Avon roll'd so sweet!

Here long retir'd from loud alarms,  
And court's pernicious powers,  
He strew'd those limbs that rung with arms,  
With simple fading flowers.

Hence then, companion of his woes,  
 The rugged rock, so steep ;  
 Its dewy midnight blossom blows,  
 And long has learn'd to weep.

But now the nymphs of Avon's wave  
 Here take their nightly sport,  
 And treading light the gelid cave,  
 Here keep their nightly court.

Here wood, and rock, and grove contend  
 For elegance and grace;  
 And in the soft Avona blend  
 All Nature's beauteous face.

Here Meditation seems to glow  
 With more than mortal fires,  
 And through ideal worlds to go  
 To strike seraphic lyres !

Here oft the sound of distant bells  
 On gentle zephyrs float,  
 And oft to melancholy tells  
 The times when SHAKSPEARE wrote :

(Recalls our long forgotten friends,  
 In life once held so dear ;  
 And, o'er the hoary urn of time,  
 Arrests the falling tear.)

Here long, perhaps, he took his stand,  
 And o'er this stream might pore,  
 'Ere PROSPERO broke the enchanted wand,  
 And Ariel's song was o'er.

Here oft he sung of warlike deeds,  
 That stain'd Avona red ;  
 Who, in a bed of whisp'ring reeds,  
 Conceal'd his timid head.

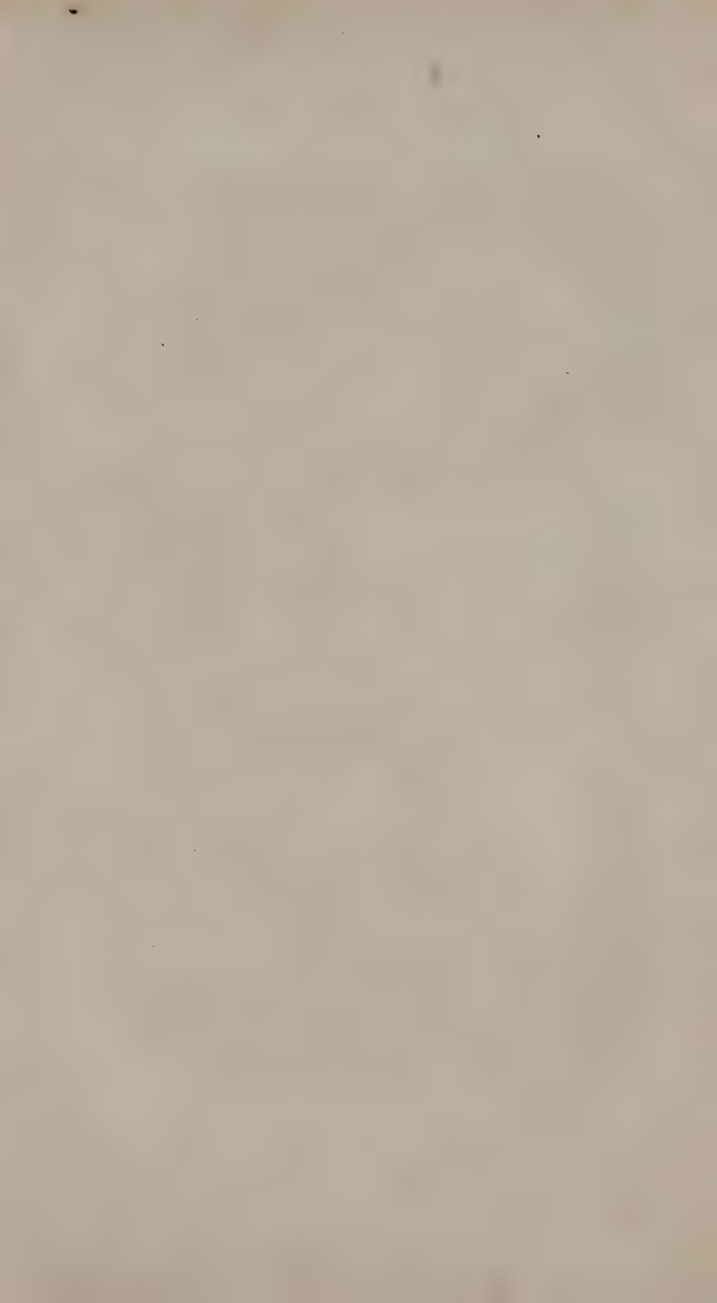
Here soar'd the bard to foreign climes,  
 Advent'rous like the stork ;  
 And daring sung the bloody crimes  
 Of Lancaster and York.

Then, oft as silence led the hours,  
 At eve retiring here,  
 He gather'd artless meadow flowers  
 For poor OPHELIA's bier.

In the last half dozen stanzas of this poem, Shakspeare is supposed to have made Guy's Cliff his favorite retirement ; an idea justified by his romantic mind, and the contiguity of the spot to Stratford upon Avon, his native place.

\*\*\*\*\*







*J. Harding del.*

*Printed by C. Marshall*

STONELEIGH ABBEY.

*Published by Messrs Elliott. 1824*

## STONELEIGH ABBEY.

Here let me rest in this sweet solitude,  
Where knaves and parasites shall ne'er intrude.  
No bacchanals are here, to give pretence  
For wild excess, or ruinous expence.  
In yon delicious wood I love to hear,  
Though strange may seem the notes, a welcome cheer.

To live *at home*, contemplative, to scorn  
Not hate mankind ; to be as 'twere new born,  
This is my warmest wish, sweet Poesy,  
Then will I dwell with woman, nature, Thee !  
Is not this better than among the crowd  
To fret, and gaze, and cringe before the proud ;  
To mix in politics, and play the fool,  
A would-be-Gracchus, or Corruptions tool ?

*Stoneleigh Abbey, May 6, 1817.*

*From Chandos Leigh's " Domestic Verses."  
(Privately Printed.)*

AFTER leaving Guy's Cliff, the next great object of interest in the environs of Leamington, is Stoneleigh Abbey, now the envied seat of the Muses, as well as of every natural beauty and benevolent virtue. Chandos Leigh, Esq. the heir apparent of T. H. Leigh, Esq. the present noble possessor of this princely pile, having proved himself by several public, exclusive of some privately, printed productions, no mean aspirant in the Byron school of

poetry. Should his maturer poems prove as superior to the lays of the wayward child, as his juvenile productions do to the poems of 'George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor,' his name will stand high indeed; and his presence prove the noblest charm of a retreat where every thing is charming. Stoneleigh (or Stonley,) anciently called, according to Dugdale, Stanef, (a stoney place), lies five miles north-east from Leamington. In visiting it, the reader will leave Lillington on his right, and turning up a lane, about a mile beyond, a finger post will point out the road through the village of Ashow to the abbey, or you may keep straight on by Blackdon mill, till you pass Chesford bridge: taking the first turning to the right, it will lead you by a new road to the Porter's Lodge; at which place the visitor will learn whether the Abbey can be seen or not; this is the best road.

In the little retired and tranquil village of Stonley, there is an ancient church, of Saxon or early Norman architecture, containing some very fine specimens of the round arches of the former, and the pointed windows of the latter. The Tower, which has much romantic irregularity in its formation, and is richly mantled with Ivy, presents a very picturesque object from its different points of view. The Vault of the Leigh family

is built under the Vestry, which contains three Monuments to the memory of different Members of that excellent family, whose benevolence, for ages, has been as unbounded as their wealth.

Stoneleigh is distinguished also by a set of Alms Houses, very neatly and substantially built of stone, for five men and five women, unmarried, founded by Alice, the Lady of Sir Thomas Leigh, Lord Mayor of London, at the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession. The objects of this Charity were to be nominated in the first instance by herself, and afterwards by her heirs.

Stoneleigh Abbey itself was founded in 1154, as a monastery for the reception of a fraternity of Cistercian monks; at the dissolution it was granted to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and by his heirs in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was sold to Sir Thomas Leigh, Lord Mayor of London, who erected the principal part of the present structure, and in whose family it has continued ever since; but little of the original Abbey now remains. The portion of the Abbey built by Sir Thomas Leigh, forms three sides of a quadrangle; the fourth side is occupied by an extensive and elevated structure of square form, with a regular and handsome front of the Corinthian order, erected about a century ago by Thomas



fourth Lord Leigh, after the design of Smith, the Architect, of Warwick.

The new road, extending two miles in length; the lodge, gateway, and bridge; were all carried into execution by J. H. Leigh, Esq. the present liberal possessor of the Abbey.

The woodlands and grounds, attached to this princely abode, are said to comprise nearly twenty-five thousand acres. Stoneleigh Abbey, with its beautiful gardens, noble bridge, romantic deer park, splendid apartments, spacious chapel, &c. &c. &c. is most delightfully situated in a scene of profound but pleasing seclusion: surrounded by towering and spreading woods, and having all the concomitants of water, rock, and meadow, that are generally considered necessary to the perfection of landscape, and a ride hither, whether he be fortunate enough to gain access to the interior of the magnificent mansion or not, will well repay the attention of the visitor.

The following lines, addressed by Mr. Chandos Leigh, the heir apparent of this noble spot, to the lady he has since married, will confirm our opinion of his poetical powers; an opinion that has since been sanctioned by the mighty Critics of the North.

## TO MISS ———,

ON HER RETURN FROM THE CONTINENT.

THOUGH "cloudless climes and starry nights"  
 Have fill'd thy soul with wild delights,  
 Though Rousseau's scenery around  
 Geneva's lake, seems haunted ground ;  
 Yet welcome home, thy voice is here,  
 Its warblings linger on mine ear :  
 Can Paris, insincere as gay,  
 Charm thee, but for a holiday ?  
 Or Gallia's flippant sons engage  
 A mind that loves Young's sacred page,  
 Or Schiller's dramas, when the soul  
 Spurns criticism's cold controul  
 As Tell strikes home for liberty,  
 And Gessler falls, and man is free.  
 Oft in thy absence have I gazed  
 On forms by glowing fancy raised !  
 Ideal forms——they could not please—  
 For thou wert brighter far than these !  
 Believe me, Mary, for thy sake  
 There's nought I would not undertake ;  
 Fan but ambition's flame, 'twill rise  
 And glare, like meteors through the skies.

Or bid me love domestic quiet,  
 My pulse, dear girl, shall cease to riot,  
 Thou, thou canst teach me to subdue  
 All feelings but a love that's true.  
 Yes to be thine, as through this vale  
 Of tears we journey on and wail;  
 Thine now, when every hope was gone,  
 As late I thought, thou loveliest one;  
 To hear that voice, to see, possess  
 Thy beauteous self, 'twere happiness  
 Too pure for me—that bounty given,  
 Witness my gratitude—Oh heaven.

*June 29th, 1817.*

## EXCURSION TO KENILWORTH.

Next Kenilworth thy fame invites the song!

JAGO, *Edge Hills.*

The nearest way to Kenilworth is through<sup>h</sup> the cross-road, which turns up on the east side of Leamington New Town, opposite Union Parade, by the way of Lillington, and leads past Blackdon Mill, which formerly belonged to the monks of Combe; and over Chesford bridge, an ancient structure, composed of three straggling arches, which crosses the Avon, about three miles from Leamington, and which was, till very lately, finely ornamented with moss and ivy; passing this bridge, and pursuing the strait road one mile further on, it leads you directly to the entrance of the town. The other road is from Leamington Old Town, through Myton Turnpike to Warwick, crossing the Warwick and Birmingham Canal, past Guy's Cliff on the right, through the rich groves of which a glimpse of the mansion itself is caught from the bottom of a darkly shaded vista, formed by parallel rows of firs, magnificent with age and beauty; Guy's Cliff Mill, which stood coeval with the conquest, immediately adjoins; further on to the left, stands the toll-gate, beyond which, on the same side, the first mile from Warwick, is Blacklow hill,

crowned by tufts of evergreens, memorable, as the spot on which Piers Gaveston was beheaded, which event occurred July 1, 1312, by order of the rebel Barons, contrary to the law of arms and the agreement entered into between them. Cut in the rock, near the summit of the hill, are still to be seen his name, and the year of his death, but evidently carved by some modern hand. Opposite Blacklow Hill, on the right, the windings of the Avon present themselves in the most picturesque manner, in a lengthened course. Beyond, on a rising ground, the little recluse village of Milverton appears. Crossing a bridge, over a small stream, which falls into the Avon, at the second mile, the road, deeply cut in the solid rock, passes through the village of Leek Wootton; leaving which, and crossing a new bridge, at the third mile, over another small stream, called Holbrooke, on the summit of a soft rise, stands a good farm-house, called the Grange, immediately beyond which Kenilworth opens to view. Kenilworth stands about five miles south-west from Coventry, and about the same distance from Warwick, whilst through the cross-road, it is about the same distance from Leamington; thus its seat is almost central between the three places. The road from Warwick passing through Kenilworth to Coventry, is undoubtedly one of the best and most pleasant, both for excel-



lence of condition and beauty of prospect, in England, and is so strait, that in one part, two mile-stones may be seen from the same spot, a very unusual thing in England, though common enough in France ; one of the mile-stones is on an eminence. Kenilworth chiefly consists of one irregular street, extending nearly a mile in length, along the turn-pike road, with collateral branches shooting from it on either side, one of which forms itself into a very considerable street. The houses (many of which are spacious and handsome modern buildings) mostly stand detached from each other ; and all, including even the humblest cottages, have a particularly neat and comfortable appearance. The whole town has a remarkably clean and genteel look with it, and the neighbourhood around is spoken of as being very sociable and select. Though a market town, having a weekly market, held every Wednesday, granted by Queen Elizabeth, in the eighth year of her reign, through the good offices of her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, it has, perhaps, more the air of a prosperous country village ; near the centre of the main street the town rises on an eminence, which encircles and encloses a very charming little vale, delightfully interspersed with those principal concomitants of beautiful landscape, wood and water, the houses being built on the brow of this eminence ; but the

description of the poet Jago, will best depict this part of the town; speaking of Kenilworth, which he styles,

“ Assemblage sweet, of social and serene !  
 But chiefly two fair streets in adverse rows,  
 Their lengthen'd front extend, reflecting each  
 Beauty on each reciprocal. Between,  
 A verdant valley, slop'd from either side,  
 Forms the mid space, where, gently gliding, flows  
 A crystal stream, beneath the mouldering base  
 Of an old abbey's venerable walls.  
 Still further in the vale her castle lifts  
 Its stately towers, and tottering battlements,  
 Dress'd with the rampant ivy's uncheck'd growth luxuriant.

Kenilworth is supposed to derive its name from some ancient possessor, a Kenil, the syllable “ worthe” signifying a dwelling-place. Before the Conquest, it belonged to the Crown, but in the reign of Henry the first, it was given to Gefforey de Clinton, to whom it was under great obligation, he having been the builder of its priory and castle, but of him hereafter. At present Kenilworth belongs to various proprietors; the manor of the castle is the inheritance of the Earls of Clarendon, it has some considerable manufactories, for horn combs, and some chemical works for making sal ammoniac and Prussian blue. Its population is between two and three thousand, and it has about

five hundred houses; the church has a spire steeple, and is dedicated to St. Nicholas; the King being patron. The principal inns, are the King's Arms, and the Two Virgins. A yearly fair is held every Midsummer-day, and there is a statute in September, for the hiring of servants, which is highly attractive and amusing, it is attended by a great number of persons from different parts in the neighbourhood, and is well worthy of a visit from the stranger. On the whole, Kenilworth is distinguished for its healthiness and pleasant situation, but what chiefly renders it an object of curiosity are the ruins of its castle, which, from the many memorable events associated with it in our early history, and from the circumstance of its being the scene of one of the great Northern Novelist's matchless productions,\* has now become one of the classic spots of the country, and to which we now hasten to pay our respects.

\* Kenilworth, a Romance, by the Author of Waverly, in 3 vols. 18mo.

## RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

—————Hail, Clinton! hail!

Thy Norman founder, still yon neighbouring green  
And massy walls, with style imperial grac'd  
Record. The Montfords, thee with hardy deeds,  
And memorable siege by Henry's arms,  
And senatorial acts, that bear thy name,  
Distinguish. Thee the bold Lancastrian line,  
A regal train! from valiant Gaunt deriv'd,  
Grace with new lustre, till Eliza's hand  
'Transferr'd thy walls to Leicester's favor'd Earl.  
He long, beneath thy roof, the maiden Queen  
And all her courtly guests, with rare device  
Of mask, and emblematic scenery,  
Tritons, and sea nymphs, and the floating isle,  
Detain'd. Nor feats of prowess, just, or tilt  
Of harness'd knights, nor rustic revelry  
Were wanting: nor the dance, and sprightly mirth  
Beneath the festive walls, with regal state,  
And choicest luxury serv'd. But regal state,  
And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof,  
Are now no more.

*JAGO's Edge Hill.*

KENILWORTH CASTLE, of whose original strength and beauty, these ruinous remains will give a more adequate idea than the most labored description, was founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer to King Henry the 1st.\* Geoffrey, according to the Warwickshire Antiquary, Rous, was a Norman and Grandson to William de Tankerville, Chamberlain of Normandy, by

\* Registr de Kenilworth.—p. 1.



Engraved by J. Smith

# RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE N.W.

Published by Messrs Elliston 1824





Maud, his wife, daughter of William de Arches.† This, however, is disputed by a cotemporary writer, Ordericus Vitalis,‡ who affirms he was a man of mean parentage, and owed his rise entirely to the extraordinary talents he possessed, and the profuse favor of his sovereign, by whom he was afterwards raised to the high trust and dignity of Lord Chief Justice of England. The Manor of Kenilworth being bestowed upon him, among other large possessions, by the liberality of Henry; Geoffrey following the castle-building rage of that period, raised the original structure of this ‘far famed pile,’ in which, says Dugdale, ‘he much delighted, by reason of its spacious woods, and that large and pleasant lake lying amongst them.’ Geoffrey also founded the Monastery of Black Canons, of the order of Saint Augustine, which was most profusely endowed by him and his posterity, and became one of the richest in the kingdom, before the dissolution; it was advanced to an Abbey, and according to a survey taken in the 26th Henry VIII. was valued at £533. 15s. 4d. per annum, over and above reprises, &c. After continuing 430 years, it was surrendered by its last Abbot, Simon Jekys, and sixteen monks, to that absolute monarch, who granted the site of it to one of his courtiers, Sir Andrew Flamok; from

† Rot. 1. Rouſ.      ‡ Ord. Vit. p. 803.

him, it went through his grand-daughter and heiress, to John Colburn, Esq. of Morton Morrell, who was frightened out of it by the Earl of Leicester; the only fragments of it now remaining are part of a wall, and the ruins of a Gothic gateway, called Tantarra, which is situated at the bottom of the descent from the town into the vale. The monastery stood east of the castle, near the church; the castle, on the death of Geoffroy, descended to his son, and from him it was transferred to the crown, and garrisoned by King Henry the II, in the 11th year of his reign, on the rebellion of his eldest son. In the reign of Henry the III. this castle was used as a prison, and justices were twice appointed to attend the gaol delivery; considerable repairs and additions were made to the castle in this reign, particularly in the twenty-fourth year, the chapel was ceiled, wainscoted, and embellished with paintings, handsome seats were made for the King and Queen, the bell tower was repaired, the Queen's chamber enlarged, and the walls on the south side next the pool entirely rebuilt. Two years after this, Gilbert de Seagrave was appointed governor of this castle, for the King, by letters patent; and in 1254, Simon Montford and Elanor his wife, sister to Henry, had the trust of it for life; Simon much strengthened and enlarged the castle, but afterwards ungratefully

joining the Barons in their rebellion against their sovereign, he made Sir John Giffard its governor, and constituted it the strong hold of the insurgent nobles. But he was soon rewarded for his treachery, for in the battle of Evesham, August, 1265, where he commanded the rebel troops against the royal forces, he and his son Henry were both killed, and his youngest son Simon only escaped, by taking shelter in the castle, with other fugitive nobles; here this young and daring rebel, for some months committed all sorts of excesses, he and his associates became regular banditti, and were in the frequent habit of making sallies from the castle, in which they plundered and mal-treated every one that fell in their power, burning the cottages of the peasantry who would not assist them, and rioting, squandering, and domineering in the most arbitrary manner, so that they were usually stiled the *Robber Knights*. Their outrageous conduct so provoked the aged Henry, that at length he marched his army against them in person, suddenly entering the town, and appearing before the castle in battle array. This so alarmed young Simon, that he, dastard like, withdrew to France; and left the castle under the government of Henry de Hastings, who, in spite of all proposals to surrender, sustained a six month's siege with such resolution, that the King's forces were obliged to turn

it into a blockade. The King then held a convention at Kenilworth, and hoped to allure the besieged, by issuing the famous "*Dictum de Kenilworth*," allowing all persons whose estates had been confiscated in this rebellion, excepting Hastings, Montford's family, and a few others, to redeem them, by a pecuniary fine; the clause against Montford's party seems so curious, that we shall extract it, "*Knights and Esquires, who are robbers, and among the principal robbers in wars and plunderings; if they have no lands, but have goods, shall pay half of their goods for their redemption, and find sufficient sureties henceforth to keep the peace of the King and kingdom.*" This bait failed of its lure, and the Castle still holding out, it was resolved to storm it. In the mean time a pestilence broke forth in the garrison, and their provisions began to fail; the governor and his followers in consequence, accepted the magnanimous terms proposed, under those circumstances, by the King, and gave him possession of the Castle, December 21st, 1216, having four days allowed them to remove their horses, arms, and goods. On this the King publicly returned thanks, and gave the Castle to his youngest son, Edmund, Earl of Leicester, by the attain of the Montford's, afterwards created Earl of Lancaster. In the seventh year of Edward the 1st, 1286, a chivalric meeting was held in this



Castle, at the instigation of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, consisting of one hundred Knights, English and Foreign, of high distinction, and the same number of Ladies, this meeting created a great bustle at the time, and was numerously attended by persons from all parts; the Knights exercised themselves by tournaments in the tilt yard, Roger being the principal challenger, and the Ladies in dancing; as it was a professed revival of the festival of the Round Table, all the customs and ceremonials were observed, they stiled themselves the Society of the Round Table, and were seated at one, in order to avoid contentions about precedence; at this festival, silks it is said were first worn in England; it began on the eve of St. Matthew, and continued till the festival of St. Michael. On the attainter of Thomas, son of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, in the fifteenth of Edward the second, the Castle was seized by the Crown, and two years after this Odo de Stoke held it for the King, who intended it as a place of retirement for himself. This, his seizure in Wales, by Henry, Earl of Lancaster, brother of the attainted Thomas, in the rebellion, his favoritism, insolence, and prodigality had occasioned, prevented, and he was brought to Kenilworth, a prisoner. Here he was compelled to sign his abdication, and was privately removed to Berkeley Castle, where he was most inhumanly

murdered, Sept. 21st, 1327. In the first of Edward the third, the Castle was restored to Henry, the before-mentioned Earl of Lancaster, whose son Henry, Duke of Lancaster, leaving only two daughters, the Castle fell on partition to the youngest, Blanche; from her, it went by her marriage to John of Gaunt, afterwards created Duke of Lancaster. This celebrated nobleman, in the latter part of the reign of the ill-fated Richard the second, made considerable additions to the Castle; he began the structure of most of the buildings now remaining, except one of the towers which was built before, and completed the centre walls and turrets, which were called after him, and still retain the name of *Lancaster's Buildings*. About this period, Richard the second is supposed to have lodged with his Court at this Castle, when he went to preside at the duel that was to have been fought between Henry, Duke of Hereford, afterwards Henry the fourth, and the Duke of Norfolk, at Coventry. On John of Gaunt's death, the Castle descended to his son Henry of Hereford, and when he ascended the throne, became the property of the Crown; through which, in the subsequent disputes between the houses of York and Lancaster, it was alternately taken by the adherents to the white and red rose, till in the fifth of Queen Elizabeth, it was bestowed upon her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester,

whose ambitious designs, and secret marriage with the ill-fated and lovely Amy Robart, form the story of the matchless romance that has of late years rendered this spot so interesting and celebrated. Dudley spared no cost in beautifying and embellishing it; he expended upwards of fifty thousand pounds in building the spacious gate-house, or porters' lodge on the south (now a farm-house); the Gallery, Mortimer's Tower, and the stately pile on the south-east, called after him *Leicester's Buildings*. But the most memorable circumstance in the history of this Castle was the Royal Fete, of seventeen days continuance, which was given by this aspiring Earl to Queen Elizabeth, and her court, at the expence of one thousand pounds a day; at this fete thirty-one Barons, besides the Ladies of the Queen's household, attended by four hundred servants, in new liveries, were all lodged in the Castle, and all the Earl's Gentlemen, who waited at table, were clothed in velvet. The quantity of beer alone which was drank in the Castle, during this time, amounted to three hundred and twenty hogsheads, independantly of a commensurate quantity of wine and liquors. The daily consumption being sixteen hogsheads of wine, forty hogsheads of beer, and ten oxen slaughtered every morning. A particular account of the royal visit and noble reception was published by the Poet

*Gascoign*, who accompanied the Queen under the title of “ *The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle* ;” and by one *Laneham*, a gentleman attendant on the Queen, in the form of “ *A Letter, wherein part of the entertainment unto the Queenz Majesty, at Killingwoorth Castle, in Warwick Sheer, in this Soomerz Progrez, 1575, iz signified from a Freend, Officer, attendant in the Court, unto his Freend, &c.*” From Isaac Reed’s literatim reprint of the latter, we shall make such extracts as will give the reader a complete idea of the whole of this extraordinary transaction; and being related by an eye witness, and published at that time, there can be no doubt of their truth; they present an admirable picture of the luxuriance, plenty, and gallantry of Elizabeth’s reign. After her journey from London, which this amazonian performed entirely on horseback, she stopped at Long Itchington, where she dined; and hunting on the way, arrived at the Castle, on Saturday, July 9, 1575, where she was received by a person representing “one of the ten sybills, cumly clad in a pall of white sylk, who pronounced a proper poezie in English rime and meeter,” on the happiness her presence produced wherever it appeared; concluding with a prediction of her future eminence and success.

On her entrance into the tilt-yard, continues honest *Laneham*, “a Porter, tall of person, and

stern of countenance, wrapt also in sylk, with a club and keiz of quantitee according, in a rough speech, full of passions, in meter aptly made to the purpose," demanded the cause of all this "din and noise, and riding about within the charge of his office,"—but upon seeing the Queen, as if he had been instantaneously stricken, he falls down upon his knees, humbly begs pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates and free passage to all.

After this pretty device, six trumpeters "clad in long garments of sylk, who stood upon the wall of the gate, with their silvery trumpets of five foot long, sounded a tune of welcome;" these "harmonious blasters, walking upon the walls, maintained their delectable music, while her highness, all along the tilt-yard, rode into the inner-gate," where she was surprized "with the sight of a *floating island*, on the large pool, on which was placed a beautiful female figure, representing the Lady of the Lake, supported by two Nymphs surrounded by *blazing torches*, and many ladies clad in rich silks as attendants; whilst the Genii of the Lake greeted her Majesty with "a well-penned meeter," on "the auncientee of the castle," and the hereditary dignity of the Earls of Leicester. This pageant was closed with a burst of cornets and other music, and a new scene was presented



to view. Within the base court, and over a dry valley leading to the castle gates, “waz thear framed a *fayr bridge, twenty feet wide, and seventy feet long*, with seven posts that stood twelve feet asunder, and thickened between with well proportioned turned pillars;” over which, as her Majesty passed, she was presented by persons representing several of the *heathen gods and goddesses*, with various appropriate offerings, which were piled up, or hung in elegant order on both sides the entrance, and upon different posts; from Sylvanus, God of the Woods, “live bitters, curluz, godwitz, and such like dainty byrds;” from Pomona, “applez, pearz, lemmans, &c.,” from Ceres, “sheaves of various kinds of corn (all in earz green and gold);” from Bacchus, grapes “in clusters, whyte and red;” various specimens of fish from Neptune; arms from Mars; and, musical instruments from Apollo.

A Latin inscription over the Castle, explained the whole; this was read to her by a poet, “in a long ceruleous garment, with a bay garland on his head, and a skro in his hand. So passing into the inner court, her Majesty (that never rides but alone) thear set down from her palfrey, was conveyed up to a chamber, when after did follo a great peal of gunz and lightning by fyr-work.” Besides these, every diversion the romantic and gallant imagination of that period could devise, was presented for

the amusement of her Majesty and the court—tilts, tournaments, deer hunting in the park, savage man, satyrs, bear and bull baitings, Italian tumblers and rope dancers, a country bridal ceremony, prize-fighting, running at the quintin, morris dancing, and brilliant fireworks in the grandest style and perfection; during all this time the tables were loaded with the most sumptuous cheer. On the pool was a Triton riding on a Mermaid, eighteen feet long, and an Arion on a dolphin, who entertained the regal visitant with an excellent piece of music.

The old Coventry play of Hock Tuesday, founded on the massacre of the Danes, in 1002, was also performed here, “by certain good-hearted men of Coventry,” at the head of whom was that renowned bibliomaniac, Captain Cox, the very mention of whose *library* has such a magical effect on all the *black-letter collectors* of the day. In this play was represented, “the outrage and importable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Hunna, King Ethelred’s chieftain in wars, his counselling and contriving the plot to dispatch them; the violent encounters of the Danish and English knights on horseback, armed with spear and shield; and afterwards between hosts of footmen, which at length ended in the Danes being beaten down, overcome, and led captive by our English women; whereat her Majesty laught, and rewarded the

performers with two bucks and five marks in money." For the greater honour of this splendid entertainment, Sir Thomas Cecil, son and heir to the Lord Burleigh, and four other gentlemen of note were knighted; and in compliment to the Queen, and to evince the Earl's hospitable disposition. Laneham observes, "that the clock bell sang not a note all the while her Highness was there: the clock stood also still withal, the hands of both the tables stood firm and fast, *always pointing at two o'clock, the hour of banquet.*" Such is a slight but accurate account of this far famed fete, which had never been equalled, and has never been excelled; in which the refinement of music and poetry, and the pageantries of chivalry and romance, conspired to heighten the pleasures of sense, and temper the exuberances of luxuriance; of the Castle at this period, our illustrious novelist whose descriptions are distinguished for their historical truth and accuracy, has given us the following animated account.

"At length the princely Castle appeared, upon improving which, and the domains around, the Earl of Leicester had, it is said, expended sixty thousand pounds sterling, a sum equal to half a million of our present money.

"The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure

garden, with its trim arbours and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble Castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there emblazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favorite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the Castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity. It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so called. Some antiquaries ascribed its foundation to the time of Kenelph, from whom the Castle had its name, a Saxon King of Mercia, and others to an early æra after the Norman conquest. On the exterior walls frowned the scutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I. and of the yet more redoubted Simon de Montford, by whom, during the Barons' Wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Henry III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for

his rise and his fall, had once gaily revelled, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II. languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, "time honoured Lancaster," had widely extended the Castle, erecting that noble and massive pile which yet bears the name of Lancasters buildings; and Leicester himself had out-done the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. The external wall of this royal Castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the Castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house or barbican, which still exists, and is equal in extent and superior in architecture, to the baronial Castle of many a northern chief.

"Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the Castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. We cannot but add, that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and



siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the Castle only serve to shew what their splendour once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment.\*

On the departure of Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester continued to make Kenilworth his occasional residence, till his death in 1588, when he bequeathed it to his brother, Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, and after his death to his own son, the learned and accomplished Sir Robert Dudley; his legitimacy being questioned, on account of the private manner in which his father had married Lady Douglas Sheffield, and his second marriage, in her life time, with Lady Lettice, relict of the Earl of Essex, Sir Robert, in disgust, quitted the kingdom; and under pretence of his absence, though he travelled *avec permission de la roi*, his castle and estates were seized by a decree of that infamous court, the Star-Chamber, and given to Henry, son of James I.

At this period a regular survey of the Castle and its dependancies was made by the king's officers,

\* Kenilworth, vol. 2. p. 332.

which we extract from Dugdale,\* to shew its condition and extent.

“ The Castle of Kenilworth, *situate upon a Rock.*”

1. “ The circuit thereof, *within the walls*, containeth *seven acres*, upon which the walks are so spacious and fair, that two or three persons together may walk upon most places thereof.

2. “ The Castle, with four gate houses, all built of free-stone, hewn and cut; *the walls*, in many places, *of fifteen and ten foot thickness*, some more, some less; the least four foot in thickness square.

3. “ The Castle and four gate-house, *all covered with lead*, whereby it is subject *to no other decay than the glass*, through the extremity of the weather.

4. “ The rooms of great state within the same, and such as are able to receive his Majestie, the Queen and Prince at one time; built with as much uniformity and convenience as any houses of latter time; and with such *stately Cellars*, all carried upon pillars, and architecture of free-stone, carved and wrought, *as the like are not within this Kingdom*; and also all other houses for offices answerable.

5. " There lyeth about the same in Chases and Parks £1200. per annum; £900. whereof are grounds for pleasure; the rest in meadow and pasture thereto adjoining Tenants and Freeholders.

6. " There joineth upon this ground, a Park-like ground, called the King's Wood, with fifteen several Copices lying all together, containing 789 acres within the same, which, in the Earl of Leicester's time, were stored with Red Deer: since which the Deer strayed, but the ground in no sort blemished, having great store of timber, and other trees of much value upon the same.

7. " There runneth through the said grounds, by the walls of the Castle, a fair Pool, containing 111 acres, well stored with fish and fowl, which, at pleasure, is to be let round about the Castle.

8. " In timber and woods upon this ground to the value, (as hath been offered), of £20,000. (having a convenient time to remove them) which, to his Majestie, in the survey, are but valued at £11,722. which proportion, in a like measure, is held in all the rest upon the other values to his Majestie.

9. " The circuit of the Castle, Mannours, Parks, and Chase, lying round together, contain, at least, *nineteen or twenty miles in a pleasant countrey*; the like both for strength, state, and pleasure, not being within the realm of England.

10. " These lands have been surveyed by Commissioners from the King and the Lord Privy Seal, with directions from his Lordship to find all things *under the true worth*, and upon Oath of Jurors as Freeholders as customary tenants, which course being held by them, are notwithstanding surveyed and returned at £38,554. 15s. 0d. out of which for Sir Robert Dudley's contempt, there is to be deducted £10,000. and for the Lady Dudley's joynture, which is without impeachment of wast, whereby she may fell all the woods, which by the survey, amount unto £11,722."

Scorning to possess the estate on such terms, while Sir Robert Dudley was unjustly condemned to remain in a foreign country, Prince Henry offered to pay the sum of £14,500. for the Castle and its appendages. Of this very inadequate sum, owing to Prince Henry's death, only £3,000. was paid, and even that did not reach Sir Robert, being paid through the hands of a merchant who proved insolvent.

The Castle on Henry's death went into the possession of his brother Charles the first, strangely stiled the Martyr, who granted it to Carey, Earl of Monmouth; but the downfall of this giant structure was fast approaching. During the civil wars it was seized by Cromwell, and by him given to some of his officers. These rapacious desperadoes,

to whom kingly grandeur was a joke, and who had so sort of sensibility for the beauteous and majestic, soon reduced it to what it now is, a pile of ruins. They drained the lake which once flowed over so many hundred acres, ravished the woods, dismantled the towers, beat down the walls, choked up its fair walks, and rooted out its pleasant gardens; destroyed the park, and divided and appropriated the lands. How justly at this period might the unfortunate Dudley, its rightful heir, had he been still living, have used to these despoilers the words of Shakespear's Bolingbroke: who, it will be remembered, was one of Dudley's predecessors in the possession of the Castle and its appendages.

——— You have fed upon my signiories,  
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;  
 From my own windows torn my household coat,  
 Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—  
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—  
 To shew the world I am a gentleman:  
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,  
 Condemns you ;———

On the restoration of Charles the second, the estate and ruins of the Castle were granted to Lawrence Viscount Hyde, of Kenilworth, second son of the celebrated Lord High Chancellor, created Baron of Kenilworth, and Earl of Rochester; and



by the marriage of a female heiress descended from him, passed in 1752 into the possession of Thomas Villiers, Baron Hyde, son of the Earl of Jersey, who was advanced in 1776 to the dignity of Earl of Clarendon; in the possession of whose son it still remains. In celebration of the Peace of 1814, that wonderful and romantic year, these *ruins* were with very bad taste *illuminated*, this was indeed putting a taper in a scull, and mocking fallen greatness. We need scarcely say it produced no other effect than *disappointment*. If we may be allowed to dictate the most effective time for visiting these remarkable ruins, we should say in the words of Scott,—

If thou would'st view fair "Kenilworth" right,  
Go *visit it* by the pale *moonlight*;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the *ruins* gray.  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the *ruin'd central tower*;  
Then gaze thy fill, and  
—— home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair.

Kenilworth Castle, as it now stands, presents a vast and magnificent range of ruins, seated proudly on an eminence, and extending round

three sides of a spacious inner court, exhibiting in solemn profusion, mouldering walls, dismantled towers, shattered staircases, and broken battlements, with innumerable fragments of arches, doorways, and windows, many of them still rich with ornament and tracery, anticly festooned with ivy, and enwreathed with many-coloured moss. In surveying these ruins, the skill and solidity of the builders of 'the olden time,' are most conspicuously apparent; and many visitants, we have no doubt, will like us, when gazing on these remains, be tempted to exclaim, that the art of building is lost in the wreck of years;\* and that the grandeur, strength, beauty, airiness, and variety of ancient structures, are but ill re-placed by the snugness and comfort of modern erections; indeed we cannot sufficiently admire the ingenuity and stability

\* "There is a tradition, (says Mr. Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*,) that Sir Christopher Wren went once a year to survey the roof of the Chapel of King's College; and said that, if any man would shew him where to place the first stone, he would engage to build such another." A plain proof this, (says the antiquary Cole in Vol. 1. of his *MS. collections in the British Museum*,) that, notwithstanding, all our vain boastings of refinement on the sciences above our ancestors, one of our greatest architects was modest and honest enough to own, that, though he could build St. Paul's Cathedral, yet such a light Gothic structure as this Chapel was beyond his art and abilities.

of design so manifest in these ruins, the endless number of apartments, the magnitude and grandeur of some, and the sly concealment of others; the facilities of ingress and regress, and command of prospect on all sides, that is every where so visible; the variety of galleries and staircases winding and ascending in every direction, and the wilderness of passages and partitions. To the lover of fiction, no less than the student of fact, these ruins must prove highly interesting. Here all the horrors of romance and softer interests of novel might find a scene, and procure a local habitation. Cells built in the solid walls, dungeons impervious to the light of day; towers hanging in the viewless air; caverns and confessionals, ramparts and sally ports, turrets and buttresses, and all those ingredients rendered so horribly relishing, by the works of Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and their disciples. In these ruins art and nature seem earnestly at strife: gigantic shrubs are discovered, forcing their way through the crevices of yielding walls, or towering from the heights of lofty battlements; the clustering ivy clings in thick masses round the trunks of slender turrets, as if it wished to bear them down to earth; every object, in fact, excites surprize and awe, by the vastness of its decay, and the grandeur of its ruin.

The entrance to the Castle is from the north,

(crossing a spot still called, after the original founder, Clinton-Green,) by the great gate-house, raised by the Earl of Leicester. This, as is evident from Mr. Aston's beautiful print of Kenilworth Castle, as it appeared in 1620, engraved by Radclyffe, after the drawing made by Henry Beighton in 1716, from the original painting in fresco at Newnham Padox, was a grand square structure; through the centre of this, between four turrets under a lofty archway, now walled up and formed into two large rooms for a dwelling-house, was formerly the principal entrance. It is the most entire of the whole, being in very fine preservation, and forms, at present, the residence of Mr. William Boddington, a farmer, whose honest frankness and hearty civility are highly spoken of. In one of the ground-floor apartments, which we have before alluded to, is a large and curious chimney-piece, the upper part of carved wood, the lower of alabaster, wainscoted with some original oak wainscoting, taken from Leicester's Buildings, exhibiting, amongst other decorations, the arms, crest, motto, and initials (R. L.) of the princely, but unprincipled, Leicester. Passing by the side of this gate-house, and advancing towards the main ruins, scattered fragments of this immense pile are seen in various states of decay, at some distance towards the left; consisting chiefly of Cæsar's Tower, and parts of Leicester's

and Lancaster's Buildings. On this side, at the corner, is Lun's Tower, near it are the stables, and beyond those the Water Tower, from this a massy wall, in which there is still a considerable apartment, led to Mortimer's Tower, standing in a south-west direction to Leicester's Buildings. Mortimer's Tower was a broad, oblong building, rounded at both sides, commanding the orchard on one side, and the lake on the other ; and having a spacious gateway, leading from the tilt-yard, by a fair path into the gardens, this side the main buildings ; beyond Mortimer's Tower, extending in a strait line of two hundred and forty feet, was the Tilt-yard, where the celebrated tournament of the Round Table was held, and where Queen Elizabeth was met by the tall stern porter : it was enclosed with broad massy walls, upon which, as we have before stated, the ' harmonious blasters,' walked and welcomed the maiden Queen with their ' silvery trumpets,' a custom they were wont to practice, upon the arrival of every great personage. There was a water-gate, led out from the tilt-yard to the lake ; the waters of which washed its walls, and flowed all round the south-west part of the Castle, from Leicester's to Lancaster's Buildings, past the Pleasance, up to the Garden, or Swan Tower, an octagonal structure, forming the extremity of the Castle buildings, on the north-west side. The Tilt-yard was terminated by



the Gallery Tower, a large square building, with a portcullis gateway, the southern entrance to the castle from Warwick, London, &c. and through which Queen Elizabeth entered, and was received by the sybil; from this spot and the tilt-yard, a very good view of the whole grand mass of ruins may be gained, but there is, perhaps, a better one from the adjoining meadows. But, to return to the main structure, crossing the base-court, from the gate-house before mentioned, and inclining a little towards the right, past Cæsar's Tower, you are led into the inner court, now easily accessible by the total destruction of a range of buildings, called King Henry's Lodgings, and some others, called Sir Robert Dudley's Lobby. These extended from Cæsar's Tower to Leicester's Buildings, and connecting them together, completed the quadrangle of the inner court, leaving only a space for the gateway entrance.

Cæsar's Tower is supposed to be the only part of the original fortress now in existence; its name does not allude to any particular circumstance connected with it; it was the common one bestowed upon similar buildings at that period, from the Roman neighbourhood in which they were situated, as in the case of Cæsar's Tower at Warwick Castle. This tower was originally a vast square structure, and as it was the earliest, so it is

still the most durable and perfect part of the whole building; in some places the walls are *sixteen feet thick*; three sides of it are still standing, the fourth was destroyed by Cromwell's despoilers. The interior of this tower seems to have been formed into one vast room on a floor, with closets and recesses, scooped out of the solid walls. Some of the paintings on the wall of the great staircase, which was situate in the south-west angle of the structure, are still, or were till very lately, visible; as was also the place where the clock was fastened on the outside wall. Adjoining Cæsar's Tower, on the west side, are the three kitchens, of which there is only sufficient remaining to shew their situation and compass. Beyond these is the Strong Tower, the top of which may be safely and readily gained. It commands an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, particularly the village and church of Honily; this, and the whole of Leicester's Buildings, though the last erected, look the oldest, and are likely to be the first to fall, the walls being of inferior thickness, and built of a brown friable stone. Leaving the Strong Tower, the magnificent Hall of Entertainment, or Banqueting Room, forming part of Lancaster's Buildings, is discovered; it is here Queen Elizabeth was principally feasted, it is a grand apartment lighted up by noble windows, with lofty arches and rich tracery,

beautifully festooned with ivy, and formerly looked out, on one side, upon the lake: it was eighty-six feet long and forty-five wide; beyond it, to the right, is a recess, called by the vulgar Queen Elizabeth's Dressing Room, from a tradition that she had formerly used it for the purpose of attiring. Turning easterly, the White Hall, Presence Chamber, and Privy Chamber, are successively seen, though but little at present remains of them, save fragments of mouldering walls, shattered windows, and broken staircases. Near this spot the Sally-Port may also be traced, and through an archway a little beyond, the Pleasance (now an orchard,) which led round to the ornamental gardens, hanging on the bank, just below the castle wall, where, says a writer of that time, was formerly "a fountain," "*a noble terrace*, with a bower at each end," "a sumptuous aviary," and "statues of several HEATHEN DEITIES," some of the ornaments are delineated in Mr. Aston's view. The Terrace, which was high and broad, conducted, in an angular direction, from the great Gate-House to Cæsar's Tower, and running down by the north-west side of Cæsar's Tower and Lancaster's Buildings hung over the front pleasure-gardens on the north, a grand flight of steps led to the principal entrance of Lancaster's Buildings within the enclosed quadrangle, to the north-west

corner, in a line with the entrance from King Henry's Lodgings, and a grand flight of steps, if we may trust the Newnham Padox fresco view of 1620, conducted in a parallel direction to Cæsar's Tower. Besides its numerous fortified walls, towers, &c. the castle was defended on the east and north by high banks and a spacious pool forming a formidable moat, while on the west and south it had the lake.

At the time we last visited the ruins, a suite of subterranean apartments had, we understood, been lately discovered. The best point of prospect, of the whole ruins, is supposed to be from the rising ground, north-west, near the road from Honiley to Warwick. We shall forbear torturing our readers with *prosing* reflections, on the instability of human grandeur, the insufficiency of mortal power, and the brevity of human existence, with all those trite truism comparisons, between the present and the past, which these ruins may well be supposed to excite, and present them, by way of variety, with a poetical effusion on the subject, *written on the spot*, according to the approved precedent in such cases.

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# ODIE

ON

## The Ruins of Kenilworth Castle.

“ Why sit's thou by that ruin'd hall,  
Thou aged carle, so stein and grey ?  
Dost thou its former pride recall,  
Or ponder how it pass'd away ?”

THE ANTIQUARY, v. i. p. 227.

THY foes have triumph'd o'er thee, yet they conquer'd but  
in part,

For only thy destruction could have shewn how strong  
thou wert ;

And though thou'rt sad and prostrate now, yet still dost  
thou display.

The magnificence of ruin and the beauty of decay.

The grey moss creeps along those Towers, where once the  
warrior strode,

The grass waves on those Ramparts, where the banner flew  
abroad ;

The ivy clusters o'er thy walls, their only arras now,  
And draperies, each broken arch, with folds of verdant flow.

Where clarions gaily sounded, Ruin's music's only heard,  
The crumbling sound of wasting stones, and thy long hoot,  
night's bird :

But, ah! though lone and broken now, thou'rt still more  
fair and grand

Than others, that in all their primal strength and beauty stand.

ELIZABETH ! ELIZABETH ! the pile thou lov'd'st so well,  
Droop'd when it lost thy presence, and with thee in silence fell:  
Yet, who can be where thou hast been, and see what thou  
didst see,

Thou star of virgin glory, and not cast a thought on thee ?



To me these mighty fragments, though discolored, rent,  
and cold,

Still bring to mind that feast, of which a thousand tongues  
have told,

With all its gorgeous gallantry, its fanciful desport,  
And fond device, that did so well befit a maiden court ;  
When LEICESTER sought, with gallant zeal, the hand of  
time to stay,

And, with refin'd devotion, made it BANQUET *all the day*,  
They bring to mind that princely court, for arts and arms  
renown'd,

Whose fame has by the hand of time been touch'd, but to  
be crown'd.

And, oh! they too, bring to my mind one great and fair as thou,  
Although like thee, ELIZABETH, all fallen now and low ;  
In whom thou would'st have reign'd again with glory not  
thine own,

As learned, wise, and firm as thou, as worthy of a throne.  
One who, with all thy glorious nobility of mind,  
Had shewn a heart more *tender*, more *devoted*, and *refin'd*:  
Where art thou, Royal CHARLOTTE, thou the idol of our vow?  
Ah! noble as this pile once was, like it thou now art low.  
But, like this pile, though struck to earth, though lone and  
silent all,

Thou'rt lovely in thy loss, sweet star, thou'rt noble in thy fall;  
Thy fame, like these proud ruins, shall, while others pass away,  
Embalm'd in its own virtue, live, till worlds and all decay;  
And o'er its mem'ry, lovely saint, as o'er this ruin'd pyre,  
We fondly shall regret thee, while we ardently admire.  
High Princess, giant fabric, Ah! what heart can muse nor say,  
'How are the mighty fallen, and the beauteous pass'd away!'

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## EXCURSION.

TO

### STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

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Avon! thy rural views, thy pastures wild,  
Thy willows that o'erhang the twilight edge,  
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;  
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,  
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;  
Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.

— I muse, that here the BARD DIVINE,  
Whose sacred dust yon high arch'd aisles enclose,  
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows  
Above th' embowering shade,  
There first at fancy's fairy circl'd shrine,  
Of daisies pied his infant offering made;  
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,  
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe.

T. WARTON.

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STRATFORD-UPON-AVON—as the birth place of SHAKESPEARE, is one of the most interesting spots to a foreigner, in all England; and to a genuine Englishman, hallowed as it is, by a thousand delicious memorials and reminiscences of the bright 'Genius of our Isle,' the dearest in all the world;—stands eight miles west from Warwick,

and ten from Leamington, affording a delightful ride through two different roads; the general drive is by Sherbourn, through the second of the great roads from Warwick. Proceeding from Leamington to Warwick, through the turnpike road down Warwick High street to West-street, you ride from West-street for nearly a mile, almost parallel with the noble plantations of ash, &c. formed by the late excellent Earl of Warwick, from the Tachbrook Estate, and which now constitute the boundary of Warwick Park; this takes you to Longbridge turnpike, which you pass through to the right, the road to the left being the main road to Barford, Charlecote, Wellesbourn, Shipston, &c. in the direct road for Oxford. You also leave to your left the little retired village of Sherbourn; proceeding onwards about the third mile your path rises, and a prospect opens to the left more than usually extensive for Warwickshire, which is rather of a flat character than otherwise, presenting over a wide expanse, a beautiful panorama of the south east part of the country, having in its centre the picturesque villages of Barford, Wasperton, and Hampton Lucy, circled round by a range of fine hills, among which are the Edge Hills, celebrated by the Historians, as marking the spot where the misguided Charles engaged with the parliamentary forces;

the whole finely diversified by 'Avon's winding stream,' which as Drayton says in his Polyolbion,

By Warwick, entertains the high complexioned Leam :  
And as she thence to Stratford on doth strain,  
Receiveth little Heil the next into her train :  
Then taketh in the Stour, the brook, of all the rest,  
Which that most godly vale of Red Horse loveth best.

And rich tracts of woody and well cultivated plains ; in the distance, near Daventry, are the Shuckburgh Hills, and

———— far beyond, and over-thwart the stream,  
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,  
The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;  
Displaying on its varied side the grace  
Of hedge row beauties numberless, square tow'r,  
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells  
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,  
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.  
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily view'd  
Please daily, and whose novelty survives  
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.\*

About midway a mile to the right of the road is Snittersfield, the Parsonage of which was for many years the residence of Jago, author of the Poem, "Edge Hills," and that beautiful Elegy "the Blackbirds." here, to the left, a long extent

\* Cowper.

of the valley of the Avon, or rather commencement of the fertile vale of Evesham, is finely distinguishable. Snittersfield Manor House is an old seat of the noble family of Coventry. Near the sixth mile is Packsaddle Hill, where there is another burst of landscape, scarcely less extensive, though perhaps not so beautifully varied as that we have just described; the central point of it is formed by the airy spire of Stratford Church, shooting from the tops of a clump of spreading trees, in which it seems to lie embosomed, and pointing to the Pilgrim of the Drama's longing eye, the sacred shrine in which reposes the idol of his worship. Near the seventh mile, at a short distance to the right, richly seated in the depth of its own hills, reposes Welcombe Lodge, the Mansion of George Lloyd, Esq. having a handsome Gothic front of modern erection; Welcombe Hills, as appears by an immense tumulus now styled a hill, and some excavations of forty and fifty feet deep, termed dells and dingles, was anciently the scene of fierce contention between the Britons and Saxons,

Stern sons of war!—

Behold the boast of Roman pride!

What now of all your toils are known?

A grassy trench, a broken stone!\*

\* W. Scott. *Rocheby*.







*Printed by C. Hallman del.*

THE CHURCH. STRATFORD ON AVON.

*Published by Messrs. Elliston 1824.*

*J. D. Harding del.*

Various warlike instruments have been found here. About a mile from Welcombe Lodge stands the entrance to Stratford. The other road to Stratford is by way of Charlecote, and branches off from the usual Stratford Road, at the first turnpike from Warwick; near which stands Longbridge House, the seat of William Staunton Esq.; proceeding about half a mile on the right hand, the neat village church of Sherbourn presents itself to view; while, towards the left, traversing a delightful eminence, which leads over the fields towards Barford, through the first gate, the beautiful mansion of Charles Mills, Esq. M. P. for Warwick, is discovered. Crossing a stone bridge, not long since erected, Barford itself appears, a neat little village, containing several good houses, and a church dedicated to St. Peter. From Barford, the road carries you along by the high banks of the Avon, which beautifully winding its soft flowing waters through meadows ‘laughing with abundance,’ conducts you very nearly to the fourth mile. Near this is indistinctly seen to the right, (calmly smiling through a green-wood shade,) the little rural church of Wasperton, dedicated to St. John the Baptist; and about a mile further, the majestic groves of Charlecote rise strikingly in view. At this spot, leaving the main road, and turning to the right through a gateway, shaded on each side by a small planta-

tion, a long avenue of noble trees, pleasantly ushers you into the charming village of Charlecote, in passing through which, the large and good old-fashioned mansion of the Lucy family boldly presents itself to view, from several points. This mansion was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Sir Thomas Lucy, rendered infamously famous as the prosecutor and persecutor of Shakespeare. Adjoining Lucy Park, (the scene of the youthful follies of the immortal bard, and very probably, the spot in which the first images of those wondrous scenes flashed upon his fancy, which have since so astonished and delighted every succeeding generation) stands the church, rustic in its exterior appearance, but adorned within by several handsome monuments of the Lucy Family.

A pleasant writer in an article on "The Stratford Jubilee" in the 5th No. of the Album, page 123, speaking of this place says,—“As Shallow is known to be meant to shadow forth Sir Thomas Lucy, so, I conclude, Charlcot to have given the outline of the Justice's abode. It is, indeed a goodly dwelling, and a rich. The 'lands' are still fair and broad spreading, and the 'beeves' thickly studded and sleek. The park is remarkably well wooded, abounding with avenues of trees of an age evidently far beyond Shakespeare's time. It is, indeed, the boast of the present possessor,

that every thing remains in exactly the same state as then. I gazed on the tall ancient trees, and the swelling undulations of ground which were before me, presenting, in the sameness of slow-changing nature, the very scene upon which Shakespeare had looked. I thought of him and his companions coming in the summer nights, with their quaint-looking cross-bows, their picturesque doublets and hose, and the stately stag for their game." Two miles this side Stratford, stands Alveston, containing several handsome villas, and of so pure and healthful an air, that a celebrated physician, Dr. Perry, has pronounced it to be the Montpellier of England; possessing, as it does, a Spa in its vicinity to Leamington. The entrance to Stratford from Alveston, is over a handsome stone bridge, containing fourteen arches, and of very ancient architecture, which was erected across the Avon in the reign of Henry the Eighth, at the sole expense of the spirited Sir Hugh Clopton, a native of Stratford, and Lord Mayor of London. This bridge was during the civil wars of Charles the First, in part broken down and destroyed, by command of Parliament; in order to secure the pass over the Avon, and impede the progress of the royal army; but it was restored to its former state, in 1652; and has latterly been considerably



widened, by a very ingenious expansion of the angular or breakwater buttresses.

Stratford on Avon, the memorable spot where

“His first infant lays, sweet SHAKESPEARE sung,  
Where the last accents trembled on his tongue.”

is a town of great antiquity, so ancient indeed, that the exact period cannot be accurately ascertained. But the fact of its existence A. D. 750, nearly 300 years prior to the Norman conquest, is established beyond all doubt; a monastery having been proved to have stood there, in the time of St. Egwin, the third bishop of Worcester; our heathen Saxon forefathers having, about that period, forsook their thousand senseless idols, and entered the mild pale of christianity. Stratford is a corporate town, and its municipal government is vested in a Mayor, Recorder, High Steward, twelve aldermen, and twelve capital Burgesses. Charters have been granted to its inhabitants, by several of our kings, for establishing their fairs and markets, paving the streets, and for the internal government of the town itself; also by several bishops of the diocese. The lordship of Stratford continuing in spite of revolutions and distractions, in the possession of the successive bishops of Worcester, from Egwin, till the dis-

solution in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Stratford was first regularly incorporated by charter of Edward the Sixth, in the names of the bailiff and burgesses; since changed to its present style of mayor, &c. of the borough, by charter of Charles the Second. It never sent any member to Parliament; the Duke of Dorset is the present lord of the manor, and high steward of the town. Stratford is small, but handsome and airy, and is much more regular in its plans and buildings, than the generality of towns of any antiquity. It is extremely pleasantly and healthily situated on the banks of the Avon, which is navigable to its very walls, by barges of considerable burthen. It contains many old houses, presenting curious specimens of ancient domestic architecture, while of the modern houses which form by far the greater proportion, many are spacious and well built. The streets are wide and well paved, and the turnpike roads in its immediate neighbourhood, remarkably good. It has at present but little trade, though from the returns made to Parliament in 1801, it possessed 530 houses and 2,418 inhabitants, a number that is now increased, according to the census taken in 1821, to 590 houses and 3069 inhabitants. Stratford church, the entrance to which is through a fine arched avenue of spreading lime trees, forming [a very striking

colonade, was anciently a collegiate church of the Holy Trinity, and is now the shrine of many an ardent pilgrimage, for within its walls lies 'never-dying Shakespeare.' It is a large and venerable structure, in the mixed Norman and Saxon style of architecture, so prevalent in buildings of the earlier years of the conquest, and stands on the sloping banks of the Avon. It is generally supposed to have been erected on the ruins of the monastery before mentioned. The tower is said to be as old as the era of the conquest, and the other parts of the building, were evidently raised as far back as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The chancel is perhaps the most beautiful part of the whole structure, being both wide and lofty; it is lighted by five Gothic windows on each side, and one at the eastern end; but is still more gloriously illumined, by containing the bright ashes of 'the happiest poet of his time and best'; there are numerous monuments within the body of this church, in particular three of the Clopton Family, which though rather gaudy than elegant, are nevertheless remarkable; they stand in a small chapel in the north eastern corner of the nave; the first is an un-inscribed altar tomb, and is supposed to be the cenotaph of Sir Hugh Clopton, the donor of Stratford bridge; the second is the tomb of William Clopton, Esq. and Anne his wife, who

died in the reign of Elizabeth, their effigies in white marble, are placed in a recumbent posture on the slab; the third is a splendid monument raised to the memory of George Carew, Earl of Totness, master of the ordnance to Queen Elizabeth, and of Joice his countess, daughter of William and Anne Clopton: their figures in alabaster are placed under a lofty arch, richly ornamented and supported by Corinthian pillars.

In the chancel, besides the monuments of the great bard and his family, are several not undeserving notice; particularly a very ancient altar tomb formed of alabaster, and supposed to be the tomb of Dean Balsall, the founder of this chancel, who died in 1614; and the monument of John Combe, Esq. the well known subject of Shakspeare's satirical epitaph who died in 1614, and lies near the east end; also the monument of Miss Judith Combe, his grand daughter, who according to the inscription on her tomb, died on the eve of her marriage 1649, "in the arms of him who most entirely loved her, and was beloved by her even to the very death." Upon a flat stone of this monument underneath, are the following lines, written by Richard Combe, Esq. the disconsolate lover to whom the young lady was to have been united; which for the interest of the subject, and as they are not below mediocrity, are transcribed.

"Interr'd beneath this marble lies at rest,  
 Untimely pluckt from her beloved's breast;  
 Desire's *nil ultra*, nature's quintessence,  
 In whom perfections in their excellence  
 Their stations keep: her life unspotted was;  
 Her soul unstained unto heaven did pass.  
 Could birth or beauty, love or to be loved,  
 Of powers divine this sad decree have mov'd;  
 Might many thousand sighs, large streams of tears,  
 Brought forth with prayers, have added to her  
 yeares;

*Epithalamiums* might have joy'd our cares."

There is also against the east wall, an elegant marble tablet by Rysbrack, to the memory of James Kendall, Esq. of Stratford, who died in 1751. The monuments of 'the Star of Poets' (as Ben Jonson stiles him) and his family, we shall describe hereafter, when treating of his life. Stratford church in the reign of Edward the First, was a rectory in the patronage of the bishops of Worcester; on the west side of it stood the College, erected 26 E. 3, by Ralph de Stratford Bishop of London, for the habitation of five priests, (a Warden, Sub-Warden, and three others,) belonging to a chantry founded 5. E. 3. by his brother John de Stratford, then Bishop of Winchester, in the chapel of Thomas-a-Becket, in the south aisle of the church. Leaving the church and proceeding through the church yard,



over the Mill bridge, a very pleasant prospect is obtained from the opposite hills, of the town, the church, the Avon, and the surrounding country, as there is also from the Welcombe Hills; and proceeding from the hills on that side the river, to the great stone bridge, there is another very pleasing view, of the church, town, &c. including the seat and gardens of Lord Middleton; who resides here during the hunting season, and has lately built a kennel and stables, for his grand establishment of horses and fox-hounds. At a short distance from the church, stands the chapel, anciently belonging to the guild of the Holy Cross, dissolved at the period of the reformation, It is a fine old structure originally built in 1443, but nearly rebuilt in the Gothic style, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, by the munificent Sir Hugh Clopton, to whose memory a monument has been since gratefully erected within it. Near this chapel is the Guildhall of Stratford, said to have been erected in the 13th century, and originally belonging to the same holy fraternity. In the lower apartments of this building, the public business of the Corporation is now transacted; and in those above, is kept a free Grammar School, founded in the reign of Henry the Sixth. Contiguous to the Guildhall is a long range of Alms Houses, and near them, the Market House; and an ancient building

called the Cross. The Town Hall erected in 1769, is an ancient structure of the Tuscan order, and was honoured with the name of *Shakspeare's Hall* by Garrick, at the far famed jubilee in Sep. 1769. In a niche at the north front of this hall, the same admirable actor and great illustrator of the works of his favourite poet, also placed his statue. The figure, which is very well executed, appears leaning on a pillar, and pointing to a scroll on which are inscribed, the matchless lines from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* ;

“ The Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven.  
And as Imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen  
Turns them to shape ; and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.”

and on the pedestal stands the felicitous quotation from Hamlet :

“ ———— take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again.”

In the great room, sixty feet in length and thirty in width, there is a *portrait* of the ‘rich soul of numbers,’ painted by Wilson, and also presented by Garrick ; in this the bard is drawn sitting in

an antique chair, in an attitude of inspiration, with books and manuscripts scattered about on the ground; his face, in imitation of the ancient painters, when they despaired of properly giving the features of their subject, is thrown into deep shade. In addition to these gifts, Garrick also presented the Corporation with a portrait of himself, by Gainsborough, to adorn their hall; and there is a good portrait of John Frederick, Duke of Dorset, presented by his Duchess. In common with most other towns of England, Stratford has not been behind hand in giving birth (exclusively of Shakspeare) to distinguished men. In the reign of Edward the Third, she had the honour of producing John, Robert, and Ralph de Stratford, all of the same family, all dignitaries of the church, and all flourishing contemporary. John was Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England. Robert his younger brother, was bishop of Chichester and also Lord Chancellor; and Ralph their nephew, was Bishop of London, being consecrated in 1339. But all these names, however illustrious, fade away at the remembrance of Shakspeare, 'dear son of memory, great heir of fame,' and the Gothic glories of the ancient Church, the modern elegance of the Civic Hall, cease so be regarded, when it is remembered, that the humble shed, in which the immortal bard

first drew that breath which gladdened all the isle, is still existing; and all who have a heart to feel, and a mind to admire the truth of nature and splendour of genius, will rush thither to behold it, as a pilgrim would to the shrine of some loved saint; will deem it holy ground, and dwell with sweet though pensive rapture, on the natal habitation of the poet. What a proud satisfaction to tread the ground he trod, to see the scenes he saw, (however lowly and repulsive.) We have taken some pains to collect from various sources, every thing that is extant of the life and actions of our poet. A tolerable biography of Shakspeare is still a desideratum; and we could not miss the present opportunity of attempting to supply it. However deficient we may be, it must at least be allowed, no other work can give the collective body of information on the great bard's history we now present. All that persevering research has discovered to the present moment, that is worthy the slightest credit, we have procured.

William Shakspeare, 'the applause, delight, and wonder of our stage'—'alike the master of our smiles and tears'—'who wrote his lines with a sun beam, more durable than time or fate,'—was born upon Saint George's Day, April 23d. 1564, only two months previously to a great plague breaking out in Stratford, which destroyed more than one

seventh of the inhabitants, but from which he happily escaped, in a lowly mansion situated in a small street, called Henley-street, still standing in nearly the same state it did then. Till the year 1806, these premises were occupied by the family of Harte, the seventh in descent from Joan, the sister of Shakspeare, to whom they reverted as heirs at law, after the death of Lady Barnard, Shakspeare's grand daughter; they were then sold by the mother of Harte, of Tewkesbury, to the present occupier of the Swan and Maidenhead, for the small consideration of £230, which after paying off an old mortgage, and discharging the expenses, left poor Mrs. Harte only £25 or £30; the premises were then divided into two, the northern half being, or, having lately been a butcher's shop, and the southern half constituting a respectable Public-House, bearing the sign of the Swan and Maidenhead. The public-house has been new fronted with brick, but the other part still retains its old front of timber plastered; the rooms are of scanty dimensions and, now at least, of dreary appearance, yet the window over the butcher's shop, which stands to the north or left of the sign, belongs to the room in which Shakspeare was born; this room, as a token of their devotion and admiration, is covered by the names of visitors written by themselves. Its surface is whitewash,



laid on about twenty years ago, and in the ceiling, the sides, the projecting chimnies in front, every portion of the surface has been inscribed. To transmit the names thus written, would be to exhibit all the worth, rank and genius of the age; it will be enough to say there is the autographis of the Poets Moore and Scott, of the Players Kean and Kemble, of the King and his brother Clarence, of half the Houses of Parliament, of many distinguished foreigners, including Lucien Bonaparte, and the Russian and Austrian Princes, to many of the names original verses, suggested by the scene, are subjoined in pencil, of which the following appear to be the most striking.

---

*On visiting Shakspeare's Birth Place.*

If, like the spirit which thy fancy led,  
 From the drear mansions of the lonely dead,  
 Thou, Shakspeare, do'st at eve revisit earth,  
 And joy to view thy lowly place of birth;  
 See how the room in which that fancy stray'd,  
 Is now with names of note and verse array'd;  
 See wit and learning, worth and beauty strive,  
 To court thy smiles, and keep thy fame alive:  
 See lords and princes bending at thy shrine,  
 Hail thee the Bard immortal and divine!

*How to spend our days and nights at Stratford.* ANON.

---

BY LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

The eye of Genius glistens to admire  
How memory hails the sound of Shakspeare's lyre.  
One tear I'll shed, to form a chrystal shrine,  
Of all that's grand, immortal, and divine.

---

Let PRINCES o'er their *subject Kingdoms* rule,  
'Tis SHAKSPEARE'S province to *command the soul*.

ANON.

---

BY MRS. ELVINGTON.

With sacred awe I gaze these walls around,  
And tread with reverence o'er this hallowed ground.  
Within this mean abode, this humble shed,  
Where patient labour daily toils for bread:  
And penury her gloom around it throws,  
The mighty Majesty of Shakspeare rose.  
There sprung the glowing thought, the powerful mind,  
Which charm'd, instructed and amazed mankind;  
O'er the dark world burst forth a radiant light,  
A Comet streaming through the depth of night,  
Cave to a race unknown, a matchless name,  
And made his country glorious in his fame!

---

BY MR. CRAWFORD,

*On visiting Shakspeare's Birth-place with a Lady.*

Immortal spirit! in thy native place,  
A Desdemona's mind, and Juliet's grace,  
Bend at thy shrine! revere the homage due  
From sweeter virtues than thy fancy drew.

---

Ah, Shakspeare! when we read the votive scrawls  
 With which well meaning folks deface these walls;  
 And while we seek, in vain, some lucky hit,

Amidst the lines whose nonsense nonsense smothers,  
 We find, unlike thy Falstaff in his wit,  
 Thou art not here the cause of it in others.

ANON.

---

Let silence be ELOQUENT! ANON.

---

Here gentle Shakspeare, Nature's sweetest child,  
 First warbled forth his native wood-notes wild;  
 Beneath this humble roof he first drew breath,  
 Inclosed within this space, he lies in death.  
 A pleasing fancy still attaches to the place,  
 A sacred awe,—a reverential grace,—  
 A pleasing consciousness,—a fond desire,—  
 That almost listens to the Poet's lyre,—  
 With searching eye looks round, in hope to find  
 Some sacred relic of the poet's mind:  
 Vainly it strives the vision to prolong,  
 Mute is the eye, and silent Shakspeare's tongue.  
 A barren list of names supply this place,  
 The sad memorial of their own disgrace,  
 That only strike the stranger's eye to note  
 What fools have lived, and greater fools have wrote.  
 These the sad relics by these walls supplied,  
 Deserted by the Muse, where her sweet Shakspeare died.

ANON.

---

*Ascribed to Sir William Curtis.*

Though Shakspeare's bones in *this here* place do lie,  
 Yet *that there* fame of his shall never die.

---

The parentage of our immortal Poet was highly respectable ; by the Register, and other public writings of Stratford, his ancestors were described as ‘ of good figure and fashion,’ and styled ‘ gentlemen.’ His father, John Shakspeare, was a considerable Glover, and had been high bailiff or mayor of Stratford ; he was also a justice of the peace, and was at one time possessed of lands to the amount of £500. the reward of his grandfather’s services to Henry the Seventh, most likely in Bosworth Field ; but in the latter part of his life, he seems to have been greatly reduced, for it appears from the books of the corporation, that in 1579, he was excused the trifling weekly tax of four-pence levied on all the aldermen ; and that in 1586, another alderman was appointed in his room, in consequence of his not attending the duties of his office ; and it would seem that he then for some time followed the occupation of a butcher, to support his family. Aubrey, in his gossiping ‘ Lives of Eminent Men,’ expressly says, ‘ Shakspeare’s father was a Butcher, and I have been told heretofore,’ he adds, ‘ that when he was a boy, he exercised his father’s trade, but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech ; there was at that time another butcher’s son in this town, that was held not at all inferior to him in natural witt, his acquaintance, and coetanian, but died young.’

By his mother (the daughter and heiress of Robert Arden, of Wellingcote in the county of Warwick, styled, "a Gentleman of Worship,") Shakespeare was lineally descended, from the Saxon Earls of Warwick. We have before stated, that the last Saxon Earl of Warwick, styled himself in the reign of William Rufus, Turchillus de Eardene, from his residence in Arden, as it is now written; and by his first wife had issue Siward de Arden, ancestor to the Ardens of Warwickshire; from whom descended Shakspeare's immediate ancestors, by his mother's side, Robert Arden of Bromich, Esq. who was in the list of the gentry of Warwick, in the 12th year of Henry the Sixth, 1433; and Edward Arden, who was sheriff of the county in 1568. The woodland part of Warwickshire was anciently called Ardern, afterwards softened to Arden, and hence the name. It is not improbable, but that to this relationship and association, we are indebted for the exquisite scenes of the forest of Arden, presented to us by Shakspeare, in his delightful operatic pastoral comedy, "AS YOU LIKE IT." From Turchil, Shakspeare will be distantly related to many of the most noble families in the country, and they may be assured, such a circumstance reflects more lustre on them than the brightest jewels in their coronets. The illustrious subject of our memoir,



was the eldest son of his parents, and received his early education at the free Grammar School of his native town ; this institution, which is situated over the Guildhall, still remains much in its ancient form, and may gratify the curious. From school he was removed too early to admit of his making any very great proficiency in learning, and was placed (according to Mr. Malone's opinion) in the office of some country attorney, or with the seneschal of some manor court ; where it is supposed he acquired those technical-law phrases that so frequently occur in his plays, and could not have been in common use, but among professional men. After this, it is said he followed his father's business for some time ; till in his 18th year, or it is likely somewhat sooner, he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself, and was daughter of one Hathaway, a substantial yeoman at Shottery, a little village in the neighbourhood of Stratford. By this lady he had three children, first a daughter, and afterwards a son and daughter, twins ; All these children were born before he was out of his minority ; soon after the birth of his twins, an unlucky frolic obliged him suddenly to leave his home and business. In a youthful ramble with some disorderly companions, he had been guilty of stealing some deer from the park of Sir Thomas

Lucy, of Charlecote, and on being threatened with the vengeance of the law, had materially aggravated his offence, by writing a satirical ballad upon the baronet, probably his first essay in poetry, and of which the following stanza is luckily preserved:

“A Parliament member, a justice of peace,  
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an asse,  
If lowsie is Lucy as some volke miscalle it,  
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it :  
He thinks himself greate,  
Yet an asse in his state  
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.  
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,  
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.”

These lines were affixed by Shakspeare, to Sir Thomas's Park gates, and liberally circulated amongst his neighbours at the knight's great expence, which so much increased his anger, that our bard was obliged to seek security from present danger, and means of future subsistence by flying to London. This must have been about the year 1586, when he was between 21 and 22 years of age. The family at Stratford maintain that he stole Sir Thomas Lucy's buck, to celebrate his wedding dinner, and for that purpose only; and Aubrey gives it as his opinion, Shakspeare came to London when he was about 18, not mentioning

the robbery at all, but stating that he went there, "being inclined naturally to poetry and acting;" but every circumstance almost, tends to overthrow both these assertions. There is very little doubt but Shakspeare did steal the deer, and he might have made Prince Hal turn highwayman, in his Henry the 4th, to palliate his own imprudencies; besides, if Dr. Gall the craniologist's assertion is to be believed, the organ of robbery (covetiveness) and the organ for forming good dramatic plots, are one and the same; he certainly proved himself a great adept in the latter, and no doubt was so in the former. But whether it were so or not, is of no consequence. In that age, when half the country was covered with forests, the stealing a deer was a venal offence, and scarcely tantamount to snaring a hare in our days. Having arrived in London, all parties agree he betook himself to the Playhouse. Mr. J. M. Smith, one of the Shakspeare family, states that he has often heard his mother say, Shakspeare owed his rise in life, and introduction to the theatre, to his accidentally holding the horse of a gentleman, at the door of a playhouse, on his first arrival in London; when his appearance led to enquiry and subsequent patronage. Rowe's story of his being a regular holder of horses at the theatre, and his anecdote of Shakspeare's boys, may therefore be deemed a fable. His necessities

led him on his outset, it is said, to accept of the office of Call Boy or Prompter's attendant, one of the lowest situations in the theatre, from which he soon rose by his extraordinary abilities to be one of the first persons in it. There is no doubt but that he first distinguished himself as an actor: Aubrey says "he was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. Now B. Jonson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor." The numerous biographers of the poet, have never been able to discover any character, in which he appeared to more advantage, than that of the Ghost in his own Hamlet; but if they had looked into John Davies's, of Hereford's "*Scourge of Folly*," they would have found some lines that would have set them right at once, as they distinctly state the *cast of characters* he was accustomed to take, and give us no reason to believe, that he was not quite as respectable in them as necessary; but the readers shall judge,

*"To our English Terence, Mr. William Shake-speare.*

Some say, gtod Will, which I in sport do sing,  
 Had'st thou not *play'd* some KINGLY parts in sport,  
 Thou had'st been a companion for a King;  
 And been a king among the meaner sort.  
 Some others rail: but rail, as they think fit,  
 Thou hast no railing, but a *reigning* wit,  
 And honestly thou sow'st, which they do reap;  
 So to increase their stock, which they do keep."

From this it will be seen that it was what is called the *heavy line of business*, Shakspeare was accustomed to play, a cast of characters requiring the exercise rather of the judgment, than any other quality of an actor; consisting, as it does, chiefly in dignity and declamation. Aubrey says, "he began early to make essays on Dramatique poetry, which at that time was very lowe, and his plays took well." It is supposed he commenced dramatic writer in 1599, and that his *maiden piece*, was **LOVE'S LABOUR LOST**; he now soon rose to a height of fame and glory, which none have reached before or since; his reputation spread, his consequence grew, he became the manager of the theatre, as well as the author of it's most admired productions; the smiles of royal favour beamed upon him, the patronage of the great attended him, and the applause of the public followed him. Queen Elizabeth was his warm admirer, and he was patronized by the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated his two principal poems; and who it is asserted once gave him a thousand pounds to complete a purchase. King James also is said to have written him with his own hand a letter of commendation, probably in return for the compliment paid him in *Macbeth*. In what high estimation he was held by the public, may be judged by the following testimony of Leonard Digges, a con-



temporary writer; on reading which we can no longer wonder that Ben Jonson's envy should in some instances have got the better of his candour, and led him privately to carp at that, all the world praised publickly; not excepting at times himself: there are many allowances to be made for bluff Ben. Shakspeare's constant attention to *stage-trick* and *effect* in all his pieces, which threw into the shade the more severe and classical works of his rival, could not but be displeasing to him, and might, without violating the judgment, arouse a critical frown on brows less fraught with judgment than those of Ben Jonson.

So have I seen, when *Cæsar* would appear,  
 And on the stage at half sword parley were  
*Brutus* and *Cassius*, O how the audience  
 Were ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence!  
 When, some new day they would not brook a line  
 Of tedious, though well labour'd, *Catiline*;  
*Sejanus* too, was irksome: they prized more  
 "Honest" *Iago*, or the jealous *Moor*.  
 And though the *Fox* and *Subtil Alchymist*,  
 Long intermitted, could not quite be mist,  
 Though these have sham'd all th' ancients, and might raise  
 Their author's merit with a crown of bays,  
 Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire,  
 Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,  
*door-keepers*; when, let but *Falstaff* come,  
*Hal*, *Poins*, the rest,—you scarce shall have a room,  
 All is so pester'd; let but *Beatrice*.

And *Benedick* be seen, lo! in a trice  
 The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,  
 To hear *Malvolio*, that cross-garter'd gull.  
 Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,  
 Whose sound we would not hear, on whose writt lock  
 But why do I dead Shakspeare's praise recite?  
 Some second Shakspeare must of Shakspeare write.

LEON DICKS.

How long Shakspeare acted is not known, but he continued to write till the year 1614. He soon acquired a fortune equal to the moderation of his wishes, and in the very height of his prosperity, and the meridian of his life, adopted the extraordinary resolution, of relinquishing, for ever, the dazzling prospect before him of increasing honor and riches, and passing his days in tranquil retirement, in the bosom of the beloved scenes of his childhood and adolescence. The theatrical property he had acquired during his dramatic career, it is conjectured, he disposed of among his brethren before he retired, as no mention is made of it in his will. Ben Jonson owed his introduction to the stage to our illustrious dramatist; the latter part of whose life was spent in an easy retirement, amongst the friends he loved; enjoying himself on the property he had accumulated, thought to amount to about £300 per annum: at least equal to £1000 in our days.

Shakspeare returned to his native place, about the year 1611, after an absence of considerably more than 20 years. As far back as fourteen years previous to his final retirement, he had completed the purchase of a large and handsome house in Stratford, built by Sir Hugh Clopton, then called the Great House, to which one hundred and seven acres of land were afterwards added; having repaired and modelled this mansion to his own mind, Shakspeare changed it's name to that of *New Place*, which the mansion afterwards erected in the room of the poet's house, retained for many years. The house and lands belonging to it, continued in the possession of Shakspeare's descendants, till the time of the restoration, when they were repurchased by the Clopton family. New Place was situated near the chapel, and was finally pulled down only about fifty years ago. It was then converted into a garden, the wall of which, next to the street, still marks the site of it. This the lover of Shakspeare will not behold without interest, considering, as he must, that here it is probable some of the finest of Shakspeare's plays were written. Mr. Malone thinks, that during his retirement here, he composed the beautiful comedy, *TWELFTH NIGHT*. It is scarcely to be doubted but that he frequently retired here, for short periods, long before it became his constant residence; and Aubrey, indeed, says,

“ he was wont to go to his native country once a yeare.” But alas! the days of our author’s rural retirement were not of long duration; four or five years at the most, comprise the extent of the tranquil and social enjoyment he must have experienced here. Death broke in upon his rest and happiness, and on the 23rd of April, 1616, nearly at the same moment the immortal author of *Don Quixote* resigned his existence in Spain, Shakspeare was lost to England; the day of his birth was, like Petrarch’s, the day of his death; and with the exact completion of his fifty second year, he ended his illustrious career in mortal life. The most vigorous researches have not been able to ascertain, the exact disorder of which he died, but it is pleasing to know, he was attended by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, a very able physician, and that he had his family around him. His offspring, as we have before stated, consisted of two daughters and a son, named Hamnet, who died in 1596, in the 12th year of his age. Susannah, the eldest daughter, and her father’s favorite, was married to Dr. Hall, who died November, 1635, aged 60; Mrs. Hall died June 11th, 1649, aged 66; they left only one child, Elizabeth, born 1607-8, and married April 22d, 1626, to Thomas Nash, Esq., who died in 1647, and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abington in Northamptonshire: she died without issue by either.

husband. Judith, the youngest daughter of Shakspeare, was privately married, in her father's lifetime, to a Mr. Thomas Quiney ; she died February, 1661-62, in her 77th year. By Mr. Quiney she had three sons, Shakspeare, Richard, and Thomas, who all died unmarried. Sir Hugh Clopton, who was born two years after the death of Lady Barnard, related to Mr. Macklin, in 1742, an old tradition, that she had carried away with her from Stratford, many of her grandfather's papers. On the death of Sir John Barnard, Mr. Malone thinks that these must have fallen into the hands of Mr. Edward Bagley, Lady Barnard's executor, and if any descendant of this gentleman is now existing, in his custody they may probably remain. To this account of Shakspeare's family, we have now to add, that amongst Oldy's papers, is a traditional story of our author having been the father of Sir William Davenant, the poet ; Oldys's relation is thus given : " If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often stopped to bait at the Crown Inn, Oxford ; the landlady of which, was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city,) a grave melancholy man, who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will Davenant, (afterwards Sir William,) was then a little



school boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townsman observing the boy running homeward, almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry; he answered, to see his *God-father* Shakspeare; 'there's a good boy,' said the other, 'but have a care you don't take *God's name* in vain.' This story was told by Pope at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspeare's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey; it originated with Antony Wood, and Mr. Thomas Warton credited it. A few years since, the Editor of the Monthly Magazine, called the attention of the public to the present family of Shakspeare, the Hartes and Smiths, the immediate descendants of the Poet's sister Joan, most of whom were invariably found in a state of the greatest poverty, having derived no sort of advantage from the relationship to the glory of our Isle; though the descendants of a Marlborough and a Nelson, &c. are rolling in riches, through the gratitude of their country, three of Shakspeare's descendants were lately residing in Leamington, in menial occupations. Shakspeare was buried on the north side of the chancel, near the altar in the great church of his native place; where, as we have

already stated, a monument is placed to his memory in the wall, elevated about five feet from the ground, on which he is represented, under an arch, between two Corinthian pillars, with gilded bases and capitals supporting the entablature; on the centre of which are his armorial bearings, surmounted by a death's head, and on each side a boy figure, one grasping a spade, the other holding in his left hand an inverted torch, and resting his right on a scull. The figure of the poet, which is a half-length effigy, is in a sitting posture, in the act of composing: a cushion is placed before him, a pen is held in his right hand, and his left rests on a scroll, on which was formerly written those well known and sublime lines, "the cloud-capt towers, &c." but which now bears the name of Wellesley, written by the noble Marquis himself. The bust was originally coloured to resemble life, according to the custom of the time and place, there being many coloured effigies in Stratford church. As this monument was erected by Dr. Hall, within seven years, at the furthest, after his death, when his features must have been fresh in every one's recollection; it may fairly claim to be regarded, as a likeness indeed. The tradition of Stratford runs, that it was taken from a cast after nature, and it certainly discovers a resemblance to the earliest print given of him, which is in the fir-

folio edition of his works, and bears Ben Jonson's testimony to its correctness. In taking a cast of this effigy, in 1793, that grub Malone damaged the colouring, and instead of executing the obligation he was under of repairing the mischief he had caused, resorted to the insolvent expedient of white-washing it. Some pretend he did this to suit the chaster taste of the present age, but it was to suit his own wretched parsimony; the following lines have been aptly written on this circumstance :

Traveller, to whom this monument is shewn,  
 Invoke the poet's curses on Malone,  
 Whose meddling zeal a barbarous taste displays,  
 Daubing his tomb-stone, as he marr'd his plays.

To avert as far as possible the injury Malone occasioned by plaistering this precious record of the poet, and assist any one inclined to restore it to its original state, we have learnt that the eyes were represented as of a light hazel color, the hair and beard a fine auburn, both, if we may trust the opinion of the ancients on that point, indicative of superior genius; the cushion and drapery were of a light blue and (raddle) red. Very much to their honor, the manager and members of an itinerant company of comedians, who were then "strutting their little hour on the stage" of a barn in Stratford, appropriated some years ago,

one of their night's receipts, expressly to repaint the effigies of their patron poet. How different from the dogmatic commentator, who though climbing to immortality on the back and shoulders of the poet, was mean enough to rob him of his countenance, and put a mask upon his face. It is but justice to state, that the spirited manager who set this Levite so good an example, was no other than John Ward, the grandfather of the great Mrs. Siddons. Under the bust of the poet, are the following inscriptions;

"Judicio Pylium, genis Socratem, arte Maronem,  
'Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet."

"Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?  
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast  
Within this monument, Shakspeare, with whom  
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck ys.

tombe  
w 1672 9d  
Far more than cost; sich all yt. he hath writ  
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit."

Obiit Ano. Doi. 1616. Ætatis 53, die 23 Ap.

Below the monument, on a plain blue flat grave stone, which marks the spot where the sacred ashes repose, are the underwritten lines, supposed to have been composed by himself and placed there at his particular request, from a horror which it is well known, he entertained of having

his bones disturbed by *resurrection men*; those most horrible wretches. This inscription is written in an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters, as we have written it;

“ Good Frennd for Iesus sAKE forbear  
To digg T-E dust Enclō Ased HERE  
Blest be T-E Man  $\frac{T}{Y}$  spares T-E Stones  
And curst be He  $\frac{T}{Y}$  moves my bones.”

But notwithstanding this dying anathema, the churchwardens were so negligent a few years ago, as to suffer the sexton in digging the adjoining grave of Mr. Davenport, to break a large cavity in the tomb of Shakspeare, and some modern Golgothite of the Byron school, told Sir Richard Phillips, that he was excited by curiosity to push his head and shoulders through the cavity, where he saw the remains of the bard, and could easily have brought away his skull, but was deterred by the curse which he invoked on those who disturbed his remains. What a skull must this man's have been, to have harboured such an idea. A book is kept at the tomb, by way of Album, in which the visitors subscribe their names, and it appears from this record, that it is yearly visited by nearly 1000 respectable devotees: both the tomb and bust, are nearly covered with names in pencil, written by persons wishing for the honor of even the most trifling association



with Shakspeare. Between Shakespeare's grave and the north wall of the chancel, is the grave of his wife, who survived him 8 years; and near it a monument in memory of his favourite daughter Susannah; who, if we may judge from the following lines engraved on it, must have inherited an ample portion of her father's wit:—

“ Witty above her sex, but that's not all;  
 Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall;  
 Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this  
 Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse.  
 Then passenger hast ne'ere a tear  
 To weep with her that wept with all?  
 That wept—yet set herself to cheere  
 Them up with comforts cordiall.  
 Her love shall live, her mercy spread,  
 When thou hast ne're a tear to shed.”

The only oral testimony that is to be procured of Shakspeare's person, is Aubrey's; who says “he was a handsome well shap't man,” and adds “very good company, and of a very ready and smooth witt.” In another place Aubrey says, “I have heard Sir William Davenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell, (who is counted the best comedian we have now,) say, that he had a most prodigious witt, and did admire his natural parts beyond all other dramatical writers. He was wont to say he never blotted out a line in his life; sayd Ben Jonson, ‘I wish he had blotted out a thonsand,’ his comedies

will remain witt, as long as the English tongue is understood, for he handles *mores hominum*; now our present writers, reflect so much upon particular person's coxcombeities, that twenty years hence they will not be understood." Of Shakspeare's learning the same eccentric writer says, "Though as Ben Jonson said of him, that he had but little Latine and less of Greek, he understood Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a school-master in the country." Relative to his taking his characters from nature, Aubrey gives the following anecdote: "The humour of the Constable in a Midsummer Night's Dream, he happened to take at Grendon in Bucks, which is the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable, about the year 1642. when I first came to Oxon; Mr. Jos. Howe, is of that parish and knew him. Ben Jonson and he, did gather humours of men daily wherever they came. One time as he was at the tavern at Stratford upon Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was a going to be buried, he makes them this extemporary epitaph:

"Ten in the hundred the devil allows,

But Combes will have twelve, he swears and  
VOWS.

If any one asks who lies in this tombe,

Hoh! quoth the devil "'Tis my John-o'-Combe."

In the year 1741, a monument was erected to Shakspeare's memory in Westminster Abbey, under the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martin. It was the work of Sheemaker, (who received three hundred pounds for it,) after a design of Kent, and was opened in the January of that year. The performers of each of the London Theatres gave a benefit to defray the expenses, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster *generously* TOOK NOTHING FOR THE GROUND;—the money received by the performance at Drury-Lane, amounted to above two hundred pounds; but the receipts at Covent-Garden Theatre, did not exceed one hundred pounds. New Place, Shakspeare's house, whilst Mrs. Shakspeare resided in it after her husband's decease, became in 1634, the scene of royal grandeur. For here Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles the First, kept her court for three weeks, during the civil war: was the house, or the Queen most honoured by this association? On the death of her mother, New Place passed into the possession, first, of Mrs. Hall, Shakspeare's daughter; and, then, of Elizabeth Hall, his grand-daughter, afterwards Lady Barnard, from whom it reverted to its original possessors, the Clopton family. And in May, 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane visited Stratford, they were

hospitably entertained under Shakspeare's Mulberry Tree by Sir Hugh Clopton, a Barrister at Law, knighted by George the First, who died in December, 1751, in the eightieth year of his age. Unfortunately for England, his executor, about the year 1752 or 53, sold New Place to the Reverend Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire, and Canon residentiary of Lichfield, 'an envious carle who lov'd no gentle muse, nor was by muse belov'd;' he attached no sanctity to the habitation of our immortal bard. The Mulberry Tree, Shakspeare's Mulberry Tree, planted by his own hand, was the first thing that fell under his sacrilegious hand. In 1765, to the infinite horror and rage of the inhabitants of Stratford, this Tree, though large and flourishing, and holied by the name of its planter, was doomed by his orders, to be cut down and cleft in pieces for firewood. Whether he was actuated by the petulance of a detestable temper, which could not bear to be subjected to gratify the frequent importunities of those travellers, whose zeal prompted them to visit it; or whether his dislike proceeded from that petty envy and feeling of rivalry, with which some of the Clergy regard the Theatrical Profession, for obtaining, by amusing and instructing the people, that money they might get by misleading and terrifying them; or whether his faculties were so besotted by

bigotry, that he could not see in Shakspeare, more lovely morality than in a thousand tomes of dull theology, and thought he was doing a service to the world in removing every relict of their idol; is not known; it is only certain, that the Reverend person rendered himself infamously famous by this Ephesian destruction. The Mulberry Tree is supposed to have been planted in 1609, about seven years before Shakspeare's death; it must therefore have been nearly one hundred and fifty years old. Alas! Alas!

The Mulberry Tree was hung with blooming wreaths;  
 The Mulberry Tree stood centre of the dance;  
 The Mulberry Tree was hymn'd with dulcet airs;  
 And from his touchwood trunk the Mulberry Tree  
 Supplies such relics as devotion holds  
 Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.\*

For it is pleasing to add, that the Mulberry Tree was very considerably and profitably bought by Mr. Thomas Sharpe, of Stratford, who converted every fragment of it into little boxes, goblets, punch ladles, tobacco stoppers, and other small trinkets, all of which were so eagerly purchased—and so plentifully supplied—that, at length the people began to suspect, that, like those sacred cheats, the monks, with the Cross of the Salvator, Mr. S. was not selling them *genuine* wood, but

\* Cowper.



that the relics were counterfeit; this was rebutted by affidavit, and faith was partially restored. The destruction of the Mulberry Tree was soon followed by another atrocity. In consequence of a dispute about some assessments for the poor, this modern Erostratus declared in a rage, the House should never be assessed again; and in 1759, ordered it to be razed to the ground, and sold the materials; this raised him to the climax of detestation in the hearts of his neighbours, and he was soon afterwards compelled to leave Stratford, loaded with their execrations, and leaving his memory a mark for every poet's curses. Several reliques of Shakspeare are still in existence, in particular his walking stick, his jug, and pencil-case; and a seal ring has lately been found near the garden of New Place, which Mr. Wheeler thinks must have belonged to him. His wainscot chair was sold in 1790, to a Russian princess. Mrs. Hornby, the late *Cicerone* of Shakspeare's House in Henley Street, possesses various reliques which, it is said, the Hartes had cherished for several generations, and which her husband had bought as fixtures: this garrulous old lady, who is now a widow, used formerly to carry on his trade as a butcher; having been ejected from the house which she formerly used to shew, she now lives, in a house opposite, by shewing the reliques, and selling her printed plays. Having,

like most widows, suffered from the Law, she conceives that Shakspeare's *genius loci* has inspired her, and has composed many pieces in eloquent bad English, on the injuries which she has suffered from lawyers and false friends.

Sir Richard Phillips, to whom we are indebted for much information on the subject of Shakspeare, remarks, that persons who doubt whether many of the articles now in the possession of Mrs. Hornby, and others in possession of the Hartes, really belonged to Shakspeare, forget that he left his wardrobe to his sister, Joan; and that the wardrobe of a player, in an age of great personal parade, may be supposed to have been considerable. When the Hartes fell into decay, they used to sell these articles to visitors, who scattered them over the neighbourhood: a Hatter in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, bought Shakspeare's bedstead and shewed it, till very recently, at a shilling a head. Even solately as sixty years since, the family could dress up most of Shakspeare's characters, from the remains of his wardrobe; and Mrs. Hornby has, to this day, some reliques of the kind: she used to point out a small deep cupboard, in a dark corner of the room where Shakspeare was born, in which, she stated, a letter was found some years since, addressed by Shakspeare to his wife, from the play-house in London, which she used to exhibit, but which was stolen by some vi-

sitors. Of Shakspeare's house, reliques, and their owner, Miss Hawkins, in her lately published anecdotes, gives the following account:—"With the mention of Stratford-upon-Avon, is connected the recollection of a visit, made in August, 1819, to the place. Perhaps the reader might be gratified with knowing, what we found there connected with the memory of Shakspeare. Shakspeare's house is a little old butcher's shop, of the lowest description, in the street, and within a few doors of the *sun*. The house consists of the shop, which is paved as it was when Shakspeare was born, and it was a woolcomber's,—the pavement of unshapen black stones; a back-kitchen, dark and miserable, with a large chimney, and a chair in the chimney-corner, *partly* the identical chair of the poet; up a very bad staircase, two rooms, the front one that in which Shakspeare was born and died; the back one a poor little closet, with a bed;—so that, in the disposition of the house on the ground floor, the largest room is in the back,—and on the upper floor, the largest room is in front;—the walls, ceilings, and every part, covered with signatures of visitors; various articles of Shakspeare's property,—his chair in the chimney corner,—the match lock with which he shot the deer,—his Toledo and walking-stick, which seemed of vine, and was elegant in its form,—a small bugle horn,—his reading

glass,—the bench and table near his bed-side, where he wrote,—the glass out of which he drank, without rising in his bed, in his last illness,—a cup and basin,—his christening bowl,—his child's chair,—a superb table cover, embroidered with gold, given him by Queen Elizabeth,—his easy chair,—his bed complete,—the images that seemed to have been the posts, and four pannels of a triangular form, which appear to have made a half-tester, preserved, though no longer a part of the bedstead,—his lantern,—his coffer and some money,—his pencil case,—his wife's shoe,—a bolt taken from the door of the room,—a portrait of him, put together from fragments, by Dr. Stort, Bishop of Killala. There is, likewise, a portrait of him on the stairs of the White Lion Inn. and, in the garden, a slip growing from his mulberry-tree. The articles of property belong, by bequest and inheritance, to a female descendant, originally of the name of Hart, but, by marriage, Hornby; but the house, with that at the next door, both originally the property of the Shakspeare family, has been sold; and Mrs. Hornby, who is a widow of a butcher, and has two children, is at the mercy of this purchaser, who has raised her rent from £10 to £20; and now, seeing a great resort of visitors, threatens to demand £40 a year. A book is kept, in which the names of the visitors are entered. The Prince

Regent, Duke of Wellington, and all the Orleans party who resided at Twickenham, and who, by the woman's account, seem to have entered the most into the interest of the house and its contents, have enrolled themselves there, and on the walls or ceilings. I asked the woman what she made by the donations, but she was too prudent to tell me. She said she had only £6 a-year beside what she made in this way. This Mrs. Hornby, a very decent nurse-like woman in her exterior, appears very singular in mind. She writes and prints plays and verses of her own composition. From the newspapers she has made a Tragedy of the Battle of Waterloo, the queerest thing imaginable. The Interlocutors' names are in initials,—the P. R. D.Y. and the Marquis of W. She has made our ministry sitting in council, under the appellation of 1st, 2nd, and 3d minister. In one act she has made Buonaparte in Paris, and Louis a fugitive;—in the next she has made the Parisians merely conjecturing Buonaparte's escape from Elba. But her innocent conceit is the most curious circumstance of her character. She talks of her performances with wondrous approbation: she says she composes whenever she cannot sleep; and that she has written some beautiful verses on the Comet; but not satisfied with them, she has turned them into a play, and made Shakspeare the Comet. She says she often



alters what she does; and that every one admires her publications. She writes a fair hand, and in her style of speaking there is no predominant vulgarity; but there is nothing in it that can distinguish her from persons of her own class: in speaking to me she always called me "Lady," and began the sentence with it,—“Lady, I can show you;” or “Lady, if you will please to look.” I bought her play. She said she had never been in London. She spoke with pleasure of seeing Shakspeare’s Plays, but with no discrimination;—she was sure there were none like them. Speaking of her children, she called them “the little Shakspeares;” adding, “we call them all Shakspeares.”\*

Since Mrs. Hornby’s ejection from the house, much controversy has taken place on the subject of the authenticity of the reliques; and the following allegations, pro and con, have been published, from which we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

#### RELIQUES OF SHAKSPEARE THE POET.

This is to certify, that on the 20th of May, 1795, Thomas Hornby, of Stratford-upon-Avon, (late husband of Mary Hornby,) took to the house, at £7. per annum, rent, wherein William Shakspeare was born, together with all the articles and

\* Hawkins’s Anecdotes, Vol. 1, p. 29.

things in possession of the late Thomas Hart, that formerly belonged to the Poet; and which said things I verily believe had been in the Hart's family ever since the death of Joan Hart, own sister of William Shakspeare; and my firm belief of the truth of this certificate, I am ready to confirm upon oath, as witness my hand, this 9th day of May, 1822.

THOMAS KITE,

*Clifford Chambers, Gloucestershire, Father of the  
late Thomas Hart's Wife.*

Witness to the signing, }  
MICHAEL SMITH. }

☞ The reliques alluded to in the above Certificate, are shewn by Mrs. Hornby, at her house, opposite Shakspeare's birth-place, in Henley Street, Stratford.

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I, William Shakspeare Hart, hereby certify, that in the year 1806, my late mother, Mary Hart, and myself, joined in selling the house wherein our celebrated ancestor, William Shakspeare, was born, to Mr. Thomas Court; and that there neither was, at the period of such sale, nor for many years previous thereto, any relic or point of property of the

great Poet remaining there, which could, with any degree of certainty, or even traditionally, be considered as having ever belonged to him, except the chair, which was entirely sold, in 1790, to the Princess Czartoryska. And I further certify my positive belief, that any thing advertized or shown there, or in the neighbourhood, at present, as such, must be spurious and deceptive.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE HART.

Tewkesbury, May 17, 1822.

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RELIQUES OF SHAKSPEARE.

I, Jane Iliff, only surviving daughter of the late Thomas Hart of Stratford-upon-Avon, and aunt of William Shakspeare Hart, of Tewkesbury, do hereby certify, that Thomas Hornby, late husband of Mary Hornby, first rented the house called Shakspeare's birth-place, in 1793, and purchased all the articles, by valuation, then in possession of the said Thomas Hart, which had, from time immemorial, been shewn as reliques of the Great Poet, by the Hart Family; that the aforesaid William Shakspeare Hart, who was born at Tewkesbury, was at that time a little boy, and never was in the

house many times while my father was living, or before the reliques came into the possession of Thomas Hornby; and that he cannot know any thing, or but very little, even "*traditionally*," and of course with "*no degree of certainty*," about the reliques, as the sale of the house to the present occupier, in 1806, had nothing whatever to do with the articles which had, thirteen years before, been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Hornby, or with any thing that has, since that period, been delivered up to them by other branches of the Hart family. I also declare, that I have frequently heard my father say he had the same articles from his father, and I have often heard my grandfather, (who was a very old man when he died,) and my father say, the whole of those articles had been in their family ever since the death of the Poet. The bedstead was delivered up to Thomas Hornby, by Samuel Bolt, who married my own sister; the card and dice box was given up to him by William Skinner, of Shottery, who married my own aunt; David and Goliath was given up to him by Thomas Court; and all which several articles were carefully preserved by the said Thomas Hornby, and since his death, by Mrs. Hornby, his widow. And I further certify and declare, that any thing said to the contrary, by any person whomsoever, is false and "deceptive"

This is my firm belief, and which I am willing to confirm upon oath, at any time, if required so to do. As Witness my hand, this 31st day of May, 1822.

The Mark of

JANE X ILIFF;

Of Leamington, near Warwick.

Witness to the signing of }  
     Jane Iliff, }  
     LUCY TROFMAN. }

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According to the account of his relations, very little was thought of Shakspeare by his family, till after the Jubilee; hence the few traditions concerning him. Garrick, who made such a parade about the great Bard, with his usual parsimony, left his family to starve, Stratford having now lost its woollen trade, and destitute of a manufactory, would be one of the poorest towns in England, but for the fame of Shakspeare, and the influx of visitors drawn thither to view the sacred places of his birth and death. Yet, in this now flourishing Stratford, Shakspeare's family have, for the last thirty years, been comparatively starving! And Sir Richard Phillips states, that during a casual



visit of a single night in October, 1817, one of the first things he saw, was, the nearest kinsman of the Bard escaping, with his last bed, from the gripe of a Sheriff's Officer. Such is the justice of man.

## MONUMENT TO SHAKSPEARE.

Proceedings have lately been instituted for erecting a Grand National Monument to Shakspeare, under the auspices of most of the Performers of the Theatres Royal, of which the following account has appeared;—

A General Meeting of the Inhabitants of the Town and Neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon, was held at the Town Hall, the 19th Day of December, 1820, agreeably to the suggestion of Mr. Mathews the preceding Evening, to consider of the best mode of erecting, in the form of a Theatre, a National Monument to the Immortal Memory of Shakspeare.

*CAPTAIN SAUNDERS, in the Chair.*

Mr. Mathews stated, at considerable length, the object of calling the meeting,—he observed that it had long been a subject of regret to the Literary and Dramatic World, that a Town, so distinguished as the birth place of Shakspeare, should not possess some token of National respect and gratitude to such an immortal genius,—that in other towns similar instances had occurred under far less im-

perative reasons: on the Calton Hill, near Edinburgh, a Monument had been erected to the memory of Hume the Historian—at Dumfries, a Mausoleum had been raised by the inhabitants to commemorate their Poet Burns; but the only tribute worthy of notice to the memory of this great man, was privately erected by Garrick, in his own garden at Hampton. He was desirous of stating that his views in bringing this forward were any but interested ones—he was ready to go hand and heart in the business—he would apply personally to all he knew—he would even endeavour, through the medium of those most distinguished members of the Royal Family who had ever patronized the Arts in general, and, above all, the Drama, to lay this plan at the foot of the Throne, and he felt the fullest confidence that our gracious Monarch would give his patronage and purse to the completion of this object; and he would further extend what influence he possessed with every man of rank and talent, every Poet, Artist, and Sculptor that he was fortunate enough to know, to aid this important undertaking. He particularly impressed on their minds that he did not wish at all to tax any persons against their inclination or means—it would be the proudest boast of any person's life, to say in after-times when passing by this Building, “Aye, I had a hand in that.” All this he left entirely to

their own ideas, but above all, he begged of them their strenuous and united exertions in a cause so important to the literary and dramatic character of the whole country.

Mr. Bunn observed, that the circumstance he was about to mention to them, must certainly be considered as an omen of success, for a more fortunate one could not possibly occur ; it was, that the very spot on which that immortal man spent his latter days, and breathed his last, was now to be bought, and search through the whole globe, there could not be found a spot so appropriate. By a rough calculation it appeared that a piece of ground (about eighty-five by forty-five feet,) was necessary, and that this identical piece, precisely corresponded to such exigency. It was probable that to erect the building, purchase the freehold, and virtually and perfectly complete the whole, a sum not less than £3,000 would be required, exclusive of the sum necessary for erecting the Monument, and other expences connected with the same; to effect which he should propose that a book be immediately opened to receive the donations of every person so disposed, and he made no doubt that this would comprise the greatest part of the kingdom ; and he should further propose that any surplus money should be kept for the purpose of collecting a library, exclusively, of every book, print, bust, &c.

worthy of preservation, relative to that great man, to be considered a National Archive. He concluded by assuring the company that every exertion that personal application, assiduity, and funds could command, should be used by his colleagues and himself, until this grand and important undertaking was completely effected.

Mr. Crisp, the manager of the Cheltenham Theatre followed Mr. Bunn; after which the Chairman rose and said, that Mr. Mathews and Mr. Bunn having waited on Sir Gray Skipwith, Bart. and obtained from him the honour of his name and assistance on this important occasion, the following Gentlemen were proposed as a Committee to conduct the business:—

Sir Gray Skipwith, Bart.

Rev. Dr. Davenport,

Rev. John Ellis,

Captain Saunders,

William Oakes Hunt, Esq.

Robert Bell Wheler, Esq.

Charles Mathews, Esq.

Alfred Bunn, Esq.

John Crisp, Esq.

The following among other Resolutions were entered into.



*Resolved unanimously,*

That CHARLES MATHEWS, Esq. be, and is hereby appointed President and Treasurer, of the Committees.

*Resolved unanimously,*

That ALFRED BUNN, Esq. be, and is hereby appointed Secretary to the Committees.

*Resolved unanimously,*

That R. B. WHEELER, Esq. be, and is hereby appointed Treasurer, Secretary, and Solicitor to the Committee for the Town of Stratford-upon-Avon and its Vicinity.

*Resolved unanimously,*

That the Committee have the power of enlarging their numbers *ad libitum*.

*Resolved unanimously,*

That a Committee of Management in London, be formed under the direction of Mr. MATHEWS, who shall be empowered to embody the same, and enlarge it *ad libitum*.

*Resolved unanimously,*

That as soon as the London Committee is formed, a communication be made to the Stratford Committee—that a day be appointed to make a regular

communication between the two Committees, and that every important step, previous to such day, be on such day duly communicated, and further that such day be Thursday.

*Resolved unanimously.*

That books be immediately opened, under the direction of the Committee, for receiving Donations.

&c. &c. &c.

Other meetings in pursuance of this design have taken place, and the patronage and sanction of His Majesty have, we believe, been obtained ; and if the affair be not improperly huddled up between a few individuals, but thrown open as it should be to the whole of the Theatrical, Literary, and Shaksperian World, we have no doubt of its being brought to a prosperous issue.

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There are some excellent male and female schools and seminaries in the town. Crossing the Avon, over the elegant new bridge, you may return to Leamington by way of Tiddington and Alveston, having Hampton Lucy on the left, and on the right Wellesborne, (the seat of B. Dewes, Esq.) near which is Walton, (the mansion of Sir Charles Mordaunt, M. P. for the county ;) by this course, which is highly delightful, you will fall into the

Barford Road, and may either take the main road through Warwick, or the coach road round by Warwick Park. The ride to Wellesbourn is extremely pleasant, the road being delightfully protected from the heat, for on each side,

“ Along the indented bank, the forest tribes,  
 The thin-leav'd ash, dark oak, and glossy beech,  
 Of polish'd rind, their branching boughs extend  
 With blended tints and amicable strife,  
 Forming a chequer'd shade,\*

A little beyond Wellesbourne is the village of Upper Easington; and beyond that, Easington Hall, the seat of E. S. Shirley, Esq. a lineal descendant of the Ferrers family. The principal inns at Stratford are the White Lion and the Shakspeare; the White Lion is nearly adjoining the poet's natal house, but the other is much frequented, by bearing the poet's name.

\* Jago



## COVENTRY.

Get thee before me on to COVENTRY.

SHAKSPEARE.

Come, and I will lead the way;

Follow, follow, follow me!

Mrs. HUNTER,

*Haydn's Canzonettes.*

“COVENTRY, that doth adorn the country,  
is a very ancient, celebrated and chivalric city,  
supposed to derive its name, “COVENT TRE,”  
from three Saxon convents standing there. In  
the black letter ballad of the birth of St. George,  
that doughty champion is stated to have been  
born in Coventry, and in the ballad of St. George  
and the Dragon, he is represented after his mar-  
riage with the faire Sabra, as retiring and ending  
his days.

“Where being in short space arrived

Unto his native dwelling place;

Therein with his dear love he liv'd,

And fortune did his nuptials grace;

They many years of joy did see,

And led their lives at COVENTRY!”

The road to this city from Leamington, through Kenilworth, is, as we have elsewhere stated, one of the most beautiful and perfect in the kingdom; being very smooth, straight and wide, and for the greater part, shaded on each side by a triple row of trees, of the most luxuriant foliage, with rich meads, fertile vales, and winding scenery interspersed between. Coventry, though forming part of the county of Warwickshire, is exempted from its jurisdiction, and is a county of itself, having been so constituted by Henry the Sixth, by Charter, which was afterwards confirmed by Edward the Fourth; it is governed by a Mayor, Recorder, ten Aldermen, and twenty Common Council; returns two Members to Parliament; and gives the title of Earl to the noble family of Coventry, who are also Viscounts Deerhurst. As a county, it has two Sheriffs, a Steward, two Chamberlains, two Wardens, and other inferior officers. Coventry is very populous and extensive, and is a place of great trade; its chief manufactures, at present, are for watches, ribbons and silk trimmings, &c.; a few years ago there were upwards of 2800 looms employed in the silk and ribbon trades only. Coventry is remarkable for many singular circumstances connected with English history; several of our Kings and Queens have often honoured the city with their presence



and patronage, indeed so much so that it has been sometimes styled the Chamber of Princes; it was often visited and much patronized by Henry the Sixth, and his brave but unsuccessful Queen the celebrated Margaret. Here was the spot "appointed by King Richard the Second for the combat betwixt Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Hereford, (afterwards King Henry the Fourth.)" In Coventry "King Richard the Third kept the festival of Corpus Christi, in 1483." In Coventry, "Henry the Seventh repaired with his army after his signal victory over *King Crook Back*, when he and his Queen were made brother and sister of Trinity Guild." In Coventry, "in 1519, did the Bishop of Chester condemn to the flames seven men and women, charged with the horrible crime of having in their possession *the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in English.*" No city in England abounds more in benevolent foundations and beautiful sculptures than Coventry, the most exquisite workmanship being displayed in the towers and steeples of its ancient Churches, Saint Michael and Trinity. St Michael's is a magnificent and beautiful Church, founded about the year 1133; from the pinnacles, within the battlements of the octagon, issues a spire upwards of 130 feet in height, so that the whole is 300 in altitude; the

length of this church is 293 feet, and its breadth 127 feet; it is enriched with a great variety of curious figures, most admirably executed, in so much that Sir C. Wren, and many other of our most eminent architects, have acknowledged "that they were as finely proportioned, and as exquisitely finished, as any they had ever seen." Trinity Church is also a very ancient well built structure, and is an object of curiosity from its connection with the legend of *Lady Godiva* and *Peeping Tom*, of whom more hereafter.

Saint Mary's Hall, formerly the banquetting room of the Guilds, is now used for holding the Assizes; a great variety of curious painted glass still remains in its windows, but some ignorant glaziers, in their various repairs, have much defaced it by reversing and misplacing the arms, &c. Here is an ancient wooden chair, said to be that in which King John was crowned; and some armour used in the annual procession in memory of *Lady Godiva*; together with a picture of that celebrated patroness of Coventry, and other portraits. The very unique, antique, and once famous Cross, was taken down in the year 1777.

" There stood an ancient cross at Coventry  
 Pull'd down, of late, by order of the Mayor,  
 Because 'twas clear its downfall must be nigh,  
 And 'twould be too expensive to repair;

It bore two figures carved—and you might spy  
Beneath them graved, in letters large and fair.

Godiva, Leofric, for love of thee,  
Doth make henceforth Coventry toll free.

The houses are in general ancient; many of them as old as the 15th century, have projecting upper stories, they occupy a gentle elevation and form a very interesting subject for the antiquarian, who from a perambulation of the city, may readily trace the different eras of their erection by the peculiarities of their structure, many of them also receive additional interest from local circumstances, while others that have been new fronted still possess in their interior an abundance of carved work that evidently shew the prosperity of the place during the reigns of the latter Henries. In the reign of Richard the Second, Coventry was surrounded by walls that, with their towers, were of great assistance in defending the city during the Civil Wars, though fortunately it did not experience the miseries of siege and devastation, to which so many other armed towns were subjected: it contains several public edifices of considerable beauty and highly deserving the attention of the traveller, particularly St. Michael's Church, which is surmounted by one of the most elegant spires in

Europe. The streets are narrow, and the whole city presents rather a gloomy, but still an interesting picture of the character of all English towns before the improvements introduced in modern times.

Three fairs are annually held in Coventry, the most remarkable of which is called

“THE COVENTRY SHOW FAIR.”

Whoe’er has been at Coventry must know,  
 (Unless he’s quite devoid of curiosity,)  
 That once a year it has a sort of show,  
 Conducted with much splendor and pomposity.\*

This fair begins on the Friday in Trinity week, and lasts for eight days. In this Fair, *Lady Godiva*, the patroness of Coventry, rides in grand procession through the City, attended by the Mayor, Aldermen, High Constable, Burgesses, &c. and all the Trades, with rich streamers, silken and painted banners, &c. Of the truth of the Legend of *Lady Godiva* and *Peeping Tom*, we may be allowed to hazard some “Historic doubts.” The accounts tell us that in the early part of the reign of Edward the Confessor, Leofric, the fifth Earl of Mercia, and his Countess Godiva, sister to Thorold, Sheriff of Lincolnshire, founded a monastery on the ruins of St. Osburg’s nunnery,

\* The Etonian, Vol. 1. p. 186. *Godiva,—a Tale*.

for an abbot and twenty-four monks of the Benedictine order. This monastery was so liberally endowed by Leofric, that it surpassed all others in splendor and magnificence; so that Malmsbury relates, "that it was enriched and beautified with so much gold and silver, that the walls seemed too narrow to contain it; insomuch, that Rob. de Limesie, Bishop of this diocese, in the time of King William Rufus, scraped from one beam that supported the shrines, five hundred marks of silver."

With the foundation of this monastic structure commenced the prosperity of Coventry: but it seems the city had yet to complain of the grievance of excessive tolls, which Leofric, as lord of the town, levied, the manner in which they were relieved from it, is told in the romantic tale which Dugdale thus relates:—"The Countess Godiva, bearing an extraordinary affection to this place, often and earnestly besought her husband, that for the love of God, and the blessed Virgin, he would free it from that grievous servitude whereunto it was subject: but he, rebuking her for importuning him in a matter so inconsistent with his profit, commanded that she should henceforth forbear to move therein; yet she, out of her womanish pertinacy, continued to solicit him; insomuch that he told her, if she would ride on horseback



naked, from one end of the town to the other, in sight of all the people, he would grant her request. Whereunto she answered, *But will you give me leave so to do?* And he replying, *Yes;* the noble lady, upon an appointed day, got on horseback naked, with her hair loose, so that it covered all her body but her legs, and thus performed the journey, returned with joy to her husband, who therefore granted to the inhabitants a charter of freedom, which immunity I rather conceive to have been a kind of manumission from some such servile tenure, whereby they then held what they had under this great earl, than only a freedom from all manner of toll, except horses, as Knighton affirms. In memory whereof, the picture of him and his said lady were set up in a south window of Trinity Church, in this city, about K. R. II. time, and his right hand holding a charter, with these words written thereon: *granted unto the burgh of Coventre*

I, Luricke, for the love of thee,  
Doe make Coventre tol-free."

It is said by Rapin, "that the Countess, previous to her riding, commanded all persons to keep within doors, and from their windows, on pain of death; but notwithstanding this severe penalty, there was one person who could not forbear giving a look, out of curiosity, but it cost him his life.

The tales believed by all the population,  
 And still a sham Godiva, every year,  
 Is carried by the Mayor and Corporation,  
 In grand procession—and the mob get beer.\*

The first mention of this legendary tale occurs in the Flores Historiarum of Mathew of Westminster, a work written two hundred and fifty years after the fact it relates: the connecting it with the procession at Coventry, is of still later date, and does not appear to have been introduced until the reign of Charles the Second. Previous to that reign, the fair, which was first granted by Henry the Third, was proclaimed by the mayor, who proceeded to it in procession, attended by a number of guards in armour. From that time until the last few years, a procession, which has attracted much notice, has taken place on the Friday in Trinity week, when, says Pennant, “a charming fair one still graces the procession, not literally like the good Countess, with her own dishevelled hair, &c. but in linen closely fitted to her limbs, and of a colour emulating their complexion.”

Peeping Tom, a personage of nearly as much notoriety as the Countess Godiva, and an auxiliary to the drama, was probably introduced as a *droll* by the wits in the reign of Charles, as Dugdale

\* Etonian Vol. 1. p. 206.

does not mention it. A figure, commemorative of the peeper, has long been preserved in Coventry, and is now inserted in the niche of a new house communicating with the high street; it is a very ancient full length oaken statue of a man in armour, with an helmet on his head, greaves on his legs, and sandals on his feet: to favour the posture of his leaning out of the window, the arms have been cut off at the elbows. From the attitude in which it was originally carved, there is reason to believe either that it was intended for Mars, or some other warlike chieftain. This grotesque figure is newly dressed on each recurrence of the festival, but with strict adherence to the previous garb; and the long peruke and neckcloth, seemed to show that the dress was first bestowed in the reign of Charles II.

In the late years the annual procession of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom has been revived with a greater degree of pomp and magnificence than has been known for half a century; and we understand it to be the intention of the Corporation to keep up, in future, the splendor of its celebration. The following was the order of the last procession:—

~~~~~  
GRAND PROCESSION of the SHOW FAIR.

Chief of the Guards. Two Lieutenants-in-Chief.

City Guards, (two and two.)

SAINT GEORGE,

Armed Cap-a-Pee.

FOUR BUGLE HORNS.

City Streamers. Two City Followers.

City Streamers.

GRAND MILITARY BAND OF MUSIC.

Drums and Fifes.

High Constable.

LADY GODIVA.

City Cryer and Beadle on each side.

City Bailiffs. Mayor's Cryer. City Maces.

SWORD AND MACE.

Mayor's Follower's.

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR.

ALDERMEN. Sheriffs' Followers. SHERIFFS.

Common Council. Chamberlains and Followers.

Wardens and Followers.

GRAND MILITARY BAND OF MUSIC.

The twelve Companies of the

Mercers	Tailors	Cappers	Carpenters
Drapers	Worsted Weavers	Cordwainers	
Clothiers	Butchers	Bakers, and	
Blacksmiths	Fellmongers	Silk Weavers.	

With Streamers, Masters, and Followers,

Drums and Fifes, and Military Bands.

*Thirteen Benefit Societies.*With Streamers, Followers, Drums and Fifes,
and Military Bands.*Woolcombers.*

Streamer, Master and Followers.

SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS,

With a Dog, Lamb, &c.

Drums and Fifes.

JASON,

With a Golden Fleece and Drawn Sword.

Five Wool Sorters.

BISHOP BLAZE and WOOLCOMBERS,
In their respective Uniforms, closed with
Drums and Fifes.

The principal inns at Coventry are, the Craven Arms Hotel, and the King's Head.—But we must bid this interesting town farewell, for—

“ At length, oh, Coventry ! thy neighbouring fields,
And fair surrounding villas, we attend :
ALLESLEY and WHITLEY's pastures ; STIVICHALE,
That views with lasting joys thy green domains ;
And BAGINTON's fair walls, and STONELY thine,
And COOMBE's majestic pile, both boasting once
Monastic pomp, still equal in renown.”*

* Jago.

BIRMINGHAM.



Now Bremicham! to thee,
Queen of the sounding Anvil.

Soon o'er thy furrow'd pavement, Bremicham,
Ride the loose bars obstrep'rous; to the sons
Of languid sense and frame too delicate,
Harsh noise perchance, but harmony to thine;
'Tis noise and hurry all! the thronged streets,
The close piled warehouse, and the busy shop.
With nimble stroke the tinkling hammers move,
While slow and weighty the vast sledge descends
In solemn base responsive, or apart
Or socially conjoined in tuneful peal
The rough file grates, yet useful is its touch,
As sharp corrosives to the schirrous flesh,
Or to the stubborn temper, keen rebuke.

JAGO.



THIS important manufacturing town is distinguished in the commercial annals of Great Britain as well for a spirit of enterprize, united with habits of perseverance, as for the rare association of a genius to invent and a hand to execute. The first writers who notice Birmingham, mention the success with which the inhabitants cultivated the manufacture of articles of an iron fabric; and Mr. Hutton, the historian of this populous and most industrious

town, labours to establish the belief of such a trade existing here as early as the time of the Ancient Britons. In the disastrous civil war of the 17th Century, Birmingham sided with the Parliament. King Charles was here in the year 1642, but so active was the dislike entertained towards him by the inhabitants, that when His Majesty quitted the town, they seized the carriages containing the royal plate, and conveyed them to Warwick Castle.

The restoration of monarchy in the person of Charles II. is the period from which Birmingham dates her great rise in commercial prosperity. Implements of husbandry, tools used in carpentry, and such coarse articles of iron manufactory, had, till now chiefly engrossed the attention of the artizan.

This reign, a long holiday after the troubles of civil contest, produced a relaxation in public manners, and a demand for those embellishments of luxury, which may be termed the play-things of elegant habit. At this period the toy trade was first cultivated in Birmingham: industry, the great basis of successful effort, was already in the possession of the natives, encouragement stimulated genius, and the trade has since been carried on to an extent unprecedented in the annals of manufacture, and productive not only of local wealth, but of national pride.

Birmingham is approached on every side by an ascent, except from the North West, and as scarcely any of the streets lie on a dead flat, every shower conduces to cleanliness and health. As the chief parts of this immense town are of comparatively modern erection, the examiner will be induced to expect that the great errors of antiquity, in respect to formation of streets, and character of domestic architecture, are now avoided, and in a general point of view he will find that his anticipations were correct; the inland situation of Birmingham was unfavourable to the first views of commercial interchange on a large scale, as no navigable river flows near the confines of the town; but industry and art have supplied every deficiency, and by the introduction of canal navigation, greatly accelerated the commerce of the place. By this mode of conveyance a communication is effected, on easy terms, with the metropolis, and most of the principal trading places in the kingdom. A town not possessing a charter of incorporation, fails to present such a variety of public structures as would appear suited to its magnitude or resources; it, however, contains three churches and five chapels, for the exercise of the established religion; twenty meeting-houses for various classes of dissenters, and one jewish synagogue; three charity schools, a general hospital, an asylum for the deaf and

dumb, a handsome theatre, and assembly rooms ; two public libraries, a philosophical society, and a new prison, with spacious rooms, used for the meetings of the county magistrates, and for other business of a public nature.

SOHO.

This manufactory may justly be considered the first of its kind in Europe, both with respect to the value of its productions, and the extent and grandeur of the buildings in which it is carried on. In support of the former assertion, it may be observed that in the early stages of the establishment, the chief wares were similar to those usually made in this part of the country, such as buckles, buttons, watch-chains, &c. ; but, under the able management of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, it was soon extended to plated goods, which have been produced here in the greatest perfection. These were succeeded by elegant fancy articles, manufactured in stone, bronze, or-molu, &c., all of which gave such universal satisfaction that the proprietors were induced to bring forward an article of more novelty and importance than any of the foregoing ; this was plate wrought by means of machinery, the great beauty of which, and its excellent workmanship, caused the invention to be attended with the most brilliant success, and it now forms one of the

principal productions of the place. Lastly, that beautiful and truly valuable machine, the steam-engine, to which the most extraordinary powers have been applied by the proprietors, has not only been called in aid of this vast establishment, but forms in its turn an article of manufacture, and is hence exported in great numbers; and thus has the fame of Soho been firmly established in all parts of the world. The buildings in which this extensive assemblage of the useful arts is conducted, are situated near the base of a considerable elevation, and consists of four squares that are connected by long ranges, or rather streets of warehouses, sufficiently extensive to accommodate more than one thousand workmen. On the South side there are a number of agreeable gardens, that give to this stupendous and superb seat of art and industry, an air of peculiar cheerfulness. The elegant mansion of Soho, is situated at a short distance from the manufactory, and is surrounded by delightful pleasure grounds.

RUGBY.

RUGBY is a well built town, pleasantly situated on an eminence, and contains a neat church, with a square tower at its west end, besides two dissenting meeting-houses. To the north of the church may be seen some slight vestages of a castle that formerly stood here, and is said to have been erected in the reign of King Stephen; but, if so, it must have been only for a temporary purpose, and was, no doubt, shortly afterwards demolished. The market is held on Saturday, besides which, the town has the right of holding eleven annual fairs, where very considerable numbers of cattle are sold; but, the chief support of the inhabitants is derived from the grammar school that was founded here by Laurence Sheriff, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. This establishment was formerly of a very humble nature; but, the lands left for its support, which are situated near the Foundling Hospital, London, have since so considerably increased in value, that the Trustees have lately been enabled to build a very splendid school, with houses and apartments for the masters and assistants, in com-

pliment to the memory of the founder. This structure is in the style that prevailed in the latter part of the sixteenth century; the principal front faces the South, and is two hundred and twenty feet long, it resembles a college in appearance, and now ranks among the first public schools in the kingdom. A ride to this interesting town will well repay the visitor his trouble. Blome says it was formerly much inhabited by butchers.



BILTON.

THIS favoured spot—where Addison purchased an estate, Bilton Hall, and spent his latter days,—stands about fifteen miles distant from Leamington, in the direction of Rugby. Some elegant complimentary verses were addressed to Addison, by the poet Somerville, on his retiring here, from which we extract the following lines :—

Each land remote, your curious eye has view'd,
That Grecian arts or Roman arms subdued:
Search'd every region, every distant soil,
With pleasing labour and instructive toil.

But yet, he continues,

Your wiser choice prefers this spot of earth,
Distinguished by th' immortal Shakspeare's birth;
Where through the vales the fair Avona glides
And nourishes the glebe with fattening tides.

*To Mr. Addison, occasioned by his purchasing
an Estate in Warwickshire.*

The House—a spacious but irregular structure,—is entered by iron gates, that lead to a venerable porch; it contains a number of fine apartments, and stands in a retired spot, commanding several

interesting prospects. The furniture and elegant paintings that ornament the interior, remain in nearly the same state as when that eminent poet dwelt here, as do also the gardens, which are rather extensive, and still exhibit all the ancient formality of long straight lines and massy hedges of yew. Two ponds are situated in the lower parts of the grounds, having delightfully sequestered seats on their sides ; and in the northern division there is a long walk, that was formerly the chosen retreat of Addison when wishing to indulge in contemplation, this was rendered more accordant to his meditative mind, by the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and by being deepened with lines of trees, among which were a number of Spanish oaks, raised from acorns by his own hands : but the destructive axe has here been liberally used since the death of his daughter. Among the paintings, are portraits of Mr. Addison, of his lady, the Countess of Warwick, and their daughter, Miss Addison ; this last mentioned lady survived till the year 1797, and died at this place. It is with concern we state, that she was afflicted with mental derangement.

THE LEASOWES.

Hail, Leasowes! now I climb thy hill,
Now bless the babbling of each rill;
Now wander down the fairy glade,
Till rous'd, I hear the hoarse cascade,
And glows again thro' every grove
The soul of poetry and love.
Scenes, trimm'd by Shenstone, neat and gay,
Where FAUNUS' self might pipe all day:
So simple, too, that not a swain
But there might wake his rudest strain.

G. DYER.

THE Leasowes.—John Atwood's, Esq.—This beautiful seat is indebted for much of its classical elegance, to the enlightened taste of the poet Shenstone, who was born here, and spent the latter part of his life, devoting himself to the embellishment of his favourite retirement. The unfettered style of natural landscape gardening was then unknown in England, and the Leasowes, under the direction of this able genius, and excellent man, claims the merit of presenting the first model in the taste of gardening, now universally adopted; subsequent occupiers have made many alterations in these beautiful grounds; yet, enough of their original appearance is still left to render them highly interesting, and few persons travelling this neigh-

bourhood omit the opportunity of visiting them. This delightful scene of sylvan beauty, forms one of the most charming retirements imaginable, possessing in itself, as it does, an epitome of every essential requisite to form a beautiful landscape, while the disposition of its various walks, rustic seats, and peculiar situations, afford numberless picturesque and beautiful views, over the surrounding country, which is extremely diversified, and beautifully romantic; in many parts are to be found numerous inscriptions from the elegant pen of the Poet, either applicable to the situation, or tributes of respect to some friend, or departed brother bard; among which, an ornamented urn inscribed to the memory of Miss Dolman, an amiable relative of the Poet, stands amidst a beautiful scene at the termination of what is not inapplicable called, "The Lovers' Walk," from the soft and pensive scenery which at all points meets the eye, and awakens the soul to the most sensible touches of tender melancholy.

But farewell, Shenstone's simple scene;
 The rustic seat, the meadow green,
 Willows, that near the rivulet weep,
 The murmuring bees, the milk white sheep.
 When Hagley's beauties rise to view,
 Yes! I must bid you all, adieu!

G. DYER.

HAGLEY.

Sometimes sad, sometimes as gay,
I, a careless pilgrim, stray,
Till soon arrived at Hagley's bower,
I sigh to linger there an hour ;
Where Lyttleton, in learned ease,
Polished his verse and pruned his trees ;
Where Pope, the tuneful groves among,
Soft as at Twickenham, poured his song ;
And Thomson fixed, in colours clear,
The changeful seasons of the year.
Hail classic scenes !

G. DYER.

Yet, to the West, the pleasing search pursue,
When from the vale, Brail lifts his scarry sides,
And Illmington, and Campden's hoary hills,
(By Lyttleton's sweet plaint, and thy abode,
His matchless Lucia ! to the muse endear'd :)
Impress new grandeur on the spreading scene,
With Champaign fields, broad plain, and covert vale,
diversified.

JAGO.

HAGLEY PARK, the far famed and very superb
seat of Lord Lyttleton. This may with truth be
denominated one of the greatest ornaments of the

county. The mansion was erected by the first Lord Lyttleton, near the site of the former residence, and is a spacious and stately building, in the form of a parallelogram, with a light double range of steps on its south side, from the platform of which, the prospect is truly enchanting; it is surrounded by a lawn tastefully interspersed with clumps of fine timber, and sheltered on three sides by the eminences in the park, and the Hitchbury hills. The library is elegantly fitted up, the apartments are of noble dimensions, and decorated with a numerous and extremely valuable collection of paintings, many of them originals by the first masters. The prospects enjoyed from different parts of this beautiful domain, are both varied and extensive, including a fine view of Worcester, Malvern, Dudley, the Wrekin, and the hills of Radnorshire, together with the intervening country, which appears studded with elegant buildings, occasionally embosomed by large woods, and sometimes receiving additional beauty from the meanderings of a silver stream.



COMBE ABBEY.

Seat of the Earl of Craven. The present noble mansion stands on the site of a religious house, founded here by Richard de Camville, for monks of the Cistercian Order, in the time of King Stephen: it was chiefly erected by Lord Harrington, in the reign of James I. but has since, at different times, received considerable additions, notwithstanding which, many remains of the monastic building are yet to be seen, from whence the course of the ancient structure may still be traced. The several ranges of apartments are still of noble dimensions; they are elegantly furnished, and well suited to the purposes of state and dignified hospitality; their walls exhibit a very highly interesting collection of paintings by the best masters, many of which are portraits of the ill-fated Stuart family, a circumstance thus accounted for.—After the battle of Prague, when Frederick King of Bohemia was deprived of his royal dignity and hereditary right, William, Lord Craven, and many English Cavaliers, unavailingly endeavoured to reinstate him, to which they are said to have been

stimulated by the extraordinary beauty of his Queen, who some time after resided in England, and is believed to have been privately married to the above named nobleman, though political motives would not allow of the nuptials being made public. It was to this Lord Craven that she bequeathed by will her valuable collection of paintings, including many original portraits of distinguished persons that were brought from Germany.—The Seat stands in a flat or rather low situation,* but the attached park and grounds are very tastefully laid out; they contain 500 acres, are finely adorned with wood and water, and command many beautiful prospects over the surrounding scenery.

* Comb, implying a low and hollow plot of ground.



HALES OWEN.

HALES OWEN is a neat town, pleasantly situated in a valley; it contains a number of handsome houses, and was formerly celebrated for its monastery, which, judging from the remains, appears to have been a very stately edifice. A farm house in its vicinity, is said to have been the Abbot's kitchen; it contains several remains of the old building, and, among other things, a number of painted tiles, which formed part of the paving of the abbey. A manufactory of nails is carried on in this town to a considerable extent, and a market is here held on Monday. The church, surmounted by a spire of exquisite proportions, which is supported by four curious arches, is a very elegant structure.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

TO

LEAMINGTON SPA.

Sweet town in country, fare thee well !

Where Peace with Joy reclines ;
Where Innocence and Fashion dwell,
And Art with Nature twines.

Adieu, dear LEAMINGTON, adieu !

With heavy heart I stray

Where giddy Pleasure's noisy crew
Have summon'd me away.

Oh ! long will memory dwell upon

The walk I haunted still,

Across the mead, and o'er the Leam,

And by the busy mill.

And past the Church-yard's mossy wall,

(Where free from care and strife

Repose in peace the humble dead)

To LEAMINGTON and life.

Farewell ! farewell ! thy marble baths,

So spotless to the view,

Farewell ! farewell ! thy gay red fanes,

And slated roofs of blue.

Oh ! had I Goldsmith's magic art,

To charm and to surprize,

As he has pictured Auburn's fall,

Would I depict thy rise.

Did Commerce thy proud domes upraise,
 Or Power thy columns rear?
 No—'twas Hygeia breath'd thy praise
 And call'd the wealthy here.
 She gave the word to Fashion's world
 And at its magic call,
 Came wealth and rank, with eager haste,
 And found thee beauteous all.

And now thou'rt at thy glory's height,
 And long, long may'st thou stand,
 In Time, in Fate, in Envy's spite,
 Bethesda of the land.
 Village of Baths! abode of health!
 Scite of unnumber'd streams,
 Long may'st thou yield that precious health
 That cheers the suff'rer's dreams.

And may the many thou hast sav'd,
 In thy advancement join,
 As Pilgrims leave some precious gem
 To bless their Idol's shrine.
 Still, lovely village, may'st thou meet
 The fortune thou'st deserv'd,
 And as thou others dost PRESERVE,
 Be thou to us PRESERV'D.



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